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PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY

APR. **MEN** 40c



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Sp/4 Bill Thomas

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Yank Who Survived a Horror Army

I Escaped From Africa's "Brutality Brigade"

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"TREASURE TAPPERS" OF TEXAS' LOST-GOLD ISLAND

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And, you get action! You're outside and on the move most of the time. You meet new people every day. You perform a vital, professional service, but do no selling. You're free of the dull low-pay routine—on your way to a bright, secure future in a big-money industry.

BOOMING, EXCITING, SECURE

Think of this: \$19 billion was spent last year to investigate and settle accidents. That's three times more than the cost of our space program! Some 22 million accidents had to be investigated and settled for insurance and other companies. And, it gets bigger every month. The accident rate goes up and up. That means big opportunity . . . solid security . . . an exciting, unlimited future for the trained man.

How do you train? How do you break into this booming field? The key for hundreds of men has been Universal Schools of Dallas. For 18 years, Universal has been the leader in training

and placing men in this big-money industry—most of them men with no college or experience.

"A WONDERFUL JOB"

Bill Ruhnke, 27, was a warehouseman when he started Universal's program for success. Soon he was an Accident Investigator at "an immediate 40% increase in salary." Now he's a supervisor in St. Louis.

John Dubreuil, 20, Landover, Maryland, reports, "A 25% increase, plus \$125 a month car allowance."

Ray Furr, 27, writes about his Accident Investigation job in San Antonio: "My salary is \$100 a month more than my last job and this is only the start. I should double my old salary in one year. This is the result of Universal's course and recommendation—a wonderful job."

Dick Baden, 26, former truck driver from Napoleon, Ohio: "Fine salary, expense account, a car, many other benefits. I highly recommend Universal."

These are just a few of hundreds of men who have stepped into professional careers with the help of Universal. Obviously, men with some college or related experience have an advantage, but the fact remains that 8 out of 10 men trained and placed by Universal had neither.

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APRIL
1968

MEN



No-Limit Doll P. 18



Yank Riot-Gunner P.26



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MEN'S NEWSLETTER MEN'S NEWSLETTER

SHORT SHOTS

RESEARCHERS NOW SAY THAT SEVEN-YEAR ITCH JAZZ IS ALL WET. MOST HUSBANDS TRY TO SCATTER STRANGE BEDCOVERS WITHIN TWO YEARS OF MARRIAGE. THE AVERAGE WIFE WILL BE SO INCLINED BY THE THIRD YEAR. . .

Best reason not to live near jetports: THE SONIC BOOM CAN PLAY HOB WITH YOUR SEX PERFORMANCE . . . On the other hand the noise will drive away any mice. So take your choice on what's important. . .



Make-Out Sign

WORST POSITION AS FAR AS PLEASING A WOMAN SEXUALLY IS, AMAZINGLY, THE STANDARD MAN-ABOVE METHOD. EXPERTS SAY MOST WOMEN FIND THIS LESS STIMULATING THAN ALMOST ANY OTHER. ONE EXPERT EVEN GOES SO FAR TO SUGGEST IT'S SO "UNEXCITING" THAT IT SHOULD NEVER BE TRIED BY BEGINNERS. . .

Horrible truth about those computer dating services: the females are virtually as old as those who patronize lonely heart clubs. Operators often will try to foist a woman 10 to 15 years older on a guy—and that doesn't even take into consideration the fact she's lying about her age in the first place. . .

Wild new way some husbands are checking on two-timing wives is with DUD BIRTH CONTROL PILLS. When hubby leaves town on extended trip, he slips the phonies into the wife's pill bottle. THEN IF SHE COMES UP WITH SOME POORLY-TIMED LUNAR NEWS, SHE HAS PLENTY OF EXPLAINING TO DO. . .

In America it can all be quite innocent when a guy gives a girl a nightie as a present, but in Italy it's operating procedure for asking to go to bed with her. If she takes the nightie, her answer is yes. . .

WHEN A FEMALE NUDIST SUSPECTS HER HUSBAND IS PLAYING AROUND, SHE'LL TRY HER DAMNEDEST TO GET THE OTHER WOMAN TO JOIN THE NUDIST CAMP. MOSTLY IT'S A MATTER OF CURIOSITY—THE WIFE

IS JUST TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT THE COMPETITION HAS THAT'S SO DESIRABLE. . .

There are now such things as NUDIST CONSULTANTS who, for a fee, fix it for single guys to get into a nudist club. . .

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY CALL DOLLS WILL MAKE IT FOR FREE WITH A GUY—OR AT LEAST AGREE TO A BARGAIN RATE—PROVIDED HE CAN PROVE HE WAS BORN UNDER THE SAME ASTROLOGICAL SIGN. . .

Psychologists say they now know why rich girls are just as likely to "get in trouble" as poor girls—some of whom can't even afford the price of the pill. It's a case of rich broads being resentful or ashamed of family's money and getting pregnant is a way of rebelling. . .

UP AT THE FRONT

Biggest scandal concerning South Viet Nam army is fact that each year more than 25 percent of troops will turn deserter. . .

TWO TOP R&R SPOTS FOR VIET COMBAT G.I.'S ARE AUSTRALIA AND FORMOSA. SURPRISING NUMBER OF THOSE HITTING AUSSIES LAND IGNORE FEMALES, HEAD FOR BACK COUNTRY FOR CRACK AT PROSPECTING FOR DIAMONDS, GOLD, OTHER VALUABLE MINERALS. FORMOSA, MUCH TO CHIANG'S EMBARRASSMENT, IS NOW ASIA'S TOP VICE MECCA. PROSTITUTES CHARGE LESS THAN ONE-THIRD WHAT THEIR SISTERS IN SAIGON OR HONG KONG CAN GET. . .



Mortar Hot Spot

Easily toughest combat job in Viet Nam is that of forward observer for mortar batteries. GI pulling duty is virtual sitting duck for sharpshooters as he checks distance to enemy, calls back with new range. Since casualty-time limit is fixed at about 2 1/2 months, most guys are rotated out of duty after 3 weeks. . .

(Continued on page 42)



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Industrial Building
Engineer
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Stationary Steam
Engineering

TEXTILES

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Carding and Spinning
Dyeing & Finishing
Loom Fixing
Spinning
Textile Designing
Textile Mill Supervisor
Textile Technology
Warping and Weaving

TRAFFIC

Motor Traffic Management
Railway Rate Clerk
Traffic Management

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS

Color Television Principles
& Servicing
Communications Techn'l'gy
Electronic Fundamentals
Electronic Fundamentals
(Programmed)
Electronic Fundamentals
with Electronic Equip-
ment Training
Electronic Instrumentation
& Servo Fundamentals
Electronic Principles for
Automation
Electronics and Applied
Calculus
Electronics Technician
First Class Radiotelephone
License
Fundamentals of Electronic
Computers
General Electronics
General Electronics with
Electronic Equip. Trng.
Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound
Systems Servicing
Industrial Electronics
Industrial Electronics
Engineering
Industrial Electronics
Engineering Technician
Numerical Control
Electronics & Maintenance
Practical Radio-TV Eng'r'g
Practical Telephony
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Electronic Telemetry
Principles of Semiconduc-
tor-Transistor Circuits
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Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED," the oppor-
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Special I.C.S. booklets for women _____ Convenient Payment Plans _____

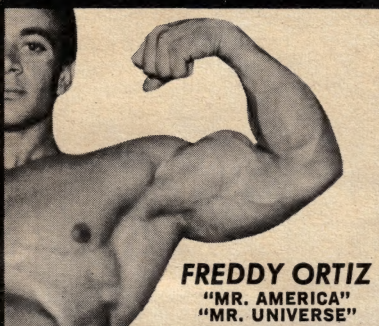
Send For Free Information On How
**YOU, TOO, CAN OWN
A POWER-PACK BODY**

Like These Weider Pupils
and Champions!



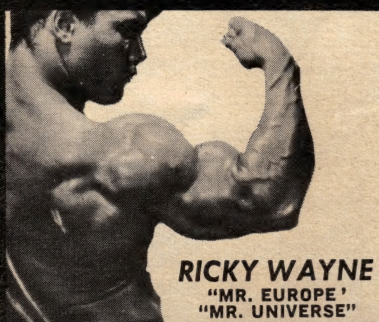
LARRY SCOTT
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Twice "Mr. Olympia" winner—Larry stands 5' 7", weighs 205 lbs. and has a pair of 20" arms! He is considered one of the world's best-built men—but he was a 136-lb. weakling before mailing the coupon! This Can Happen To You Too!



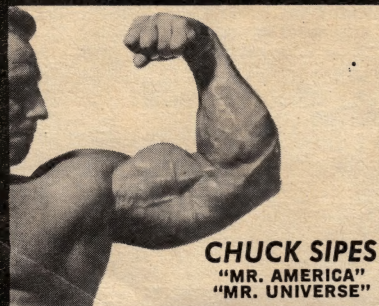
FREDDY ORTIZ
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Freddy stands 5' 5", weighs 185 lbs. of rock-hard muscle. His arms measure 19" and he is considered the best-built short man in the world. Yet, he was a 115-lb. skinny weakling before sending in the coupon! Why Not You?



RICKY WAYNE
"MR. EUROPE"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Ricky is 5' 8", weighs 198 lbs. of Herculean muscle. His arms measure a full 19 1/4", and he is considered the best-built man in Europe today. He weighed a pitiful 123 lbs. before sending the coupon! And It Can Happen To You!



CHUCK SIPES
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner—Chuck stands 6', weighs 225 lbs., and has a pair of 20" arms—among the strongest in the world! He was a 141-lb. weakling before sending in the free coupon! Now How About You?

Weider-Pupil
DAVE DRAPER
"MR. AMERICA"
"MR. UNIVERSE"

Winner, and movie-TV star—Dave stands 6' 2", weighs 235 lbs. and owns the largest arms in the world—21" upper-arm, 17" lower-arm! Yet, he was fat and flabby before mailing the coupon! But Why Wait? Rush!



FREE! MUSCLE COURSE THAT CAN ADD 3 INCHES TO YOUR ARMS FAST! ...AND MAKE YOU INTO AN ATHLETIC VIRILE HE-MAN!!

In half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own room, in just a few minutes a day, I will, through my "TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE" that I want to send you FREE, guarantee that virtually overnight, you will experience a muscle-building miracle! Before your eyes you'll slap on inches of steel-hard muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give yourself life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy, athletic legs. Add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if, today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest, skinniest or funniest-looking body, whether you're tall or short, young or not-so-young, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy or businessman, I must make a new,

virile he-man out of you—with handsome muscles bursting out all over! They will ripple with power, vibrate with energy! And for the first time in your life, men will envy your body—women admire it, because at last you will own a body that brings you fame instead of shame! What I did for Dave Draper "Mr. Universe" winner, and for hundreds of other champions since 1936, I am ready to do for you! A-C-T-I-O-N is the key to strength! Fill out the coupon below NOW! Rush it to me—and in hours, with no charge to you—at my own expense, you too, like Dave Draper did, will start putting an end to your weakness! You have nothing to lose but your weakness! ACT NOW!—SUPPLY IS LIMITED!

THIS GIANT 32 PAGE COURSE

WRITE TO: **JOE WEIDER** Dept. 16-48G
TRAINER OF CHAMPIONS SINCE 1936,
531-32nd Street, Union City, N.J. 07087

Dear Joe: Shoot the works! I am saying YES to becoming a New Man! Rush me your free Muscle-Building information which I can use right now at home to build a handsome and useful body.

I enclose only 10c to cover the cost of handling and mailing. I am under no further obligation.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____ AGE _____

(Please print clearly)

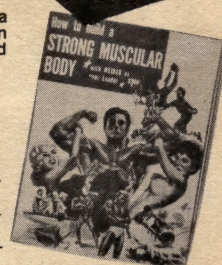
I have ☒ where I need more muscle:

- I Want: ☐ Bigger Arms ☐ Larger Neck ☐ Deeper Chest
☐ Trim Waist ☐ Athletic Legs ☐ Added Weight
☐ Broader Shoulders ☐ More Endurance and Power



JOE WEIDER
Personal trainer of "Mr. America", "Mr. Universe", "Mr. Canada" perfect men "Mr. Canada" since 1936—title winners since 1936—and over 2,000,000 successful pupils the world over!

**ABSOLUTELY
FREE!**



MAIL COUPON TODAY! NO OBLIGATION! NOTHING TO BUY!

THE LAUGHING PLACE

• The young bride-to-be came home to her mother one night and began to sob dejectedly.

Her mother, trying to be helpful and understanding, said, "My dear, is your wedding worrying you?"

"Oh, in a way," the girl cried, "I'm afraid I won't be able to satisfy my husband."

The mother, wanting to make her daughter's forthcoming trials a little easier to bear, tried to explain to her the sex act and how a woman should behave.

"Oh, I know all about that, Mommy," she sobbed, "it's just that I can't cook like I can love!"

• A social worker who had been looking after a poor family for years had regularly noted in her case history book that each year there was a new addition to the family. She preached and preached to the wife about birth control, but without avail. One day the worker visited her charges and saw the mother looking after another new offspring a few weeks old.

"Listen," said the social worker in exasperation, "do you know I have never seen you when you weren't pregnant?"

"Oh," replied the woman brightly. "Then you should have been here about an hour ago!"

• American bombers were over Berlin.

"Hurry," the hausfrau shouted to her husband. "Let's go to the shelter."

"I can't find my false teeth!" yelled the husband.

"What do you think they're dropping," his wife shrieked, "sandwiches?"



"I took your advice, mom, and joined a club."

• "My wife's face fell a mile when she saw the Grand Canyon."

"She was disappointed, huh?"

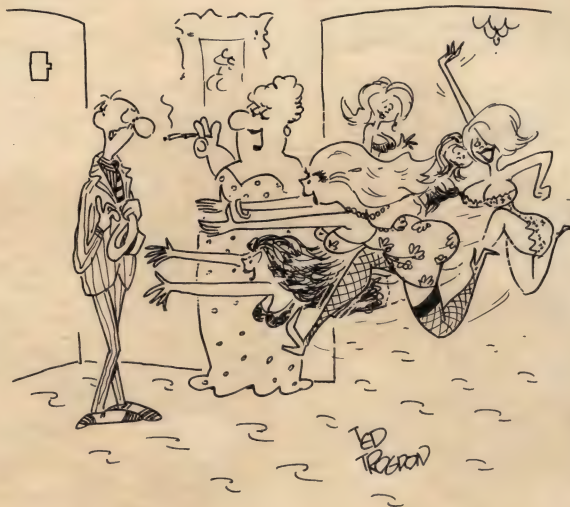
"No, I pushed her!"

• Late one night during a rough Atlantic crossing, a very seasick young lady was desperately trying to avert the inevitable by hurriedly undressing and getting into her bunk.

However, came the dreaded moment, and in blind panic she jumped up, thinking only of getting across the hall to the bathroom. As she rushed from her stateroom she collided with a middle-aged gentleman, equally seasick, who was groping his way along the corridor.

"Eek!" yelled the girl, suddenly realizing she was completely naked.

"Forget it, Miss," the man groaned. "I'll never live to tell anybody."



"We haven't had a customer in two days."

• Following a delivery, the obstetrician sought out the anxious father in the waiting room. "Your wife is fine," he said. "I know you had your heart set on a boy, but you've got a healthy, beautiful daughter. Don't be disappointed."

"That's okay," said the new father somewhat lamely. "A girl was my second choice."

Do you have an original gag or two? Send it to the Editor, MEN, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. and win \$5 if he likes it. Sorry, no returns.

MEN

APR.

1968

A Fighting Governor Declares War

FLA. Gov. Kirk (holding steel belts) declares: "These bunch of bums have got the word they're not welcome in Florida. I hope young thrill-seeking girls who go with them know now they can get their fingers burned"

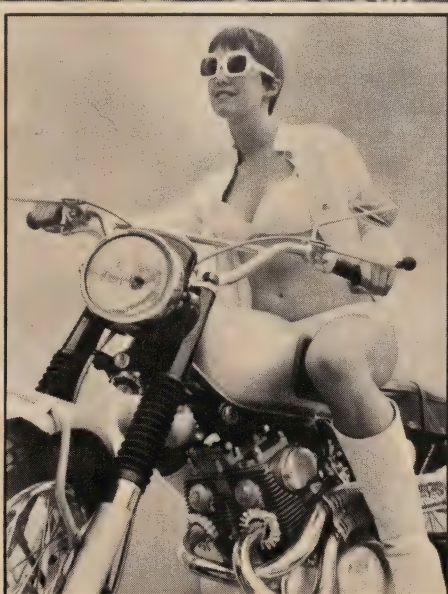


By CHARLES KRANEPOOL

They swept through the South like a terror scythe on wheels—until one determined “enforcer” stepped in to smash their motorized reign of fear . . .



'ANGEL' TERROR ACROSS DIXIE



“WHEN they tell me to peel off my clothes, I peel off my clothes.

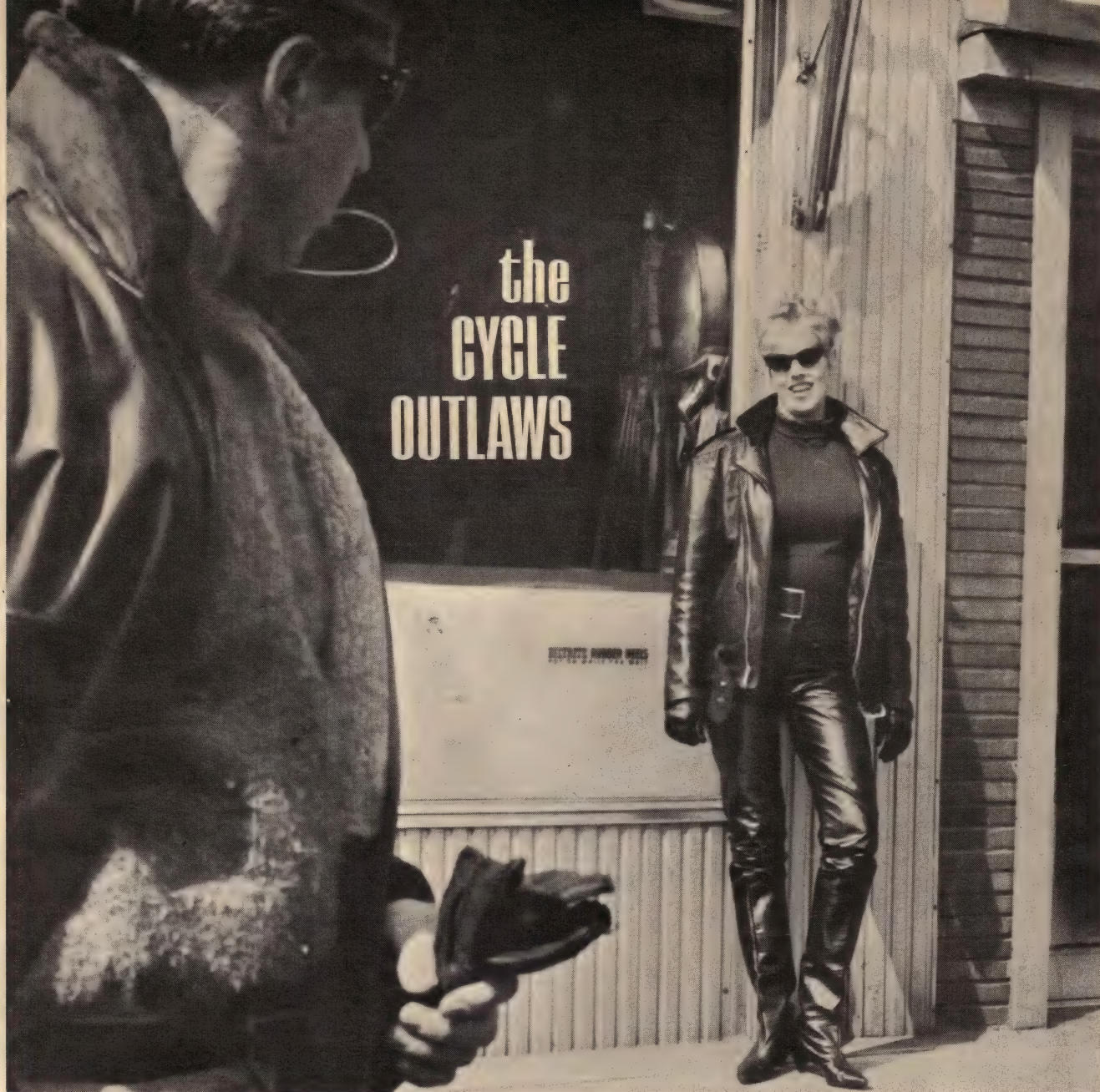
“When they tell me to put out for someone, I put out for someone.

“When they tell me to put out for a john and bring in some bread, I put out for a john and bring in some bread.

“And if I don’t do what they tell me, I expect to get it.”

The tall, 23-year-old blonde concluded her litany, grinned and tipped back her pretty head to

GIRL-RAID RAMPAGE CYCLE of the OUTLAWS



the CYCLE OUTLAWS

drain the last of her bottle of beer.

"Now, is everything clear?" she asked me.

I nodded that it was. It was getting a little difficult for me to speak. My eyes kept wandering to her well-laundered, white T-shirt through which every detail of her huge, bare breasts were clearly visible.

"That will cost you another ten," the girl said when she saw what had momentarily detracted my attention from our interview. I had already paid her ten for the privilege of talking to her, not to mention the price of nine bottles of ice-cold beer in the small juke mill we were both seated in outside Daytona, Florida.

"What would you do with it?" I asked. It was obvious she didn't spend a lot of money on clothes.

"Give it to my old man, Jimmy O.," she answered immediately. "If he ever caught me holding out on him, he'd make me put out for the entire club. What a thought! Some of those motorcycle guys never get enough."

At that point, I changed the subject and ordered two more beers. I wasn't particularly interested in

hearing about the sexual habits of The Sinners, even though I had been assigned to do a story on the girls who traveled with the gang—then raising hell over the eastern seacoast of Florida. After all, there was a limit to what most readers could stomach.

"You said both your parents were high school teachers," I prompted.

She anticipated my next question. "And you're curious what I'm doing running around with a lot of motorcycle outlaws, right?"

"Right," I replied. The girl, I knew, was as bright as she was beautiful.

"Kicks, baby, kicks," she said, starting on her tenth beer.

"What about the gang's idea of 'punishment'?" I asked.

She looked at me evenly for a moment, sizing me up. There was a mixture of contempt and amusement finally.

I intended to pursue her last remark, but looked up to see three of The Sinners standing over our booth



CRACKDOWN on notorious sprees of Dixie cyclists (depicted left, right and previous page) came to head following alleged torture "crucifixion" of 18-year-old girl. Several "Outlaws" (above right) were arrested in connection with investigation, and two of gang showed their defiance after being arraigned in West Palm Beach, Fla., by kissing for the photographers (above) . . .



casually listening. I wondered how long they had been there. Individually, none was physically impressive: the typical, gangling, unkempt outlaw. In a group, they were menacing. One instinctively knew they would attack in a pack.

"You got the ten, baby?" the tallest of the three asked. I guessed correctly he was Jimmy O.

The girl handed back the bill I had given her without taking her eyes off me. She was rewarded for her faithfulness by Jimmy O.'s hand reaching down her shirt and fondling her. "Nice girl, isn't she?" he said, looking at me impassively. "You want to try her?" His hand lingered on her. "Only five bucks," he added.

"She asked for ten," I joked. I was not happy about how the situation was getting out of hand.

"Not worth it," he commented. His caress turned to a brutal pinch. The girl stifled a scream and gritted her teeth. "Five takes this canvasback."

"No thanks," I said, rising to leave. I stopped at the bar to order a drink for the girl and the three outlaws. It was not a generous act on my part. I had

learned from experience that the best way to keep outlaws from following you out in the parking lot and working you over with chains was to leave a drink on the table. It delayed them as if it was a magnet turned on full blast.

As I left the bar, Jimmy O. had the girl's T-shirt up to her neck and was carefully describing her anatomical advantages over other women to his bemused audience.

"Kicks, baby, kicks," she had told me.

THE nation's interest in Florida's outlaw motorcycle gangs, and the girls who ride with them, became widespread last year when one of the most gruesome stories in the State's history hit the headlines. The characters in the brutal drama were an 18-year-old girl named Christine Deese and a group of thugs belonging to a motorcycle gang aptly named the "Outlaws."

At first, the pretty, freckle-faced girl told doctors at West Palm Beach's St. . . . (Continued on page 50)



WEBSTER (left) joined last of the foreign legions to battle rampaging tribesmen (above) and crack down on illicit Moroccan slave trade (right). When inhumane conditions forced him to desert, he went up against the same man-killing odds that had stopped others (bottom)...

I Escaped From Africa's 'BRUTALITY BRIGADE'



HOW do you feel, Yanki?" asked the corporal.

I was standing at attention in the courtyard of the punishment barracks, trying to keep on my feet after six hours of digging latrine pits without a drop of water. The white-hot African sun hung directly overhead and the temperature would have been around 115° in the shade — but there was no shade.

I opened my mouth to answer, but all I got out (Continued on page 60)



YANK WHO SURVIVED TODAY'S LAST HORROR ARMY

By LEE WEBSTER
as told to
JOHN GODWIN

An American ex-fightingman down on his luck and out of cash after hitting the Mediterranean fleshpots, Webster signed on with the Spanish Foreign Legion—the last of the desert mercenaries. What he dealt himself in on was a hated, cornered combat outfit being chewed to bits by guerrillas—all the while enduring barbaric treatment at the hands of its own sadistic career officers. . .



FINAL

DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER
New York, N.Y. 10017, Tuesday, December 5, 1967

SEXURBIA: NAB 4 HOUSEWIVES

L. I. Split-Level Love for Sale

Revealing
Confessions
of a Compulsive
Love Doll

ANY MAN,



A luscious but bored housewife with an insatiable hunger for men, she turned daytime tart and discovered it was the new sex mode for suburban swingers—men and women whose new sin code swept aside all moral codes in an anything-goes surrender to passion unlimited. Here, in her own words is a beautiful young female's inside story on the new pleasure rage sweeping the country . . .

**STORY STARTS
ON NEXT PAGE**

9 to 5'

By JANICE TOWERS
as told to EUGENE JOSEPH

AND what am I bid for this peachy blonde? Look at that smile, look at those legs. Eat your hearts out."

I stood there smiling my most seductive smile, as Tom Newcombe "auctioned" me off. The room held a dozen couples, all married, all young, all loaded—with money and booze.

A thrillingly masculine voice yelled out from the back of the room, "\$50 for the cute little blonde." Another voice yelled "\$75," the first voice came back with a fast "\$100." Everybody clapped. It was the best price of the afternoon.

Tom shouted in his best TV announcer voice, "Remember folks all money goes into the 'Charter a Jet' fund for our summer vacation. So don't be stingy." But the bidding stuck on \$100. After all, the winner would only get a fast ten minutes in one of the guest bedrooms upstairs. If we stayed longer the bidder would be considered a bad mannered hog, like a guest who takes three servings of the main course at dinner.

A good "slave girl," I had kept my eyes lowered submissively so I couldn't see the men who were bidding. Now I raised them and I knew that I was going to have some real fun this afternoon. The man paying his fee to the chairman of the fund raising party was tall and handsome with sleek, black hair. He had that Cary Grant look all women love.

Now he held my arm and said, "My name is Frank Holby, and I want you to know this is the first time I've ever paid for a woman's favors.

But I couldn't resist the costume you have on." He ran his fingers down my body admiringly.

"My name is Janice Towers," I said. I was glad I'd bought the transparent silk blouse and wide transparent pastel pantaloons, even though they cost \$69.98 at Bergdorf's. You could see right through them, as if my body were encased in one of those pretty colored balloons.

Frank Holby started leading me upstairs right away while the other guests applauded politely. In the bedroom he went right to work, stripping me down. When a guy says he's never paid for a woman's favors before, I put him down either as a phony or a cheapskate and usually a lousy lover to complete the bad bargain. But I have to admit that Frank Holby was the exception. We made love three times in fifteen minutes and he was good, very good. So good that I gave him my home phone number in case he wanted a little action again. "Don't worry if my husband answers the phone," I said. "Just say you want to speak to me. He understands."

"Whaaat?" Frank Holby exclaimed in astonishment.

"And if one of the kids answers, just tell them to put their Mummy on." I gave him a wicked grin. "I have three, but only two of them are big enough to answer the phone."

All my men are amazed when I tell them. I don't look like a mother of three kids. I look like one of those hippie girls, a pretty one who washes, and who dresses sexy (Continued on page 81)



SWAP sessions (left, right) were tame stuff compared to new "slave girl game" (above), sex-confession-on-tape parties that are the latest kicks on the no-limit sin circuit . . .



**'ANY
MAN
9 to 5'**

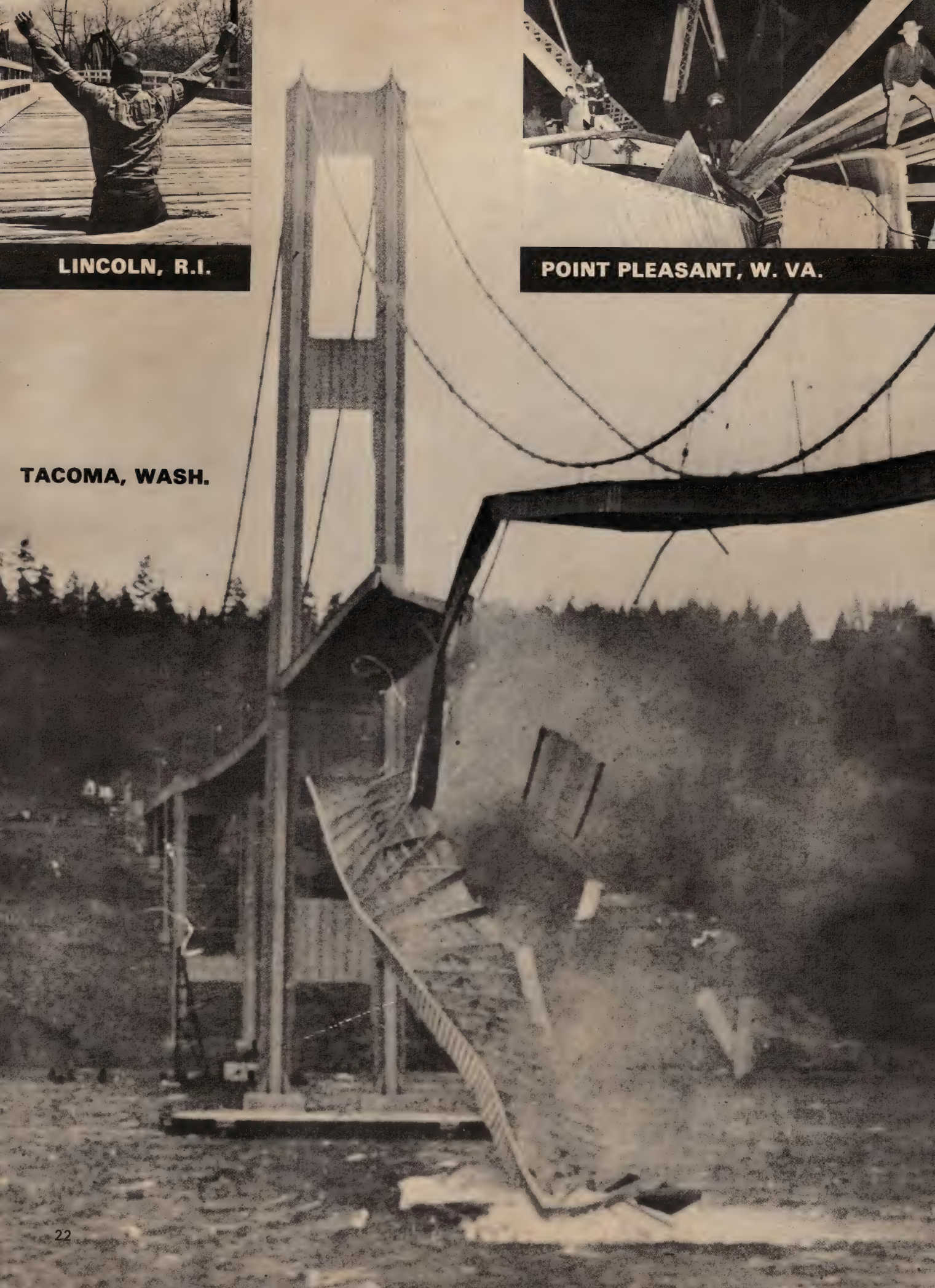


LINCOLN, R.I.



POINT PLEASANT, W. VA.

TACOMA, WASH.





DAVENPORT, IOWA



GROSSE POINT, MICH.



VAN NUYS, CALIF.

By JOSEPH DISHER

HOW SAFE IS THE BRIDGE IN YOUR HOME TOWN

In Philadelphia 80 bridges are officially rated "substandard," in West Virginia one crumbles and months after they're still fishing out corpses. Is the bridge in your city more secure? A fair guess is not much better and perhaps even worse, as all over the country even structures built just 10 years ago are buckling under today's super-tonnage traffic—while don't-give-a-damn incompetents supposed to safeguard the public are doing nothing to stop this growing epidemic of slaughter-span disasters . . .

It will be a long time before 25-year-old Todd Mayes ceases to awaken in the night, shaking and drenched with cold sweat from a recurring nightmare. When it happens, he can turn on the light and find reassurance in the sight of a small can of touch-up enamel on the table by his bed. And he can offer a silent prayer of thanksgiving to the unknown driver who scratched his car in the parking lot.

Todd is a teacher at the Kyger Creek High School in Ohio; and he is an orderly young man. Five days each week, as regular as clockwork, he closes his desk, gathers up the evening's inevitable homework and heads out to his car. Five o'clock would invariably (Continued on page 44)

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY

Toll Reaches 13 in Collapse of Span Over the Ohio

By ANTHONY RIPLEY
Special to The New York Times

POINT PLEASANT, W. Va., Dec. 17—The death toll rose to 13 today as four mangled automobiles and a truck were found from the wreckage of a collapsed bridge over the Ohio River.

BRIDGE STUDY URGED FOR PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17 (AP)—A northeast Philadelphia state legislator said today that he would seek an investigation of the condition of bridges in Pennsylvania.

Another Ohio Bridge Closed for Inspection

By ALTON SLAGLE
Staff Correspondent of THE NEWS

Point Pleasant, W. Va., Dec. 17—The St. Mary's Bridge over the Ohio River was closed today for inspection.

The Governor has not asked that a disaster area be declared. Mr. Crabtree said that help had been received from the Army Engineers, Coast Guard, Office of Civil Defense Mobilization, Bureau of Public Roads and the Office of Emergency Planning.

In addition, he said, the Small Business Administration office had been asked because of the community and thanking him for the help of Federal agencies.

23

Jack Murphy primed her talents and showed her to the right people, all the while sating his desires on the sensuous blonde's promise of passionate reward

By C. K. Winston, Jr.

ART BY CHARLES COPELAND

ALICE Bailly unfastened the buttons of her constricting bodice one by one until her firm, pear-shaped breasts were entirely exposed. Smiling shyly at the young man above her, she trailed her long fingers lightly over her pink, tiny nipples. Seconds later, her dress and petticoat slithered to the barroom floor. Then, the petite blonde, whose dimpled face is recognizable to millions of Americans, slipped her lace-frilled, transparent panties over her gracefully-molded hips and down her incredibly pale white loins.

"Not so fast, Alice," Jack Murphy ordered, looking up from the range finder of his 35mm movie camera. "The undressing scene should take at least 45 seconds from start to finish."

Alice covered her naked body as best she could with her hands while the cameraman climbed down from his camera boom and strode through the deserted studio to where she lay naked on the bar. His footsteps echoed oddly in the huge barn-like structure used during the day as the main studio of Viceroy Pictures.

(Continued on page 77)

**A Hollywood Starlet
No Man Will Forget**

"NOW that the set's clear," Alice said,
"I'll show you how grateful I am . . ."



PURE NO MORE

Fiction Special

Sp/4 BILL THOMAS

G.I. SHOTGUNNER WHO



CAPTAIN Donald Scher (above), Thomas' C.O., credits heroic enlisted man with rescuing him from sure death. Officer labeled GI as "more than gallant . . . an inspiration to the men . . ."



STALKS THE CONG



By JEFF ST. JOHN

MEN'S VIET NAM
CORRESPONDENT

THE shot from somewhere in the foliage and the scream from the struck GI merged into one horrifying sound. The Yank patrol, led by Specialist 4th Class William Thomas, had been moving in a single file up the scarred, jungle-studded face of Hill 1124, southwest of Dak To.

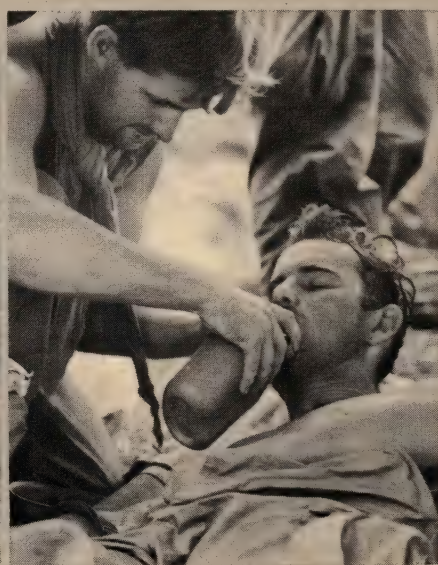
Suddenly two North Vietnamese riflemen in the underbrush opened fire and the GI behind Thomas was hit. The wounded man spun around in the center of the trail and went down, still screaming.

"Take cover," Thomas yelled. "We don't know how many there are!" The rest of the patrol fanned out into the underbrush.

The two North Vietnamese riflemen, still firing, leaped onto the trail and began a quick retreat. From somewhere higher up the slope a concealed Red machine gun began pouring lead onto the trail.

Thomas, shotgun in hand, ignoring the bullets (Continued on page 86)

Armed with just a shotgun, and courage enough for a whole battalion of heroes, this young fighting machine from Minnesota has become a one-man terror for the VC in the vicious hill battles that scar Viet Nam. Already his legendary lone-wolf "seek and destroy" missions have tabbed him as this country's new Sergeant York



IN ONE action, Thomas flushed out large enemy group (left) from fortified positions and saved lives of several fellow GIs (rt.) who were caught in ambush





CASTLE- HAUNTING BLONDE

Show Monika Sommer, a footloose fraulein from Munich, a medieval castle and she'll flip for joy. Says this beautiful and bountiful secretary turned model: "How I envy all you rich Americans who can afford to rent a castle on the Rhine for a little nothing. It must be grand to do that and invite a special friend up for a wonderful weekend . . ."



**\$5 Million Found --
\$25 Million Still Up**

'TREASURE TAPPERS' OF TEXAS' FABULOUS LOST-GOLD ISLAND

By ARCHER SCANLON



A piece of wood jutting from the sand; a metallic glitter in the shallow off-shore waters: these have been the X's that marked the spot for scores of lucky fortune hunters and tourists who've hit it rich on booty-logged Padre Island. And for an added come-on, there are the sun goddesses and water nymphs who line the shores ready, willing and able to console a loser or help a big winner tear loose on a celebration blast . . .

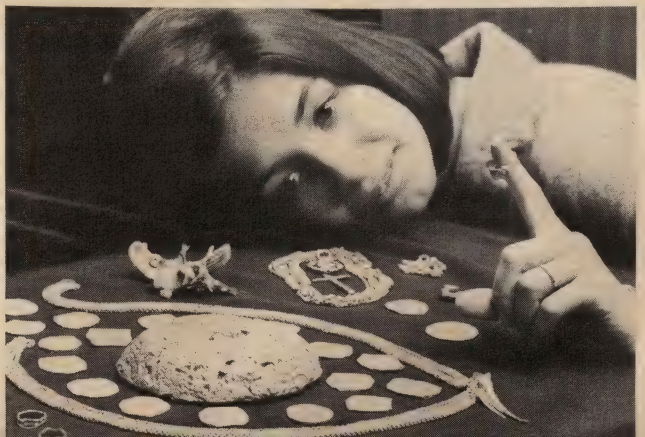
Corpus Christi, Texas:

SHE tossed down the rest of her gin and tonic, flipped the paper cup away and stood up. As she stretched lazily and sensuously, her arms reached into a cloudless sky that held the last faint traces of sunlight.

Jim Marstone studied her as he lay on the blanket in the sand, eyeing the flaring hips and conical breasts that her bikini didn't quite hide. Lights were coming on across the bay, in Corpus Christi, and Jim wondered how long (Continued on page 65)



SCUBA divers (above) and prospector teams (below) who pick island's craggy landscape have both come up with amazing treasure finds (such as left, bottom)





AS the girl's pursuers charged across the terrace, Cassell let loose with a torrent of lead through the floorboards

The Savage Seducers

By HOWARD CLEWES
ART BY EARL NOREM



From the book *THE LIBERTINE* by Howard Clewes.
Copyright © 1967 by Howard Clewes. Published
by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

In the grim violence of the Mato Grosso, two lusting men and two equally desire-lashed females were stripped of all defenses before the furious onslaught of body-snatching banditos . . .

SMASHING BOOK BONUS

THERE was nothing remarkable about Cassell as he drifted across the open ground behind the shed that served as an airport building, except perhaps that such a man should be here in Mato Grosso at all. He was tall and very thin, with pointed shoulders and elbows and knees and a strained urban face and fairish hair, and he wore a dark tropical suit in a part of Brazil where, a few years ago, a shirt and drill slacks and snake boots were more practical and general. The truth of the matter was that you had to know Cassell for some time before you realized he was in any way exceptional. Even then, all you would notice was the

The Savage Seducers

way he would look at you, frowning slightly as if into a strong light, but never allowing his eyes to waver. As it happened, he had no more to conceal than the ache of loneliness.

"D'you mind not leaving me alone in this place?" Fabia said when he went back to her. She was his wife.

"I advised you not to come. You wanted to come."

"You did telegraph, didn't you, darling?"

"Two days ago."

The telegram was lying uncollected in the post office in Campo Alto. Campo Alto was known as a frontier town but the description was a loose one, for there were no national or state boundaries nearby; however, it stood on the edge of territory that had not yet been tamed and letters and telegrams took a long time to reach it. The telegram had been sent by the company's offices in Sao Paulo and said that Denis Cassell, the Deputy Chairman, would be arriving at the time arranged but not alone as expected; his wife had come with him. It was addressed to Hallam, the company's manager at Ruana.

"Don't you think he should have been here to meet us?"

"I suppose he should."

After a while the Land-Rover drew up. But it was not Hallam who was driving, it was a boy who wore a frayed wide-brimmed and flat-crowned sombrero and stained drill trousers and snake boots. He hurried into the shed.

"Doutor Cassell?" Everybody, Cassell had been told, was a doctor in this country; it was the polite form of address.

"Doctor Hallam not here?"

The boy laughed showing his white teeth and spread his hands. "*Com licenca* . . . Excuse me. Speak little English." He hoisted the baggage into the back of the vehicle.

They bounced along the track into Campo Alto, which consisted in the main of two rows of stone or timber buildings on either side of a road of red earth beaten flat, washed by the rains, bleached to a faded pink. The road came from nowhere and went nowhere; at each end it petered out into a track and open scrub.

"He might have met us himself," Fabia said, and dabbed at the beads of sweat on her upper lip. It was unbelievably hot inside the truck and the driver smelled richly of sweat and animals.

"Probably busy."

(Continued on page 89)



"HE'S ASLEEP," the girl told Hallam. "That gives us the rest of the night just for ourselves . . ."

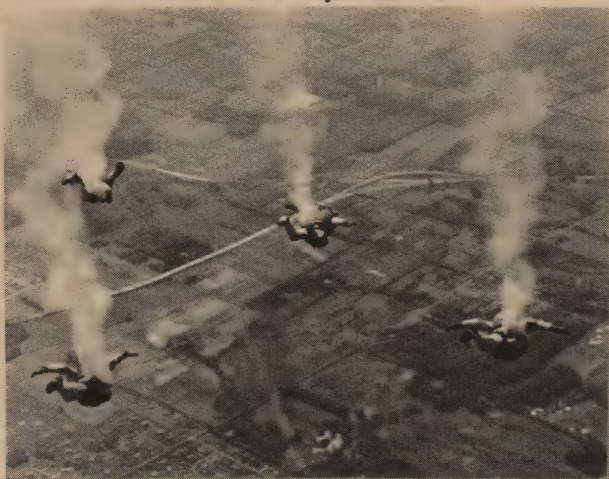
KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD



WINGLESS WONDER

It looked like a sure-death air crash. The single engine light plane was 4600 feet above the Lakehurst, N.J., Naval Air Station when suddenly both wings fell off. The fuselage plunged like a rock dropping into a pond—until a huge parachute mushroomed from its roof, slowing the rate of descent to a feather-smooth ten miles per hour. At 1500 feet, the man at the controls—famed test pilot Thomas Walker—hit the silk himself . . .

The bizarre scene above was part of a revolutionary experimental flight that may eventually make air travel as safe as a kiddy car ride. Walker's aircraft lost its wings when he pulled a lever in the cockpit. When the wings went, the rescue chute was automatically released. Since this was the first test of the device, Walker bailed out rather than risk the whole ride down—but examination of the ship's fuselage indicated that he would have landed without a scratch if he'd stayed aboard.



Next Time Take The Plane

This isn't the first time that inventors have experimented with save-the-whole plane rescue chutes for aircraft that get into serious trouble aloft. However, earlier tries along the same line were unsuccessful because the wings hindered the chute's stability. Then, Dario Manfredi and Angelo Raiti of New York City came up with an ingeniously simple solution: why not get the hell rid of the wings? If future tests on small planes work out as well as Walker's initial try, their system will undoubtedly

be used on military and commercial planes. The only bug is applying the design to today's immensely heavy airliners, a problem the inventors are sure can be licked.

DEADLY DERELICT

The stocky, bearded wino staggered up New York's Amsterdam Avenue like a listing ship, bouncing off light posts and walls on his careening course. At last his legs gave out and he collapsed in a doorway, drawing his knees up against his haggard face. It was then that the three leather-jacketed young thugs on his trail closed in. "Give us your money or we'll stomp the hell out of you," the leader of the pack snarled, leaning over the derelict. When there was no answer, the kid started swinging—until the wino, moving with surprising speed and strength, swung back, sending his assailant reeling onto the sidewalk. In seconds all four were engaged in a wild, brutal battle. Then half a dozen uniform cops descended on them. "You sure took your time," the wino said ruefully as his opponents were tossed into a squad car. "Another couple of seconds and I might have had to use my karate . . ."

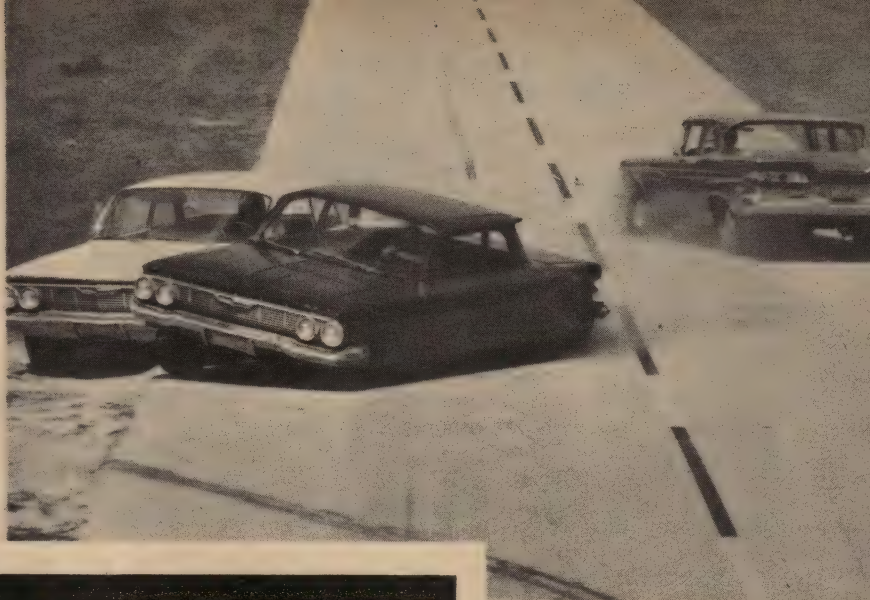
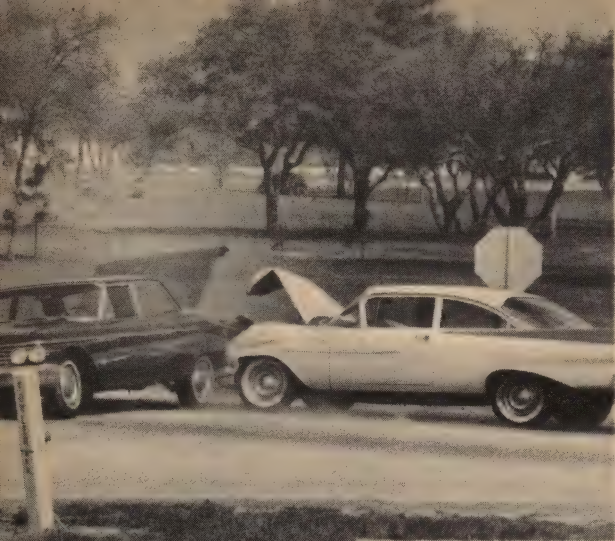
The "wino's" name is Edward Aab and he has what is undoubtedly the toughest police job in the nation's toughest town. From 7 P.M. to 3 A.M., five nights a week, the 27-year-old plainclothesman



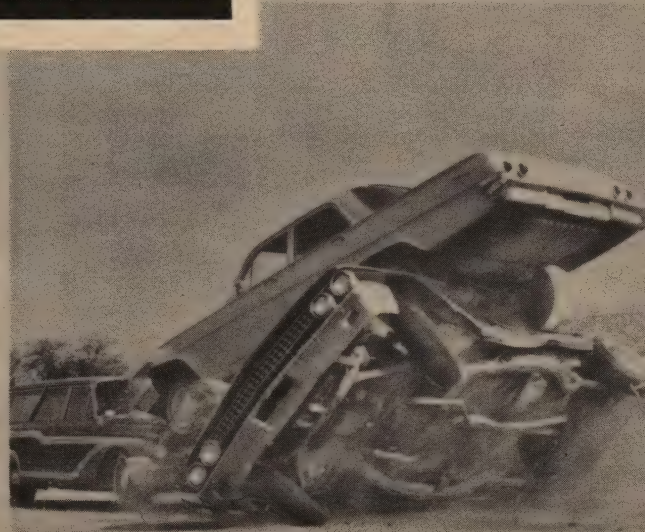
Booby-trapped Boozer

sets himself up as a decoy for the vicious muggers who roam New York's streets—and nearly every night the ruse pays off in bruised ribs, battered knuckles and a record arrest rate. When impersonating derelicts, his costume is a checked shirt, filthy

(Continued on page 52)



The Highway Disaster Vultures



HOW TO MAKE WELCHING CAR INSURANCE OUTFITS PAY OFF

By RAY LUNT

THE death of John Lebrae should go down in history as one of the zaniest, most improbable accidents ever to occur. On a golden day last June he was killed by a drunken robin.

This is the bizarre chain of events as reconstructed later by investigators. It began shortly after daybreak when Federal revenue agents raided an untended moonshine still in the Tennessee hills. They could find no evidence of its ownership but they did a good job of busting up the equipment.

The still itself was dismantled and carted away for its copper. The moonshine was poured on the ground, the jugs and barrels smashed to bits. A new batch of fermenting mash was also dumped out.

After the agents had left, a flock of robins swooped down and began to peck at the steaming mash. In no time at all our feathered friends were stoned to the eyeballs. Some simply keeled over and passed out cold. Others managed to wobble off the ground in erratic flight. A few collided with trees, or one another, and knocked themselves out. A handful, however, gained enough altitude to clear the trees and depart.

These presently reached a nearby super-highway where their aerial antics and obvious lack of control caught the attention of several witnesses. One

(Continued on page 56)

Whistling while you drive because your policy is a fool-proof beauty? Well, buddy, you can switch to a funeral dirge. These vicious insurance sharks operate a special "phantom-protection" plan with the dirtiest kicker there is—claiming they are not responsible if neither you nor the other guy has broken any traffic rules. It's a heartless loophole that lets these money-grubbing execs and their stockholders rake in millions while the sucker behind the wheel does all the bleeding . . .



PHOTO STOPPERS

THE BODY SNATCHERS—No, it's not a kidnap. This mod British shopowner couple is just spiriting away a pair of store window mannequins across London to another location, by taxi no less

WAY OUT IN FRONT—That's gorgeous movie star Raquel Welch shingaling away amidst a bunch of American troops at Da Nang Base. Poll of men later proved she was more popular than chow





HAVE A SEAT—This beauty's a best at judo. Diana Rigg, star of *The Avengers* T.V. show gives her evil pursuer a chance to relax—flat on his back . . .



ENCORE—Body of 24 year old ex-con Roderick Slowe lies in a Boston alley after he had been shot several times in the head. It was gangland business all the way proving the Bay City's still big #1 on the underworld's slay parade . . .



HORSE LAUGH—Mare in Ascot, England seems to be rolling in hysterics after dumping her rider on parts unknown somewhere back up the track



TOP TOPPLES—Early morning blaze in Easton, Mass., caused Five Seasons restaurant to blow its top. Damage came to a whopping \$200,000 . . .

U.N. Anti-Assassin Ace John Cosgrove:

By GLENN INFELD



'SUDDEN DEATH' COP WHO GUARDS THE WORLD'S V.I.P.'s



ASSASSIN-stopper Cosgrove (man in center, top left) ramrods 175-man force that must check all suspicious incoming packages (far left) as well as U.N. grounds and surrounding areas for raiders using mortars (left), other means of attack. Security chief himself often patrols General Assembly floor to watch for madman rampagers sweeping down from spectator section (above) . . .



Charged with protecting the world's top leaders at the United Nations, this iron-nerved "bodyguard of the great" has had to face every kind of potential murderer from knife-wielding lunatics to bomb-dropping "peace pilots." And he's never lost out to an assassin—by proving at gunpoint more than once that he's ready to shoot to kill to accomplish his danger-jammed mission . . .

FRANCE

ON the night of June 11, 1967, a tall, well-dressed man in a dark suit stood in the shadows of the General Assembly Building of the United Nations in New York City and watched the diplomats hurrying inside. Most of them he recognized, but some of the others, assigned to their country's delegation because of the crisis between Israel and Egypt,

were strangers to John J. Cosgrove, chief of the 175-man U.N. Security Force. Suddenly, Cosgrove walked to a nearby communications center and called his assistant.

"Any trouble, Ray?"

Ray Mahoney, a ruggedly handsome member of the plainclothes force and assistant security chief, sounded (Continued on page 72)

MEN'S NEWSLETTER MEN'S NEWSLETTER

(Continued from page 6)

Some of the poison gas used by Egypt against Yemen—doublechecked by Red Cross—is known to have been shipped in canisters by the USSR. Greenish-brown in color, it's a sophisticated form of mustard gas. Big sweat is that Viet Cong has asked Russia for some of the stuff to use for "defensive purposes." IF KREMLIN DOES, IT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE HOW WORLD III COULD BE STOPPED...

Pentagon thinking about setting up completely volunteer combat outfits to fight Reds in Viet Nam. Military thinking is that rotating trained GI's out of the country after a year's duty is taking away a skilled man just when he reaches full effectiveness. Ho's most seasoned troops would be no match for full battle-hardened Yank outfits...

OFF THE DRAWING BOARD

"BODY DIAMONDS" FOR THE GIRL WHO HAS EVERYTHING. THEY'RE GENUINE DIAMOND MAKE-UP ITEMS LACED WITH GOLD DUST—USED TO DECORATE THE FACE AND NECK DOWN TO THE BRA LINE...

A gadget that lets you tell whether the single headlight approaching you in the darkness belongs to a one-eyed car or a cycle...

Imitation tattoos that allow guys to impress females of their undying love. THE DESIGNS CAN BE WASHED OFF WITH BABY OIL...



Glow Girl

A pop-up timer that automatically cooks (boils) eggs to your exact liking—and you don't have to watch it either...

A system of signs that you can flash to the car in back of you, saying: 1) SLOWDOWN; 2) DON'T TAILGATE; 3) CAREFUL PLEASE; 4) DON'T BLOW HORN; 5) DISABLED—in fact, any message you want to flash...

A built-in vacuum cleaner on the floor of your car that runs off the car's generator and cleans the interior at the flick of a switch...

A tape recorder that lets off the fierce growls of an angry dog—and scares off prowlers who may be on the premises...

A NEW METHOD IN WHICH VINYL TOPS CAN BE SPRAYED ONTO THE ROOFS OF OLD CARS—SO THAT THEY LOOK LIKE THE FASHIONABLE FABRIC COVERS...

TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS AREN'T EXACTLY SINGING ABOUT IT, BUT YOU'D BE SHOCKED TO FIND OUT HOW MANY POP KINDS HAVE BEEN KILLED BY ELECTRIC GUITAR SHORT-CIRCUITS...



Execution Extravaganza

Surfers always face risk of being "wiped out" or knocked unconscious by a 25-pound board that's hurled by a 20 mph sledgehammer wave. Yet last year only 8 deaths were recorded among the world's one million enthusiasts. On the other hand, if you set foot on a pleasure craft you're in bad trouble. During that same year 1318 Americans alone were killed in leisure-time boat sinkings...

TALK ABOUT HUNTERS SHOOTING EACH OTHER, IT'S INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE THAT BOW AND ARROW NUTS MANAGE TO KNOCK OFF A DOZEN OF THEIR FELLOW BUFFS EACH YEAR...

Haiti's about the last country in the world to go in big for public executions. Dictator Duvalier feels it keeps the folks entertained—while teaching them a lesson at the same time...

LANDLORDS IN SEVERAL CITIES NOW STARTING UP "TENANT BLACKLIST," NAMING PEOPLE WHO'VE DESTROYED PROPERTY, CAUSED TROUBLE WITH NEIGHBORS OR "VICTIMIZED LANDLORDS." UNFORTUNATELY, LANDLORDS WHO GET REPORTED FOR NOT MAKING REPAIRS OR SUPPLYING

ENOUGH HEAT ALWAYS FEEL THEY'RE BEING VICTIMIZED. . .

By the year 2000, according to one space scientist, there'll be a string of tourist facilities circling the earth. Typical will be a 12-story hotel with a zero-G (weightless) sphere containing an air pool and a swimming pool. Guests would float about inside the air pool, later taking a dip in the water sphere that's contained within it. ACCOMMODATIONS WOULD RUN ABOUT \$80 A DAY, PLUS \$10 A POUND FOR SHOOTING THE PAYLOAD-TOURIST INTO SPACE. . .

MUGS, MOLLS, MAYHEM

It isn't true that when the cops let cat houses flourish they are necessarily "on the take." It's often a case of brainy detective work. Whenever a big crime occurs, the cops frequently get their man by first checking the red light joy spots to see what known crooks have suddenly been seeing the ladies. . .

PUT AN HONEST GUY WITH A KNOWLEDGE OF JUDO UP AGAINST CROOK WITHOUT A WEAPON AND IT'LL BE A PATHETIC CASE OF HOMICIDE. VERY FEW CRIMINALS KNOW HOW TO USE THEIR FISTS—SINCE THE UNDERWORLD CODE IS ALWAYS WORK WITH A GUN, BRASS KNUCKLES, ETC., RATHER THAN GIVE A VICTIM AN EVEN CHANCE. . .

Home-improvement gypsters pocketing a mint peddling homeowners fire-alarm systems. Hustlers, especially in Washington and Oregon, are charging \$1200 for outfits really worth an eyelash over \$200. . .

LOWEST "ARMS PEDDLER" OF ALL IS THE CREEP WHO DROPS INTO METAL INSTITUTIONS ON VISITORS' DAY AND SELLS POCKET KNIVES TO PATIENTS WITH FIVE, TEN OR TWENTY BUCKS TO SPEND. SOME LICE ACTUALLY PULL IN \$200 PER WEEK REGULARLY WITY THIS INHUMAN DODGE ON THE NUTHOUSE BEAT. . .



Crime Conk-Outs

Those prison plastic surgery programs to fix up ugly cons has proved to be crime-stopper far greater than anything even the experts thought possible. It's been done hundreds of times and only a handful of such criminals have reverted to crime—SINCE IT WAS THEIR UGLINESS THAT SPARK-

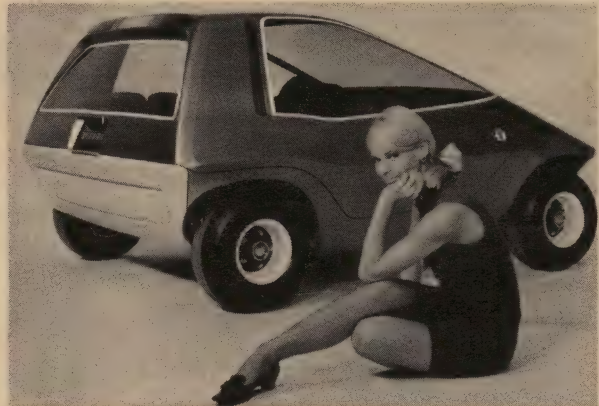
ED THEIR ANTI-SOCIAL TENDENCIES IN THE FIRST PLACE. . .

UNDER THE HOOD

Cold-weather hints that will save any driver a ton in frustration and a mint in repair bills: 1. Keep gas tank full if the car is parked outside overnight. It blocks water condensation that makes the engine hard to start. 2. Put more solvent and less water in windshield washers to help keep slush from freezing on the glass. 3. Let engines idle a full two minutes after starting—allows oil to warm and begin flowing freely. . .

BY 1980 EVERYONE OWNING A CAR NOW WILL BE WHEELING AROUND IN AN ELECTRIC MODEL—PROBABLY AS A SECOND CRATE FOR SHORT HOPS AND ERRANDS. THERE'S ALSO STRONG CHANCE THAT SHORTLY AFTER THAT YOU'LL NEED A SPECIAL PERMIT TO KEEP A GAS MODEL. BY 1980 AIR POLLUTION FROM GAS ENGINES WILL DOUBLE THE 1960 RATE AND CRACK-DOWN WILL COME WHEN DEATH RATES SOAR FOR LUNG CANCER, EMPHYSEMA, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS. . .

If you prefer motorcycling to driving a four-wheeler, chances of you ending up D.O.A. at the morgue zoom up five times as high. One reason is incredible abuses in the thriving rental field where conditions of some bikes are so bad that they make the worst car rental you can get look like a Rolls-Royce. . .



Winning Battery

MOVE IS ON IN SEVERAL STATES PLAGUED BY CYCLE OUTLAWS TO REQUIRE ELECTRIC MOTORS FOR TWO-WHEELERS AS SOON AS ENGINES BECOME PRACTICABLE. MOVE WOULD CUT SPEEDS TO PIDDLING 30 MPH AND TAKE ALL THE STEAM OUT OF THE ANGEL PACKS. . .

Shyster lawyers working for gyp car insurance companies have one sure-fire gimmick in court. They always try to get women on the jury—because females will always give less cash awards to claimants than a man will. . .

GREAT NEW SAFETY GIMMICK COMING OUT OF DETROIT MAY BE SPRING-LOADED BUMPERS DESIGNED TO ABSORB MOST OF SHOCK IN AUTO COLLISIONS. FRONT AND REAR BUMPERS ARE ACTUALLY CONNECTED BY TWO PARALLEL RAILS THAT SLIDES THROUGH THE CAR FRAME ON GREASED CUSHINGS. . .

DEATHTRAP BRIDGES

Continued from page 23

find him on the 2,235-foot Silver Bridge, crossing the Ohio River on way to his home in Point Pleasant, on the West Virginia side.

On the afternoon of December 15, 1967, there was one tiny break in his routine. He emerged from school to discover that some careless oaf had put an ugly scratch in the finish of his proud new car. Considerably annoyed, he interrupted his journey home long enough to buy a can of touch-up enamel. The few extra minutes that task consumed saved his life.

It was only moments before 5 p.m. when he inched onto the approach ramp to the 39-year-old bridge. Traffic was bumper-to-bumper from end to end of the span. It was always heavy at this hour with workers streaming homeward from the industrial plants that line the river banks. But on this Friday, the jam was intensified by throngs of Christmas shoppers and weekend travelers.

By best estimates, there were between 75 and 100 cars and trucks on the bridge itself. In addition, an unknown numbers of pedestrians were scurrying along its walks, heads down to the raw wind.

There was no warning at all of impending disaster. Suddenly there was a great ear-splitting thunder that many persons mistook for a sonic boom. The entire length of bridge gave a convulsive shudder, whipping up and down and from side to side.

With nightmare slowness the steel-and-concrete deck tilted sideways, spilling cars, trucks and screaming people onto the banks at either end and into the chilly river 120 feet below. The next instant, the whole structure, thousands of tons in weight, smashed down upon the hapless victims. At the Ohio end, where 300 yards of span were over land, at least 35 to 40 cars and trucks lay crushed under massive beams and girders.

Not everyone on the bridge died quickly. For anguished minutes afterward people could be heard screaming in the river but in the darkness and confusion, only 8 known survivors could be located. The river, swift-flowing and 70 feet deep, its temperature less than 8 degrees above freezing, quickly silenced the rest.

The complete death toll will probably never be known. Although salvage crews soon dragged a 14-mile stretch of the river, the swift current may have carried many vehicles beyond that distance. A large trailer truck was seen floating down-river several hundred yards before it sank. Witnesses also saw a car, buoyed up by the air inside, float off into the darkness, its trapped occupants pounding helplessly at the closed windows.

Many of the victims, trapped under the wreckage of the bridge, may not be reached for months. The first divers to go down the next morning saw 3 bodies trapped in one car but it may take weeks to reach them through the tangle of twisted girders.

In the near-freezing water, veteran deep-sea divers can only stay down 30 to 40 minutes. They are further hampered by the swift current that forces them to work behind iron shields to keep them from being swept off their feet. Another handicap is the heavy silt in the water that limits visibility to a few feet at best.

FOR a lucky handful like Todd Mayes, the nearness of a brush with death was nerve-shattering. He could only sit in his car, scant feet from the fallen span, numb and shaken, realizing that the can of enamel had saved his life.

Restaurant-owners Claude and Margaret Swan were almost on the bridge when the last stop light turned red. While they waited impatiently for it to turn green, the span collapsed. Car dealer Donald Mink crossed only moments before and wondered what caused the loud noise he heard behind him. As he reached his agency, the phone was ringing. It was the police, asking for an acetylene torch to cut their way to some trapped cars.

Though teams of bridge experts were probing the wreckage, the cause of the collapse may never be known for certain. It could have been simply the effects of old age. The bridge was dedicated in 1929 as "The Gateway to the South."

It was the first U.S. bridge coated with aluminum paint, earning it the nickname of the Silver Bridge. That once, shiny paint, however, may have contributed to its destruction by concealing cracks or deepening metal corrosion. However, it was originally designed for 2-axle trucks of up to 15 tons. Today's bridge designs are aimed to carry 3-axle tractor-trailers weighing up to 36 tons.

In recent years, the Silver Bridge has turned into a dingy nightmare to its users. The 700-foot center span had started swaying wildly—in even a light breeze—and bouncing up and down crazily under heavy traffic. Mayor Morgan of Point Pleasant had twice complained to West Virginia bridge authorities, who added some iron plates to strengthen parts of the structure. Nevertheless, it had not been given a thorough inspection since April 1965.

It was definitely overloaded. Witnesses reported that at one point, at least 4 heavily-loaded trailer trucks were traveling no more than 3 feet apart. Almost all states have strict laws regarding the spacing out of heavy loads on any bridge. Though the distances vary, no state would permit 3 feet of spacing for trucks. However, there is little if any effort at enforcement and many truckers don't even know of the laws.

The original design may have contributed to the collapse. The bridge was built for a private company that sold it to the State of West Virginia some 12 years later. To save a little on its \$1 million cost, it was the first U.S. bridge to use eyebars—30-foot iron rods with bolt-eyes at either end. These were linked together to suspend the bridge deck from the towers instead of the stronger but more costly woven cables commonly used. Only 5 or 6 other bridges of that construction were ever built in this country.

The Silver Bridge may possibly have been weakened by an accident 18 months before. In a storm, 20 empty barges tore loose at Wheeling, W.Va., and slammed into the bridge. Some minor damage to the supports was reported, but apparently no structural inspection was made.

But, whatever the cause, it sharply reminded people of other similar disasters that have shocked the nation and the entire world. The most recent occurred only 11 days earlier.

On December 4th, a bridge under construction on the outskirts of Mexico City plunged 300 feet into awesome Loma del Negro Canyon. At last reports, the bodies of 21 workmen had been recovered but Mexican authorities feared many more

were in the wreckage.

Only one day before this, a drifting barge knocked out a part of the Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel complex, but fortunately there were no injuries or deaths. Tragedy was also narrowly averted earlier in the year when a ship demolished part of a much-used railroad bridge in New Jersey.

That state should be particularly sensitive about the condition of its bridges. It has been plagued with more than its share of bridge disasters. In 1958, between 40 and 50 persons drowned there when a commuter train plunged through an open drawbridge. In 1951, the collapse of a temporary span at Woodbridge, N.J., cost 85 lives. As a major port state, her bridges are a constant menace and frequently damaged by the heavy ship traffic that passes under them, often in heavy fog.

AROUND the world, bridge disasters have taken an appalling toll in recent years. In 1957, some 175 persons in W. Pakistan died when a bridge failure hurled an express train into a rocky ravine. A year earlier, 120 died in India when a span collapsed under the weight of a train.

In 1953, a similar disaster in New Zealand left 155 known dead and scores of others missing. In 1950, a bridge collapse in China took 200 lives. One in Brazil cost 100 more. Two years earlier, 150 died in Japan when the railing of a concrete bridge over Niigata collapsed.

In this country, virtually every state has had one or more similar failures with less spectacular loss of life. In 1964, Montana was scourged with spring floods that demolished every bridge in an area as large as the state of Connecticut. The rampaging Sun River swept away every steel or concrete bridge for 90 miles. Of the nearly 50 victims, a number were known to have been on bridges that collapsed.

The following January, a savage tropical storm lashed the Pacific Coast. In Northern California, gale winds blew down almost every bridge on the Redwood Highway, several while motorists were attempting to cross them. In Oregon, a lone driver plunged to his death when a 6,000-foot span collapsed and fell 165 feet. In Washington State, a number of tourists died in bridge collapses, or from having their cars blown off through side-rails too frail to stop them.

Murderously misplaced bridge abutments are also taking a rising toll. The number of all automobile deaths has jumped 32 percent in the last 10 years. But deaths by collision with a fixed object—generally bridge abutments—have rocketed up by 56 percent. On the Kansas Tnpk., Bridge 238 has its concrete support column just scant inches from the outer lane. As a result, it has claimed at least one victim a year since it was built.

By sheer luck, this country's most spectacular bridge collapse caused no deaths or injuries. It did, however, cause plenty of headaches for those involved.

This was the Tacoma Narrows Bridge over Puget Sound in the State of Washington. The multimillion-dollar span, finished in 1940, was the third longest suspension bridge in the world. Its span stretched 2,800 feet, but it was only a skimpy 39 feet in width. To give so slender a structure increased rigidity, its entire length of deck was stiffened with plate girders 8 feet deep. This solution, so sound in theory, turned out to be a sad misjudgment.



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You show famous Mason Air-Cushion shoes—good-looking footwear in the latest styles—a line that's far beyond the reach of competition. That's why *everybody* is your prospect. Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll rush you our free "Starting Business Outfit"! Send no money now or later. Act today!

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Chippewa Falls, Wisc.



Even before its formal opening, the new bridge had acquired the unlovely nickname of Galloping Gertie. In even the lightest of breezes, the long span whipped from side to side like a boa constrictor with a bellyache. It also had set up what bridge experts call "torsional vibrations" that rattled the teeth and scared the pants off of crossing motorists.

Drivers who suffered from gephyrophobia—an overwhelming fear of bridges—wouldn't be caught dead anywhere near the galloping giant. Even sturdier motorists soon gave Gertie a wide berth, which proved fortunate.

There was not a soul on her span when Galloping Gertie's brief career came to an inglorious end a scant 4 months after she opened. In a 42 m.p.h. wind she began galloping so violently that a large crowd of onlookers gathered to watch her antics. Several cameras were clicking at the precise moment the long span whipped itself to pieces and fell into Puget Sound.

Bridge engineers call such movements "Aerodynamic Instability" and they think they know how to control it or prevent it. At least, a new Tacoma Narrows Bridge, opened in 1950, has so far behaved like a perfect lady. But, even after years of intensive wind tunnel study of models, they still differ fiercely over just what Aerodynamic Instability is, or what causes it.

Bridge designing has made enormous strides in the past few years, but it is still far from an exact science. One advance, widely hailed, was the use of heat-treated instead of cold-rolled wires in the suspension cables to give them a 31 percent higher break-point. The new types were used in spans at Mt. Hope, R.I., and the 1,850-foot Ambassador Bridge in Detroit, both completed in 1929.

Both were almost finished before someone discovered that the new heat-treated wires were breaking where they were bent around the anchors. The cables had to be replaced with cold-rolled wire and the process abandoned.

Similarly, the development of concrete reinforced with inner strands of high-strength wire set off a rash of new concrete bridges. It took a considerable time lag, and some mysterious and costly collapses, to discover one simple but deadly fact. If the face of the concrete had even a minute hair-line crack, moisture could seep in and rust or corrode the reinforcing strands. When they gave way, the concrete would crumble under the weight of even moderate traffic.

In recent years, there has been an intense, but largely unintentional, race between bridge-builders and auto-makers. Detroit has concentrated on covering the nation's highways with more and faster cars, bigger and heavier-payload trucks. Bridge designers have had to race to produce bridges capable of carrying increasingly-higher loads. They have not always come out ahead in the contest.

As little as 5 years ago, a truck in the 10,000 to 18,000 gross weight was a heavy-duty giant. Today's gigantic space age hardware can produce trailer-loads up to 200 tons. Loads of up to 18 tons are common. To transport such a load cross-country often requires detours of 1,000 miles or more to avoid older, weaker bridges.

SO far, the challenge has been met mainly by making the bridge components bigger, heavier, more massive. This is too much like confining improved weapons of war to making bigger cannons. Eventually they reach a size where their very

weight and bulk are self-defeating.

The wonders of bridge-building today is New York's great Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, the world's longest suspension span. To support today's traffic, its towers contain 27,000 tons of steel. The four suspension cables contain 143,000 miles of wire, weighing 38,290 tons. They are anchored at the ends in 780,000 tons of steel and concrete. The total weight of the bridge is a staggering 1,265,000 tons compared to the Empire State Building's mere 365,000 tons.

This is dangerously near a practical physical limit. As traffic grows increasingly thicker and truck loads increasingly heavier, bigger bridges will soon collapse because of their own dead weight. The solution must come, not from the weight-master's office, but from the scientists' laboratories.

Still, like all major disasters, the tragic collapse of the Silver Bridge brought some compensating benefits. One has been to focus the attention of bridge designers on the problems of tomorrow rather than the profits of today.

Another has been to awaken state officials to the disgraceful neglect of inspection and maintenance on tens of thousands of antiquated bridges across the land. Only a handful of states have had anything like regular and adequate inspection of its bridges. Too often, the bridge "inspectors" are political appointees with little or no engineering experience. Many states felt that they couldn't afford highly-trained inspectors or the costly sophisticated electronic equipment that can spot weaknesses in the heart of a massive structure.

Following the Silver Bridge tragedy, the State of West Virginia belatedly closed nearby St. Mary's bridge, pending a thorough inspection. State police were posted at the Mason-Pomeroy span, 15 miles upriver from Point Pleasant, to regulate the spacing of trucks and cars to avoid overloading. One of its busiest bridges, at Charleston, was hit with a weight limitation of 5,500 pounds—"nothing bigger than a Cadillac" in the words of Governor Hulett Carlson Smith, who was shaken after the tragedy.

IN Pennsylvania, high on the list of "careful" states, officials took a second look at the bridges and got a nasty shock. It realized suddenly that some 80 bridges

within the Philadelphia city limits were rated substandard. In the surrounding area, the biggest were of the same general vintage as the Silver Bridge. The 2,324-foot Tacony Palmyra was opened in 1929, the 3,114-foot Burlington Bristol in 1931. In addition, hundreds of smaller bridges across the state were not only aged but were potential death traps due to their narrowness.

Even some of these were discovered to be dangerous. No more than a few weeks ago, a bridge collapsed under a heavy truck, its driver narrowly escaping with his life. It was discovered that vandals had stolen the sign strictly setting the weight limit for vehicles using it. His load, it developed, was several thousand pounds over the top limit.

New York hurriedly reinspected all its bridges and found them adequate for the loads allotted them. Connecticut, which has long made a practice of inspecting every one of its 3,700 spans at least once a year, and those with heavy traffic more often, quickly set up an Inspection Division staffed by 16 engineers and experts.

The "weakest" bridge in the state, a span across the Saugatuck River at Westport, is rated safe for maximum weight of 8 tons. But in heavy rush-hour traffic, the pileup of cars and trucks dodging the downtown congestion can easily add up to far more. One problem of the new Division is to design a mechanical device that will automatically stop traffic when the load nears its limit. The cost of stationing traffic police on every span in the state would be prohibitive.

But the most heartening news was President Johnson's appointment of Alan S. Boyd, Secretary of Transportation, to head a task force to probe not only the Silver Bridge collapse, but the safety of all bridges across the nation.

In the past, a bridge was a local affair. Today, all but the smallest and most remote are carrying some interstate traffic. This makes them, naturally and legally, subject to Federal, rather than slipshod state, regulation and attention.

Only the Federal Government has the money to hire top experts in bridge design and condition, or to use the costly electronic equipment that can make periodic inspections meaningful. When that day comes, the 60 or more deaths caused by the Gateway to the South will not have been entirely in vain. ●●●



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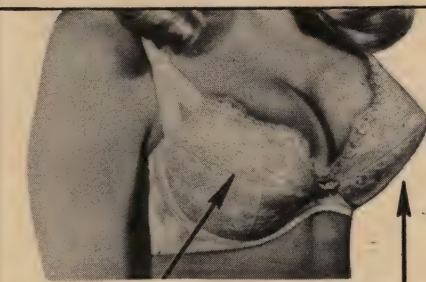
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NEW BREAKTHROUGHS ON THE HEALTH FRONTIER

MEN & MEDICINE

AMA POKES FUN AT ITSELF—The following is quoted from Medical World News to prove that doctors do have a sense of humor: "Everyone knows that whatever is pleasant is apt to be immoral, illegal or lethal. Take food (but don't take much—it's fattening): Eggs and cheese and butter are forbidden if you want open coronary arteries, and singed fat of broiled steaks is carcinogenic. Coffee must not have sugar because of its bad effect on blood lipids nor cream because it is as bad as butter. Even black coffee contains caffeine, which flogs the tired heart. The solace of tobacco certainly is taboo because a cigarette is poisonous and tobacco has tars to cause cancer and nicotine to contract vital blood vessels. The pipe naturally is outlawed because it engenders lip cancer. Newspapers and magazines contain such lurid items that blood pressure is unduly elevated. Movies and TV shows are dangerous because they are so sexy or horror-ridden as to deplete the adrenals. The air is so polluted that you can't go out without getting emphysema, and if you do venture out, you'll be mugged, raped, stabbed, or struck by a car. Any of these is more risky than fighting in jungle country. Sex, of course, is too stimulating and too fatiguing, resulting in strokes or other dire consequences. Since everyone knows that more people die in bed than anywhere else, be sure to sit indoors in a chair. But keep rocking or else you may develop pulmonary embolus from pelvic thrombophlebitis."

BLOCK THAT COUGH—If giving up cigarettes does nothing else for you, it will stop that tobacco cough. In studies run, 76% of ex-smokers claimed that their hacking coughs disappeared within a month—and in all cases examined, they had been chronic coughers as long as they were on cigarettes.

SWINGING HIPPIES HAVE AN EYE FOR SEX—A disease that usually hits the eyes is cropping up among the sexually uninhibited swingers on the hippie scene. Spread by sexual intercourse, the disease—known as inclusion conjunctivitis—has been occurring with increased frequency. Similar to trachoma, the causative agent is usually found in the eye and the genital tract, although there are rarely any symptoms noted in the genital tract itself. Antibiotics applied to the eye will suppress the conjunctivitis, but not cure it—as the organism that causes the disease may be hiding elsewhere in the body.

VD HITS HAWAII—A fellow on the loose in Hawaii would do well to watch his step before getting involved with any of the local female attractions. While the VD rate has shown a drop around the nation, Hawaii has shown a 300% jump in venereal diseases between 1958 and 1966. And among the under 30-year-olds, the rate has jumped 400%. Medics list inadequate sex education, not enough VD investigators and poor education in general as the three biggest reasons for Hawaii's health nightmare.

VIET NAM OVERDUE FOR PLAGUE—Take it from a medical anthropologist, South Viet Nam is an unhealthy time bomb, ticking and ready to explode. Likening conditions there to those in medieval Europe just before the continent was swept by devastating plagues, the expert notes these similarities: 1. Dislocation of people who know little about modern health measures from their native areas where they have learned to adapt to alien parts of the country; 2. Widespread laying to waste of forests and foliage—an open invitation to an invasion of wild rats who infect the local variety; 3. Dense population in a humid climate—especially when it is disorganized by war. Big worry is that if plague should erupt, American GIs would become carriers—importing the diseases to homeland, USA.

SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—One of the dangers of being injured or lost in mountains or snowed-in areas has been eliminated by a new invention. Rescuers will now arrive with an electrically-warmed pile of plastic sheets to wrap around you and keep the chill out of your bones. Powered by a backpack battery, the hot-wrap will keep you snug as a bug until the rescue party gets you back to safety.



Rescue Warm-Up

HAVE A HEART—SOMEBODY ELSE'S—While they've been able to work out the problems of heart transplants from a surgical point of view, doctors are beginning to worry about the effect—emotionally—on patients who receive the heart from a donor of the opposite sex. For instance, among primitive people a man who is implanted with a woman's heart might have a deathly fear that he will be plagued with feminine traits and behavior. While there is no medical basis for this kind of thinking, how are you going to break down centuries of superstition?

THOSE UNHEALTHY DIVORCES—While very few people have ever died because of a divorce, a lot of them have gone the way of all flesh once the side effects take over. Radical changes in a man's life pattern—such as divorce—lead to emotional disturbances, alcoholism, even suicide. Claims one doctor, "We in public health have long realized there was a connection between divorce, or separation, and mental or physical bad health. A person's style of life, woven into his environment and social setting, has a direct bearing on the risk of illness, disability and death. Marital status is an important part of this fabric."

DON'T BLAME CHRISTMAS PARTIES FOR AUTO DEATHS—A common fallacy has just been exploded: there are actually less auto fatalities caused by drinking during the Christmas holiday than at any other time of the year. Maybe this bit of information will stimulate the return of the office party—many of which have been discontinued because of a fear that death from drunken driving on the way home may result.



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CYCLE OUTLAWS

Continued from page 15

Mary's Hospital that she had accidentally pierced her palms when she tripped and fell on a nail-studded board. Suspicious hospital officials immediately called in Sheriff William Heidtman, who, with several deputies, began to question the girl further. It was inconceivable, they told her gently, that she could have received such similarly placed wounds on both hands in a fall.

The girl stuck to her story throughout the night, but in the morning broke down and told the law enforcement officers what had actually happened. The night before, while drinking at Kitty's Saloon, a roadside beer and wine joint near West Palm Beach, she had been accused by her boyfriend of withholding \$10 from another gang member.

Fifteen minutes later, the protesting girl was driven 10 miles away to a secluded, wooded area near June Beach. There, according to Christine Deese, several gang members ordered her to stand on tiptoe and extend her hands up against two nearby closely grown trees. Blinded by the lights of the motorcycles that surrounded her, she did not see the two Outlaws approach her with 4-inch-long tenpenny nails and hammers.

Her screams as her tormentors drove the spikes through the palms of her hands echoed in the night's stillness. Soon, only her whimpering could be heard.

Sheriff Heidtman, recounting the girl's story to reporters, shook his head in disbelief when he said, "She apparently just stood there when they told her to and they just nailed her hands to a tree."

For 15 agonizing minutes, the Outlaws sat silently in a circle and watched the girl's face carefully while she suffered through her ordeal.

Finally, one of the gang members approached the crucified girl. Without a word, he extracted the nails and let her sink to the ground. Fifteen minutes later, they were back at Kitty's Saloon swilling beer. The trip would have been quicker had they not unceremoniously dumped Christine Deese off on the front steps of the hospital.

The story, told by Christine Deese, a girl now described by Sheriff Heidtman as "remorseful, helpful and afraid," caused south Florida to explode with outrage. Two days later, police quickly arrested Norman "Spider" Risinger, a 25-year-old gang member from Tampa, and a second Outlaw, 25-year-old Frank E. "Fat Frank" Link of Cypress, California. Eight more arrests followed within 24 hours, bringing the total to ten. Deputies indicated that they were looking for three others who might have fled the state. Those within police custody were held on a number of charges, including assault and possession of marijuana.

Among those in jail was John P. Luke, 2nd, who was convicted a year ago with three other members of the Iron Cross motorcycle gang of the murder of 11-year-old Catalina Flores in a migrant labor camp at Pompano Beach. Luke was sentenced to five years in prison on a 3rd-degree murder conviction, but was free on an appeal bond. He and the other Iron Cross members were said to have raided the labor camp to seek revenge for the beating of two club members near

the camp. The Flores girl was shot and killed during the raid. One of the Iron Cross members, James Purkhiser, was found guilty of 1st-degree murder.

GOVERNOR Claude R. Kirk Jr., in his typical flamboyant style, threatened upon hearing of the bizarre incident to drive the Outlaws out of Florida in 30 days. "This is only one of the many vulgar acts this group has done," Governor Kirk stormed. "We'll get rid of them by enforcement—strict inspection of their vehicles, requiring that they follow the helmet and goggle law, and arrest for every traffic violation and misdemeanor."

To prove he meant business, Governor Kirk ordered a detail of Florida police officers to saddle up and set off on a cross-country chase to capture the three other gang members accused of taking part in the "punishment ceremony." Sheriff Heidtman lead the posse.

While the renegades sought cover, Governor Kirk, in true Marshall Dillon tradition, declared war on the gang members still in Florida, but not under arrest. He personally led State Hotel and Restaurant Commission officials on an inspection of the favorite watering spot of the maladjusted motorcycle set. To nobody's surprise, it was promptly closed as unfit and unclean, and its owner, a 39-year-old blonde, arrested for maintaining a house of ill repute and procuring for prostitution. The proprietress scoffed at the charges, but admitted that the Outlaws did drink regularly of her brew and slept in the cottages out back. She denied, however, she was running a hot-pillow joint. "I introduced some of the girls to some of the Outlaws," she candidly admitted, "but what they did after that I don't know."

Law enforcement officials countered she might have guessed.

Meanwhile, the dogged Sheriff Heidtman and his band of lawmen set off a search that carried them to three midwestern states. The 1,600 mile trail took them three days to cross. "We hit four clubs in Chicago, including one in Cicero where we talked with 'Big Jim,' the national enforcer for the Outlaws," recounted Heidtman. "He knew nothing, but we got a tip they were headed for New Albany, Indiana, and we flew there."

The trail, however, had gotten cold. Police in New Albany stopped a car with three Outlaws, but they were not the boys the posse sought.

"From them we got information our boys were in Detroit," Sheriff Heidtman continued. The posse quickly tracked the renegades to a series of cycle clubs within the Motor City, but with no results. Then, on the third raid, the posse flushed out its quarry. Breaking down a door made 4-inches thick with steel, Sheriff Heidtman arrested Donald "Mangy" Graves, an 18-year-old from Detroit, Joe "Super Squirrel" Sorsby Jr., a 19-year-old from Houston, and John "Crazy John" Wables, a 24-year-old from Warren, Michigan. The three men were booked on charges of aggravated assault and conspiracy.

The chase had been hard, but instead of discussing its difficulties, Sheriff Heidtman gave reporters a description of the club in which the wanted Outlaws had hidden. "It was the filthiest, smelliest, grimmest place you ever saw."

Governor Kirk himself met Sheriff Heidtman at the Palm Beach International Airport when he and his captives flew in from Detroit. They had finished the trip in a private charter flight from Atlanta, Georgia. In a show of defiance for the governor's efforts, Crazy

John and Super Squirrel kissed each other passionately before being led away.

"You left that girl hanging on the tree and I want to make an example of this thing," Governor Kirk shouted angrily at the departing prisoners. Then he added: "Those bunch of bums have got the word they're not welcome in Florida. I hope young thrill-seeking girls who go with them know now they can get their fingers burned—or, in this case, their hands nailed."

DESPITE the governor's well-intentioned outrage, the motorcycle gangs plaguing Florida have not packed their choppers and ridden off into the fading sunset. The combination of warm weather, the small towns and long roads of Florida has proved too attractive to the roaming marauders of the 20th Century. And with these long haired, seldom washed and violent drifters have come their women, a strange breed of excitement seekers.

William Bennett, director of law enforcement for Palm Beach County, has taken a hard look at the outlaw cyclists and their girls and has come up with this description: "Some of the male gang members are employed, but most live off their women. They hold onto these girls through fear. The members buy and sell girls among themselves. They teach the girls the tricks of fraudulent check-writing, shop-lifting and prostitution and they make them turn over the proceeds." Noting that the membership in the gangs among both men and women did not seem to be limited to any social or economic level, he added, "Many of the girls seem to come from good homes and quite a few of the men are fairly well educated."

The extent to which the men and women in Florida's motorcycle gangs are "integrated" sets them off from bike clubs in other states like California, New York, or Michigan. In those states, the gangs are exclusively male oriented: the women are, in a sense, camp followers, joining and leaving the gang in quick succession and causing little or no repercussions. Among the Florida outlaws, however, the women are functioning members of the gang, responsible for providing it with economic well-being. They are also subject to the same laws and punishment as the men. A California Hell's Angel girl who failed to turn over money to her old man would receive a clout in the face. In Florida, she would be subject to a more elaborate form of punishment as was Christine Deese. Most of the punishment dished out among Florida outlaws often takes the form of group punishment. A blow from one individual to another does not suffice. The punished girl must be humiliated—either physically, sexually or emotionally—before her fellow gang members.

In the course of gathering information on Florida's outlaw gangs, I talked with over 20 girls who had been riding with their men. Like any 20 women at random, they varied in age, looks, intelligence, and morality. One common trait was the ability and willingness to show their feelings. Another was their preoccupation to discuss the outlaw concept of justice and punishment. No matter what direction our interviews took, they invariably concluded with this subject.

Diana: 23 years old, a former bathing suit model, and convicted prostitute, she left her husband in Miami to run off with an outlaw who was a member of a gang called 'The Seminoles.'

Q. "What was the worst punishment you faced and why?"

(Continued on page 54)



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Gerald Weihrauch: "Insurance job brought me \$205.70 in single day. Another, \$300".

Leo Barnett: "I started spare time and took in \$140 in one night after supper. Now, full time, I can make as much in a week as I used to make in a month working for others".

Willis Tatro: "After two years of good profits we sold our business for five times the cost".

Arlin Rae: "I have work scheduled for three weeks in advance. I averaged \$122 a day for the last ten days".

Blanche Blood: "Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as \$3,000 on a single job".

Loren Farris: "Did the carpeting in a furniture store in less than 3 days for \$400. Now get all their customer business".

Robert Wheeler: "The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. I've earned \$117.50 in an eight hour day".

Wilmer Suders, Jr.: "Building steadily. Last month grossed \$2,012. One job came to \$752".

John Szymanski: "Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as \$1,300 in a single week, as much as \$2,700 on one job".

Ernest Shulda: "I never knew a company as eager as Duraclean to help their franchisees succeed".

R. Geisman: "Using the direct mail program we sold 10% on actual jobs. We also get a lot of referrals from happy customers".

Jerry Baker: "I don't know of any other business in which a man can make as much per hour".

Walter Parsons: "It would take a man years to build up the fame he gets automatically with the Duraclean name. It's a household word".

It's Easier than You Think to Start Your Own Business

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers ... how to steadily build more customers from their recommendations.

All six services are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, churches, clubs, motels and institutions.

These superior, safer and convenient methods spread Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and many other countries.

National Magazine advertising explains the

superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. We show you all you need to know.

You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership ... before someone takes your location.

Start Small, Grow Big...in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing ... a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan ... and those same men are now enjoying Duraclean dealerships in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven methods**. You have our backing and "know how."

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation whatsoever. You will then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big just as we did. A third of a century ago Duraclean was an idea ... but it caught fire and spread rapidly to a worldwide service. It spread because it was based upon (1) **superior processes** and (2) **proven customer-getting methods**.

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Mail this coupon TODAY It may put you in business

Duraclean Co. 8-314, Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015
With no obligation mail letter with 24 page illustrated booklet explaining how I can increase my income and family security with a Duraclean Dealership.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



(Continued from page 35)

army field jacket and work shoes. Going among hippies—a special target for thugs lately—he adds a beret and guitar to the outfit. The scruffy beard he's worn for months applies equally well to either role. Besides packing a gun—which he's never had to use—Aab is the force's deadliest karate expert, able to smash two one-inch pine boards with the heel of his hand.

Although his fellow cops kid him about the assignment, Aab takes the job very seriously indeed. "I'm trying to get the muggers to mug me instead of the citizens," he says. "You mustn't look too shabby. If you do the muggers will figure you're not worth bothering about. They usually case you. They walk by a few times and make sure no one is around. This is one of the things we want them to do. Let them think twice before they mug anybody."

During work hours, Aab is too tense to eat and he's developing an ulcer. "It's hard to relax," he claims, "even on a day off. You're always thinking about it. My wife tries to seem cheerful. She makes jokes. She tells me not to rub my beard against her face when we kiss. She'll get a rash. But I know she's nervous. Sometimes she cries."

Ironically, the cops' "human punching bag" can't get his picture in the papers. His superiors have forbidden him to be photographed to prevent the human wolves he stalks from recognizing him.

FAKE FIGHTERS

For a century, duels in France—one of our most civilized nations—have been considered laughable. In most cases the duelists square off with swords, parrying cautiously until one of them receives a band-aid sized nick on the arm or leg. Then everybody goes home happy, honor theoretically avenged.



Chicken Lovers

What's surprising is that the same "chicken" custom is shared by the most primitive and savage people on earth—the naked Xingus of Brazil's Amazon rain forest.

As in developed regions, most Xingu personal battles are over women. A man whose wife is stolen is obligated to challenge his rival to combat. If the adulterer isn't available, one of his relatives will do just as well. The fighters raise their clubs and have at each other what looks like brute ferocity, yelling wildly as they flail away. However, hardly anyone ever gets seriously hurt, since a Xingu male duel has more rules than a Marquis of Queensberry boxing match. Some of the more important are 1.) In no case, hit your enemy on the head. You could kill him. 2.) Blows should at all times be aimed at the arms and shoulders, where bruises tend to clear up easily. Gut punches are considered unsportsmanlike. 3.) Once a fighter has been knocked down, the duel is automatically over. 4.) Either combatant can call time-out if he gets winded.

Oddly enough, none of this applies to the tribe's women. A fight between Xingu girls is strictly for keeps, using knives instead of clubs. It's not uncommon for one of the ladies to literally slice her rival to shreds. Even more strange, considering the females' ferocity, is that the Xingus are a completely male-dominated society—or will be until the women realize the guys are just bluffing.

ALIMONY AILMENT

For years men have screamed about the unfairness of alimony. "My ex-wife is perfectly healthy, has a college education, can get a job damned near as good as mine," is the common complaint. "Even worse, I got unhitched because I caught *her* playing around with my best friend. But she still gets more than half of my paycheck every damned month of the year!"

Soon, however, the shoe might be on the other foot—if bills pending before half a dozen state legislatures get through. For the first time, alimony for *men* seems to be in the offing. A typical measure is that being considered by New York State. Several states already have provisions forcing the wife to pay support if the husband is in a mental institution but the New York law goes a step beyond, stating flatly that an unemployed spouse of either sex should get a cut of his or her former mate's income. Critics of the measure claim it will create a new breed of masculine "alimony drones." Not so, says Senator Dalwin Niles, sponsor of the bill. "No judge is going to award alimony to a man who doesn't make a living through his own inaction," he claims.

Surprisingly, a lot of women—especially those on the "equal rights in everything" kick—are for the bill. A group of them actually picketed the governor's mansion this winter, carrying signs reading: FREE THE SLAVES. With any kind of luck, the slogan might soon come true.

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Jacob A. King, Hereford, Texas.

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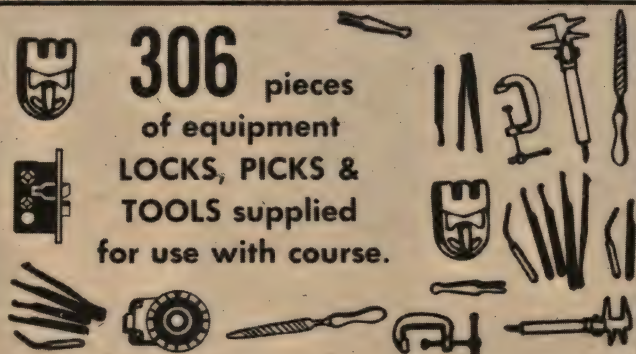
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(Continued from page 50)

A. "It was the first time I had ever seen a gang fight between two clubs and I panicked. A Seminole kept yelling at me to bring him some chains from a bike parked nearby, but I was frozen to the spot. Everytime someone spilled a little blood I shut my eyes tighter and almost fainted. The Seminoles, needless to say, did not appreciate the way I had let them down, particularly since they had got their fannies' whipped in that encounter.

"To make sure I wouldn't goof again, they took me and another girl, who had also ignored their demands, and drove us out to the Everglades. When we got there, we were ordered to strip naked, and while everyone watched—guys and girls—four or five guys took turns with us.

"When it was over, I expected my clothes to be returned. Was I ever mistaken. Leaving us stark naked, the club took off. I was terrified. Night was falling, and the last place I wanted to be was in a swamp. Those damn Everglades are filled with snakes and everything. Anyway, the other girl and I huddled together against a tree, not daring to move and maybe get lost. I can still remember how those damn mosquitoes ate us alive. There wasn't an inch on my body that didn't have a welt. By dawn, I had never been more miserable, more damp, more hungry or more sorry in my life. That's one thing about Seminole punishment. You realize you did wrong and you're determined not to do it again."

Q. "The Seminoles returned that morning?"

A. "That night. By then the chick I was with had flipped out. The guys took her to a hospital and dumped her. There was some kind of talk that she eventually wound up on a funny farm, but that's hearsay. She never returned to the Seminoles though."

Q. "Your experience didn't frighten you?"

A. "Hell, yes, it frightened me. That's the whole point. The next time a fight started, I rushed a couple of wrenches over to the Seminoles in action. As a matter of fact, I even laid out a girl from the enemy gang with a pipe. Caught her right in the mouth and knocked some teeth loose. I'd do anything to make sure I didn't wind up in the swamp again."

Bettylou: at 28 years old, slightly older than most of the girls in the gang, a former common law wife to a gang leader she supervises the prostitution of several younger girls in a club called The Warlocks.

Q. "You said you set up a hooking score. How do you do that?"

A. "I set up the contact. Being a little older, I can dress up and walk into a bar without rousing every fuzz in the state. Then I look around for a likely john. If he wants me fine. If he asks for a girl a little younger, I show him pictures of some girls in the gang. Very revealing pictures I might add. Oddposes, odd props. If he's interested, I set the price, direct him to where the girl is waiting—usually some cheap roadside motel, then collect the bread."

Q. "What do you do with the money?"

A. "That's a stupid question. I turn it over to the gang, of course. Then most of it is redistributed evenly among the members."

Q. "Most of it?"

A. "Some is held out in a kitty for emergencies. You know, bail money, loot for an abortionist, an occasional bash."

Q. "Do many of the girls get pregnant?"

A. "Less and less. They're pretty hip

today about contraception, even the ones under 20."

Q. "What would happen if a girl didn't turn over the proceeds to you after making it with a john?"

A. "Are you kidding? The kid they crucified up there in Palm Beach got off light. I've seen guys carve up a chick with knives much worse than that."

Q. "Is there ever any reluctance on a girl's part to engage in prostitution?"

A. "Not after we're finished with them, there isn't. You see, we do it scientifically. In order to get into the club, the girl has to undergo an initiation. This usually consists of stripping and having a sex scene with several guys. For a week or so, she's at the complete beck and call of every member—man and woman—who can use her anyway they want. And some of the Warlocks are pretty imaginative when it comes to sex. Anyway, when she's finished the initiation period, she doesn't have a hell of a lot of inhibitions left. Making it with a john on a bed with sheets in a conventional manner can be a welcome form of relief."

Karen: a petite blonde 21-years-old, her angelic face is in strange contrast to her enticing, lush body and totally immoral behavior. Early I.Q. scores at an Eastern girl's university indicate she is a near genius.

Q. "Why do you think the girls in your club submit to such indignities as gang rapes, prostitution, whippings, etc.?"

A. "That's not an easy question to answer, and I think there may be several reasons. First of all, the girls recognize the need for a very tight, completely interrelated structure like the club. Well, in order to insure that the club functions as a unit, a unit in which everyone performs their duties, punishment is necessary."

"A lot of squares think we punish chicks just for sadistic kicks. O.K., there is some of that, but it's not the whole story. For every crucifixion, there's a thousand humiliating scenes."

Q. "You're talking about psychological punishment, aren't you? What about corporal punishment?"

A. "Like I've said, I think the latter is nowhere. Psychological punishment is far more effective. I've seen chicks who have been beaten with belts or whips split the scene as soon as their bruises faded, but girls who have been humiliated stay on."

"However, this whole punishment bit is misunderstood. What an outsider who's never ridden with a gang can never comprehend is that girls like us have been punished all our lives by parents or social institutions. That's why we're here. Punishment is no new bag for us. Most of us were either beaten or continuously ostracized while we were growing up. Mind you, I'm not copping a plea. I'm just laying it on the line. And if you can accept what I've told you, you can understand that most of the girls prefer gang-style punishment to what they've known before. At least there's a beginning and an end. It doesn't go on forever. I'll never forget the time my old man ordered me to make it with two truckdrivers for the price of a shot of booze. Apparently I had mouthed off a little the night before when I was high on pot. Anyway, three hours later when it was over and I was sore from head to toe, it was like it never happened. Funny thing, the same night my old man beat up one of the guys for coming on too strong in another gin mill."

Janie: a stunning 25-year-old redhead with a record of mental disorders, she

has driven with various Florida motorcycle gangs since running away from home at the age of 16.

Q. "How many times have you been arrested for prostitution?"

A. "I lost count after 20. I've only been convicted four times. Most of the times, I've just put out for the arresting officers and they've reduced the charge to vagrancy. I'm talking about hick cops, not city cops."

Q. "Have you ever been punished for any offense?"

A. "Just once. I was supposed to watch a boyfriend's chopper while he was trying to make it with some other chick in the woods and I fell asleep. When I woke up, the bike was gone. At first I thought my boyfriend and the chick had driven away, but they soon came out of the woods together pulling on their clothes. When I told them what happened, he got sore as a hornet. To teach me a lesson, he made me a 'piece offering.'"

Q. "What's that?"

A. "Well, anytime they wanted to impress another gang or make up after a rumble, the gangs would exchange 'piece offerings.' The girl they exchanged would have to do everything the other gang wanted for several days. Usually, it took the form of sex, three guys at once, that sort of thing. Occasionally, though, it was more subtle. Waiting on tables in the clubhouse without a stitch of clothes, posing for pictures in obscene positions, shoplifting from department stores, or drinking as much beer as you could without falling down drunk. The privilege of being an 'offering' was reserved for gang girls in disgrace. After four days with a group of animals known laughingly as The Saints, I promised myself I would watch my step."

These four girls are a fairly representative cross section of the ones who ride with Florida outlaws despite the mounting pressures by state law enforcement agencies. Their motives, as their conversations indicate, vary widely. Some ride with the outlaws out of a twisted sense of rebellion from society; some seek the desperate haven in need of acceptance; some crave pain; some desire kicks; all need the sense of order and justice pervertedly administered by the gangs.

It would probably annoy a law officer to state that these rag-tail outlaws have a sense of justice and punishment as keen as decent citizens. Indeed, the kangaroo courts and punishment rites are reverse mirror images of society's legal and penal institutions. The difference lies, of course, in the way justice and punishment are administered.

Yet, many are attracted to this jungle-like code of ethics. Girls, who for all their pattering about freedom, feel happy within the restrictive confines of gang justice. Girls, who for all their frank talk of lacking guilt, appreciate punishment for their real or imagined crimes. It is perhaps not too much to argue that without the perverted administration of justice and punishment, there would be no gang at all.

Governor Kirk has vowed to end the "Reign of Terror" imposed on the state's citizenry by the motorcycle outlaws and bring a halt to the punishments inflicted on the outlaws' women. One suspects, however, he will not be successful. Even if all the motorcycles are gathered up and dumped into the Gulf of Mexico, the concept of the gang will remain. And with the gang will remain its weird terror tactics sometimes confused with justice. • • •



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INSURANCE WELCHERS

Continued from page 37

boozed robin apparently attempted to ground himself for the duration of his binge, but miscalculated badly. It swooped instead through the open front window of John Lebrae's passing car and struck him in the face with painful force.

Startled and half-stunned, John instinctively let go of the wheel and grabbed for his face. At 65 miles an hour his car went out of control, leaped the median barrier and slammed head-on into a speeding truck. He was dead before they could pry him from the wreckage. The truck driver survived, but he will be crippled for life.

Both victims carried full liability insurance, but neither the trucker nor John's widow will ever collect one cent from the companies. The reason for this shocking miscarriage of justice is that automobile liability insurance, unlike other types, is based on a 100-year old outmoded system as absurd as it is unfair. It is the sickness at the core of the entire automobile insurance industry.

IN legal gobbledegook, this is known as the "tort liability concept." In simple English, this means you can only collect if you can prove that the other driver's negligence caused the accident.

Since neither John nor the trucker were negligent, neither insurance company is obligated to pay anything. But if the drunken robin had carried insurance—*wow!*

What a case both victims would have against *his* company. If there is a more asinine, screwed-up system in operation anywhere else today, I haven't heard of it.

Even the common term "accident insurance" is a cheat. If a mishap is truly an *accident* in the fullest sense of the term (as it was in John's case) nobody can collect anything from anybody. The same applies if both or all drivers involved were at fault.

The premiums you pay are to insure other people against the effects of your negligence. You can't collect one penny from your own company. You can only keep your fingers crossed and hope that the other guy is carrying the insurance to protect you.

It won't help you sleep any better to know that the number who don't carry insurance is skyrocketing. Only three states—Massachusetts, New York and North Carolina—have compulsory insurance laws, and not even they have the machinery to enforce them. With the companies cancelling or refusing policies like crazy, for any excuse or none, more and more drivers are taking the no-insurance gamble rather than pay exorbitant high-risk premiums. If one of those creams you, you can kiss your future goodbye.

This stupid and unjust system has been in operation almost from the day in 1899 when a character named Bliss hopped off a trolley into the path of an electric car and became history's first motor traffic fatality. Now, however, there is a better than 50-50 chance that the antiquated "fault concept" will be ash-canned before this year is out. The heat is on!

Congressmen and State Insurance Commissioners have been deluged with

angry letters about insurance company practices. The writers complain about soaring premium costs, arbitrary cancellations, outrageous delays in settling cases and shameful inequities in compensation for losses.

Last year there were roughly 13.6 million reported automobile accidents in this country. Of the victims, only 43 percent were able to recover their losses in full. Another 10 percent had to settle for a fraction of their claims, while a whopping 47 percent got nothing at all by way of compensation.

Under the mounting pressure Congress launched two exhaustive investigations of the entire auto insurance industry. New York and several other states have followed suit. Some of the major casualty companies, reading the handwriting on the wall, are taking a new look at themselves.

For decades the industry, with the exception of progressive Liberty Mutual, have used their powerful insurance lobby to batter down all attempts at reform. Now suddenly they have had the hell scared out of them. The automobile industry, which has also been dragging its feet on car safety, awoke one black morning to find itself under tough Federal control. The insurance industry is now gloomily aware that unless it cleans itself up but fast it faces the same unpleasant fate.

It has already taken a first small positive step. Last November an association of 350 major companies adopted a code of "guiding principles." Among other reforms, the Code bans arbitrary cancellations and blanket discrimination against any race, occupation, or age group. Two other groups, covering 400 companies, announced similar policies. Unfortunately, none of them could quite bring themselves to include any enforcement machinery to back their brave promises.

The probes are still continuing but already they have produced a number of plans for a total reform of the whole operation. The plans vary somewhat in detail but they all begin with the same basic idea—junk the "fault" system com-

pletely. In its place would be a simple, prompt, economical "basic protection" plan similar to that used in fire insurance and Workman's Compensation.

IF your home is damaged by fire, your insurance company pays you for your appraised loss at once, without furor and without a long-drawn court suit. There is no earthly excuse for not applying the same system to car insurance. It would save both the accident victim and the insurance company enormous expenses.

Under the present cumbersome fault system, the companies take in \$2.20 in premiums for every \$1 they pay out as compensation. This is outrageous, when, for example, Blue Cross can pay out \$1 for every \$1.07 it takes in and Social Security can do it for \$1.02. The shameful insurance gap is almost entirely the fault of the present system.

A large chunk of the difference goes to insurance investigators who may spend weeks or months trying to fix the blame for an accident on the other driver so *his* company will be stuck to pay. More is eaten up by high-priced lawyers and court costs. And, despite their anguished howls to the contrary, quite a couple of bucks find their way into the pockets of insurance executives and stockholders as profit. Some of the spread goes to pay sharp accountants who can juggle their books to make that profit look like a loss when they're crying for another premium hike.

All these excessive and needless costs would be eliminated under the new plans. Each motorist would automatically qualify for insurance up to a fixed ceiling of, say, \$10,000. If he has an accident, his own company pays for repairs immediately, regardless of who was at fault.

If he is injured and unable to work for a time, his company will meet his medical and other expenses as they fall due and send him a monthly check to cover his lost wages. Only if his claim exceeds the fixed ceiling will he have to go into court.

This would have two valuable side effects. It would free many police and other investigators to cope with our rising crime

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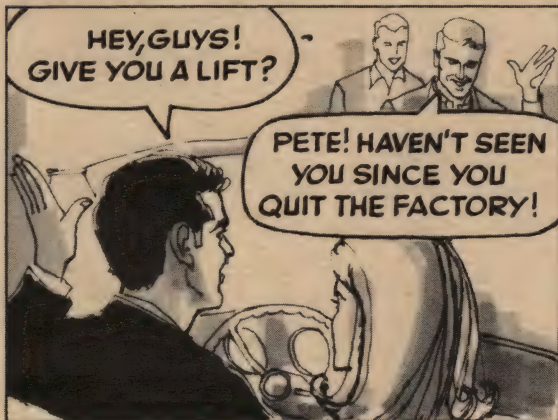
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wave and would clear up the horrendous backlog of civil cases clogging our courts. In some, 80 percent of pending cases are auto accident suits.

It now takes an average of 30.1 months for a case to come to trial in our larger cities. In New York's Westchester and Kings Counties the wait is above 50 months, and in Chicago it is nearly six years. Meanwhile, until his case has been tried and settled, the accident victim can collect nothing. A poor man might not even be financially able to have repairs made on a car that is vital to his job. If he is injured, he can only watch the bills mount up, with nothing coming in and only a thin hope of partial compensation in some very remote future.

That's the way it is under the present system of fault and the insurance companies like it just fine that way. The longer the case is hung up—and insurance lawyers are grand masters at stalling—the more desperate the victim gets. In time he will probably be pathetically eager to settle out of court for a fraction of his just due. If he should manage to hold out and win, the company can appeal to a higher court and start the interminable rat-race all over again.

But that isn't their only gain at the victim's expense under the present system. Let's say you were seriously injured and sued the other driver's company for \$100,000 compensation. Are they unhappy? Far from it.

When the suit is filed, the company immediately "sets aside" a cash reserve for that amount to cover the possibility that they might lose the case. Their accountants immediately juggle that figure from the Asset side over to the Loss side of the ledger. This gives them added ammunition when they go sobbing to Insurance Commissioners for another premium boost.

Meanwhile, the actual \$100,000 in cash stays right where it was before—invested somewhere at top interest rates and earning them a fat return. Multiply that one suit by the 13.6 million accidents last year and you get a faint idea of the staggering sums of money involved in this neat bit of double play.

SO, while some of the industry leaders have more or less reluctantly approved the new basic protection plan, the bulk of the 3,000-odd car insurance outfits are battling it tooth and nail. So are a great many lawyers who took to the present litigation system to keep them in Cadillacs. Insurance companies charge that 20 cents out of every \$1 in claims they pay out goes into some lawyer's pocket for his fees.

One insurance group that is not fighting the reform is the American Mutual Insurance Alliance, a voluntary association whose 122 members write about 10 percent of the nation's car insurance. Recently, after five years of intensive study, they unveiled an almost identical plan of their own.

This would provide up to \$12,500 in benefits with almost no questions asked, no lawsuits and no blame fixings for an accident. It would provide up to \$5,000 for medical costs and \$7,500 for loss of income.

"Our objective," says Paul S. Wise, general manager of the Alliance, "is to pay more people, pay them quickly and equitably, and to eliminate as many as possible of the irritants which have made the auto liability system the target of increasing criticism. The hope is that reduced expenses of handling bodily injury claims without controversy and red tape would offset the additional expense of

paying accident victims who would not be entitled to payment under today's system."

Their figures indicate that the cost of the new improved policy would be roughly the same as the present one. They plan to give the new system an extensive field test shortly. Its success could go far toward taking the present heat off the industry as a whole.

Some Congressmen have been so outraged at the deluge of complaints that they advocate taking car insurance completely out of the company's hands and making it a government operation. Some believe the entire program could be financed painlessly by an additional one-cent-per-gallon tax on gasoline. Others point out that the Interstate Highway System is due to be completed by 1973. At that time the huge fund raised by highway-user taxes—amounting to \$3.4 billion last year—would then be freed to finance the insurance plan.

Most critics, however, are strongly opposed to a socialist-type government takeover of a major private industry. But they unanimously agree that unless the companies clean up the mess they have made, and quickly, there will be no alternative. Either the government will take over the entire business or subject it to harsh and galling Federal controls, which the industry doesn't want.

This leaves the companies on the horns of a painful dilemma. Despite their anguished wails about soaring costs and losses, companies that write automobile insurance have a very good thing going for them, and they know it. Their profits have been zooming up like crazy all over the field. For example, giant State Farm Mutual had a net profit of \$599,687 in 1965. In '66 that soared to \$5.3 million and continued to spurt through '67. Most other firms showed the same trend up.

Losing that business entirely would hurt badly. Besides the immediate profit, writing a business man's car insurance gives the company an in to handle all his other, and more profitable, insurance needs. And by paying off a few minor claims generously, the company builds up a big—and very frequently undeserved—reputation in the community.

But the alternative is almost as painful. The only possible way they can keep control of their own industry is to clean it up by junking the fault system at once. If they are forced to pay claims promptly, and strictly on the basis of less incurred, they forfeit their gambler's chance at the frequent "big kill."

Four or five years generally elapse before the average accident case comes to trial. In that time key witnesses can drop out of sight, loading the dice heavily in favor of one company or the other. By then the memory of even the best witness has grown so hazy that a shrewd opposing lawyer can reduce his testimony to a welter of contradictions and confusions. Meanwhile, the poor accident victim, who may have been financially ruined or maimed for life, is shoved off into a corner and ignored. Those batteries of high-priced lawyers aren't fighting over his rights. They're too busy defending their company's cash box and their own reputations.

IF the loser appeals—and he generally does if the payment is high—another long period of time elapses. Then the whole bitter farce is played over again on an even lower scale. No company hopes to win them all but one big victory offsets a lot of smaller losses. The company that insured Philadelphia attorney David Cohen is riding high right now. They

recently stuck Gulf Oil's insurer for \$1.1 million for injuries Cohen received in an accident.

There is another reason why the prospect of reform makes the industry shudder down to its grubby little toes. Under a fair and just system they could no longer pick and choose only the cream of safe drivers to insure. Their idea of Utopia is a land where everybody pays increasingly higher premiums but never, never, never puts in a claim for damages.

To reach that goal, they have been refusing or cancelling policies with excuses that are often tragically absurd. A University of California professor recently took a temporary apartment in Amherst, Mass., during a lecture series. While there he applied to Allstate for car insurance and was flatly rejected.

But through some office blunder, his original application was mailed back to him. Scrawled across it was the notation, "Lives on wrong side of Massachusetts Avenue."

A Georgia woman had her policy abruptly cancelled when someone in the company discovered that, five years earlier, her stepfather had been pinched for drunken driving. This, although she had long since married and moved away from his home.

ONE major company piously protests that it does not discriminate against Negro drivers. It can even show you that the word "Negro" never even appears anywhere in their office records. But by curious coincidence, applications from Negroes are always given a number that starts with eight. Applications with such a number are invariably rejected on one flimsy excuse or another.

A leading doctor in a Midwestern town has never had an accident claim in years of driving. Recently, however, his company refused to renew the insurance he has carried for almost 10 years. When he complained, an official wrote him attempting to explain.

"We note that a large factory is moving to your community. Since this will bring an influx of undesirable drivers, we have decided not to write any more insurance in that area."

Recently the Seattle, Wash., *Post-Intelligencer* printed an expose of outrageous insurance practices. Among other things, it reprinted part of a manual issued by Safeco, a locally-based insurance company, to its agents. Among other things, they were warned not to insure members of the "lower laboring class, men with nicknames or those whose children have such objectionable habits as boys with long hair." The resulting outcry led the state to pass 13 of the toughest control laws in the nation.

Last June Continental National American issued a similar manual. Among other advice, it listed race track employees and military service men as "very undesirable." Clergymen, of all people, were classified as "hazardous." The reason given was, "They drive a lot, are often preoccupied and tend to put too much trust in the Lord."

Now the insurance industry's criminal-silly games are about played out for keeps. Almost no one in or outside their field believes the present fault system or their free-wheeling treatment of policyholders will survive more than a few more months at most.

Under whichever new system is adopted, we motorists can look forward to sharply lowered rates, fair and just treatment of claims and no necessity to commit perjury in order to win decent compensation. ●●●



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

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Let's Consider Your Questions:

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

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BRUTALITY BRIGADE

Continued from page 17

was a kind of hoarse croak. My lips were swollen like rubber balloons.

The corporal grinned and flicked his baggy pants with his riding crop. I hardly saw him. All I saw was the tin water mug in his hand.

"So—you're too lazy to speak," he smiled pleasantly, showing his white teeth. "Then we must liven you up with a little exercise. You will drink your water ration on the run. Forward—on the double!"

I jogged toward him, crazy to get at that water. I spilled about half of it taking the cup from his hand and the rest while trying to drink it running.

"Run—keep running, you mongrel," screamed the corporal. Round the courtyard I trotted, round and round in a yellow haze that grew brighter and more glaring with each step. Every time I passed the corporal—I don't know how many times—he slashed out with his riding crop, yelling "Faster, Yanki, faster!"

I couldn't feel the whip; only the heat and the glare and the maddening thirst. And then suddenly the world blacked out on me.

I hit the dust with a thud. The last thing I saw was the corporal standing over me with his hobnailed boot raised, still grinning. Then the kick exploded in my groin and I went under.

My journey to that particular courtyard of hell had begun just four months earlier with another blackout. Only this one wasn't the result of a kick, but of a spree—the bawdiest booze-and-babes binge of any man's career.

It happened in May, 1967, a few weeks after I'd taken my discharge from Uncle Sam's Combat Engineers. On getting out of the Army I decided to do a bit of traveling on my own for a change and headed for Spain—mainly because it's a nice, cheap tourist country. Anyway, I'd grown up in El Paso, Texas, and knew enough Mex-Spanish to get by.

The trip was great while it lasted—except that it lasted a damned sight too long. I was riding the tail end of my dough by the time I reached the Barrio Chino of Barcelona. The Chino, in case you don't know, is a maze of winding little alleys which seem to consist entirely of taverns, cabarets and red light "habitaciones." I guess I must have cut a trail through most of them before my pesetas ran out.

I remember sitting in some dimly lit joint with a teen-aged gypsy gal on my lap. She was naked down to her navel and you could have cracked a flea on her breasts. I said a toast to her and tossed off my umpteenth cognac for that night. And then I don't remember another thing until next morning when I found myself propped upon the table with a head like a beehive and not a cent in my pocket. I'd left exactly fifty bucks back in my hotel room, and that certainly wasn't enough to get home to America.

THE bartender seemed a pretty sympathetic guy. When he heard about the mess I was in he came up with a solution—the Foreign Legion or "Tercio" as they call it.

Hell, I didn't even know Spain had a Foreign Legion. And I sure didn't know that unofficially its members were nicknamed "Sweethearts of Death." But ac-

cording to him, it was a crack unit; just the place for an ambitious young fellow with military training who wanted adventure... romance... promotion. Franco himself had started his career in the "Tercio"! With my army background I'd be an officer within a year—so the bartender said.

He finished up by taking me personally down to the recruiting office in the Military Governor's headquarters. I'm sure he made a commission on every poor sucker he delivered. But I honestly thought I was joining a sort of Beau Geste outfit, and I signed up there and then for three years' duty in Africa. And then I did the dumbest thing of my life—I handed over my U.S. passport. To be returned upon my discharge. Which meant they had me—but good.

I had twelve days' orientation and drew my uniform. Patched, faded khaki rags the American Army wouldn't have put on a scarecrow. Ankle boots—stiff as stovepipes—and a tasselled forage cap. For the duration I'd ceased being Lee Webster and had become Legionario Second Class No. 114,709. I soon found out what that meant.

For a start it meant being shipped off to the most godforsaken piece of real estate on earth. It's a tiny Spanish enclave in Morocco called Sidi Inni, a little coastal rectangle of 740 square miles. Every inch of it is fertilized with the bones of legionnaires.

The Spaniards have been hanging on to that patch of broiling desert for about 60 years, with typhus, heatstroke and Moorish snipers bumping off their soldiers wholesale. Conscripted army units frequently mutinied and killed their officers rather than be sent to Morocco. So the Legion was formed—of volunteers who had nothing to live for at home. The men's motto was "Viva la Muerte"—"Long Live Death"—and their marching song "El Novio del la Muerte"—"Sweetheart of Death." And they died at such a rate that in some years the replacements ran at 70 per cent.

Compared to the "Tercio," the French Foreign Legion was West Point. They assigned me to the 2nd Company of the 12th Bandera (battalion) and in my outfit half the enlisted men couldn't read or write. Most of them were Spaniards—a few fresh out of jail—the rest Portuguese, Mexicans and Cubans. Nobody knew why they were there and nobody asked. I was the only Yank in the lot.

But the officers and NCOs were all Spaniards transferred from the regular army, and I soon discovered that you hadn't a hope in hell of ever being promoted from the ranks. And the pay of a private amounted to precisely \$2.65 per week.

We got 40 days basic training, which was a cinch for me but a nightmare for some of the others. Our drill instructors carried riding crops and they used them for every false move. If they felt benevolent they just slashed a guy across the face. But when they really wanted to get tough they made a rookie stick out his tongue and gave him two or three sharp cuts over it. Within minutes the tongue swelled into a huge shapeless lump that filled his mouth and almost choked him to death. What was worse, it stopped him from drinking anything—and after a morning's drilling in African heat this was pure torture.

My training as a GI gave me an easy time in the drillyard. But the guy next to me—a wiry Mexican kid named Miguel—almost got himself murdered morning after morning. Sometimes his whole

face was just raw meat.

Every evening I bought him a bottle of wine at the "cantina" to cheer up him a bit. After all, I had come here with fifty bucks, a small fortune by Legion standards. And while we were sharing a bottle Miguel gave me the tip that was to save my life.

"Listen, amigo," he said, "you better watch out for that Sergeant Riego. I hear what he say about you."

"What about him?"

"Well, he use to be prizefighter," said Miguel. "Box all over the world, make lotta money. Then he fight in Chicago, and a middleweight there he slaughter him. Make him no good for ring any more. So he join the 'Tercio.' But he is crazy in head about Americanos—real crazy."

"What did he say?" I asked.

Miguel looked around to make sure nobody was listening. "He say he finish you here, just like Chicago hombre finish him. You never get back to United States—never."

I didn't take Miguel all that seriously at the time. But a few nights later I learned that he was right.

We were taken out on our first desert patrol, sixteen men under Sergeant Riego's command. He split us up into groups and gave each group a section to comb. I was the only guy he sent off alone. My orders were to patrol an area of rock boulders and dry scrub and to report back to him in one hour.

I was shortly after midnight, with the full moon bright enough to read by and the air still and freezing. The desert climate is murder that way—sizzling in daytime, icy at night. I could hear my boots crunching over the loose rubble underfoot as I clambered down the shallow depression that had been assigned to me.

POW! I remember hearing the slug whine past me before I heard the shot. Almost the same instant I was flat on my stomach, hugging the cold rocks—and not a second too early. The next shot chipped a shower of flints where I'd stood.

This time I'd seen the orange muzzle flash among the row of boulders about 200 yards to my left. I adjusted the sights of the old five-shot Mauser the Legion had issued to us. Just then I would have given anything for a BAR. I held my breath, waiting for the sniper to try again.

Maybe he believed in the third-time-lucky theory; only it wasn't so lucky for him. When he fired next I squeezed the trigger almost simultaneously, aiming

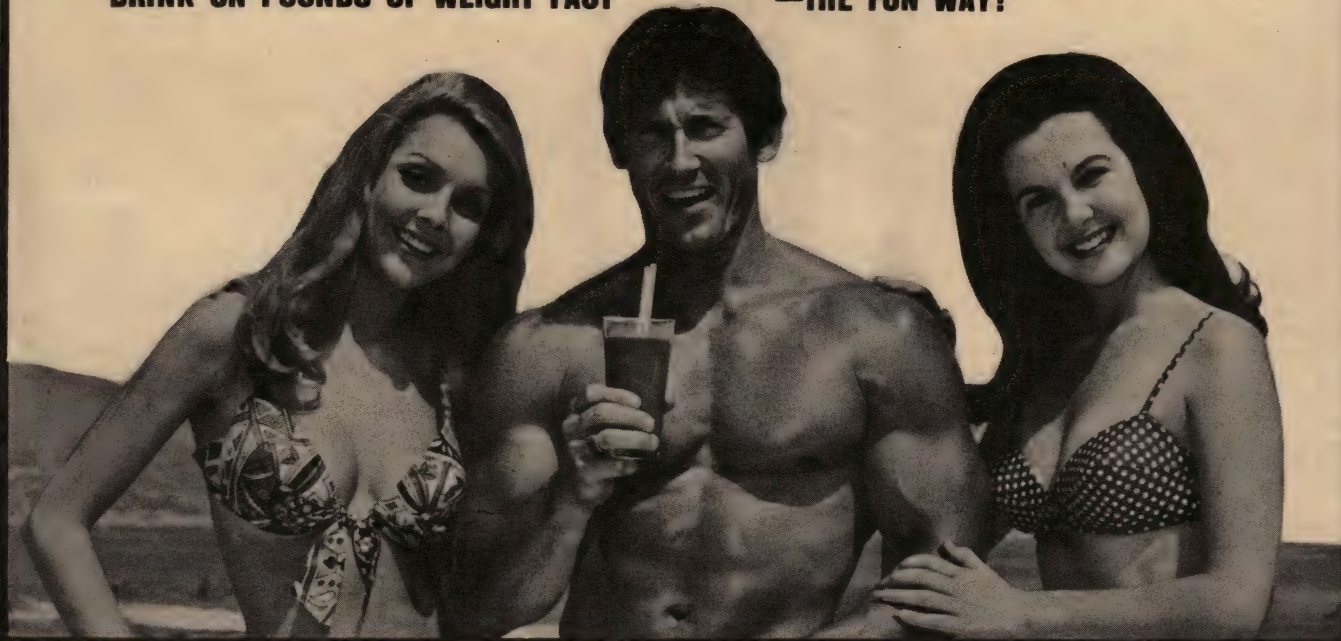


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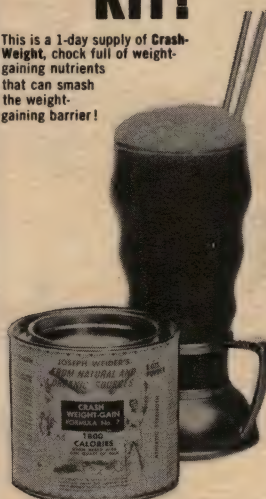
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slightly low on the flash at six o'clock. There was a gurgling scream and before it died away I was dashing for the rocks at a half crouch.

I spotted my would-be assassin lying under a thorn bush, his dirty white cloak blending with the light stones. I must have got him through the shoulder because he was trying to grope for his rifle with his left hand when I reached him. He turned a bearded face up to me, his features twisted with pain. When I bent over him his lips worked—and then he spat full in my face. My bayonet seemed to come out by itself and went straight into his guts. He died where he lay.

Sergeant Riego looked slightly astonished when I reported back to him. But all he said was: "You shoot straight, private."

Later on, though, I learned something that made my skin crawl. The Moor sniper, it seemed, had been haunting that boulder area for months. He had killed three legionnaires there, stripping them of their uniforms and weapons and performing the ghastly sexual mutilation on them that is the trademark of the North African tribesmen. Sending me into that mould without warning and in bright moonlight amounted to murder.

I remembered Miguel's warning and put two and two together. It added up to a mighty tight spot for me. In the "Tercio" a sergeant is like a tin god and a second class private just one step above a dog. Our ex-boxer would have had to kill me personally and in front of witnesses before any officer took action against him. All I could do for the duration was to keep my eyes open and myself out of his way. It wasn't what you might call a rosy prospect.

Just how lousy my prospects were of staying alive was driven home to me a week later during machine gun practice. Our target range lay behind the vast, lice-crawling sandstone barracks and was just as antiquated as the Spandau guns we used—German export weapons dating from World War II. No moving targets—the man-sized boards had to be set up by hand. Riego assigned that job to me, while the platoon got into firing position.

I had hoisted up the last target when the sand around me suddenly whipped into a frenzy of tufts and the woodpecker hammering of the Spandau rang in my ears. I threw myself down, rolling over and over toward the slight incline behind the target area. I must have broken an earthworm record with the slugs slicing the air inches above me. Then I rolled down the depression and sprawled there for a few seconds, trying to keep my teeth from chattering.

The firing stopped and I climbed up and walked back on legs that felt like soggy rubber. I saw Sergeant Riego rising from behind the machine gun. His battered face wore a curiously lopsided grin.

"Next time you will move faster, private," he called out. "We have no jeeps here for lazy Americans who cannot use their legs. Either you move or you get hit."

I clenched my fists in a desperate effort to keep them down and not take a swing at him. He noticed it and came closer.

"How do you stand there, you insolent whore's son?" he bawled. "Attention when a superior speaks to you!"

I came to attention, sweating with rage. He pushed his face so close that I caught the spray as he yelled: "And what do you say—did you hear what I told you?"

"At your orders."

"Sir!"

I swallowed half a ton of bile. "At your orders—sir."

He put his grin back on again. "Bueno, private. We will teach you manners yet. You will remain after target practice and gather up all the empty shells. Every single one. Our country cannot afford waste. Do you understand?"

"At your orders. . . sir."

It was one of those simple military commands nicely calculated to drive a man nuts. There is no real dusk in Morocco and target practice continued until just before darkness. It meant that I'd have to spend half the night crawling around the sand searching for shells. But after Riego had gone, Miguel sneaked out and helped me. Between the two of us we got the job done in a couple of hours.

THE sergeant found other means to keep me on the ball. He couldn't find fault in my soldiering, my Stateside training had been too good for that. But he deliberately slurred his Spanish when giving me an order, so that I frequently misunderstood him. Which gave him an excuse to send me on marches through the boiling desert in full combat gear or doing pushups on the parade ground in midday heat until I collapsed.

I realized that he was trying to goad me into some act of insubordination. Anything to get me hauled before the C.O. for real punishment.

Lt. Col. Cardenas, our Bandera Commander, always wore a monocle in his left eye and a Nazi Iron Cross on his tunic. He'd gotten both while fighting with the "Blue Division" in Russia—the volunteer outfit that Franco sent to help Hitler during the war. The Russkies had wiped out two-thirds of the Spaniards, including most of Cardenas' buddies. And he'd never forgiven America for supplying the hardware that helped Stalin do it.

Cardenas had learned a lot from the Nazis; he ran his barracks like a concentration camp. Six days a week our food consisted of garbanzos and old bread—nothing else. And for the ranks the daily water ration amounted to less than five pints; in which we also had to wash our clothes. There was no water shortage in Sidi Ifni, but Cardenas gave priority to the mules and the kitchen garden before us. This—in his own words—"to foster a spirit of hardness and deprivation in my men." His punishment was always the maximum. I once saw him kick his own orderly in the stomach because the fellow had left a tiny mud splash on his riding boots.

I guess there would have been a whole string of mutinies if the legionnaires hadn't been allowed to blow off steam once a week. It happened every Thursday—payday. On that night, by an unwritten tradition, the men of the "Tercio" could get away with stunts that would have sent any American soldier to Leavenworth for ten years. Providing they didn't do it within the barracks.

EVERY Thursday night we went down to a large establishment called Cafe Alcazabar that did triple duty as a bar, dancehall and brothel. On that night the whole joint belonged to the Legion. On a few occasions the local civilians had tried to get in too, but our boys got rid of them pretty fast by pitching them out of the windows and those that didn't run fast enough couldn't run for a long time afterwards. The Arab proprietor didn't mind very much. He got about two-hundred steady clients in exchange. No officer or MP ever showed his face there.

The legionnaires didn't have much dough, but the wine was dirt cheap, and so were the girls. The Alcazabar had a round dozen of them and they were the toughest swingers I've seen in my life. Most of them were young and attractive, but each one could give any legionario a run for his money in a free fight—if two piled into one guy he was done for. They were Moorish, Syrian, Armenian, Senegalese, and every mixture in between, and they must have saved a good few guys from going stark raving mad. They knew bedroom tricks that have never been written up in a textbook, and they didn't reserve them just for the bedrooms. The action went on all over the place—I've seen soldiers casually emptying their bottles at one table while a red-hot orgy was going on at the next.

On one particular Thursday, Miguel and myself were lucky enough to get a table of our own. I ordered a couple of bottles of Roija and two of the girls came over to join us—unasked. Word had got around that I had some cash. Even the lousy remains of my fifty dollars made me a kind of capitalist there.

An hour or so later we were feeling pretty good; we'd almost forgotten the barracks. Miguel produced a mouth organ and played some wailing Mexican folk songs. One of the dames, a plump Armenian with black hair falling down to her ample hips, climbed on the table and kicked up her wide skirt in an impromptu can-can performance: except that she was wearing nothing underneath. The other was a very young and slender Moorish chick, and she had her eyes on me. Eyes is



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the wrong word, though, because she had her hands on me as well. Her Spanish wasn't so hot, but her fingers spoke several languages fluently. There isn't a B-gal in the whole United States that couldn't have learned a few sex lessons from that little hooker.

Then, suddenly, Miguel stopped playing and the girl on the table pulled her skirt down over her thighs. I turned around, and there was Sergeant Riego.

He stalked to our table with his huge fists locked in his belt. A cigarette was dangling from his lower lip and his flinty little eyes held pure poison.

"Ah, the Americano," he said. "Showing off his money to his Mexican toad."

Riego was breaking one of the unwritten Thursday rules. Non-coms left privates alone that night; especially in the cafe. But apparently he'd had just enough to drink to forget about that. The Moorish girl placed a light restraining hand on my arm—she had a nose for danger.

Riego looked down at me, his whole face twisted in a sneer. "You buy your friends and you buy your women," he went on, "just like all your stinking countrymen do, huh?"

I met his eyes then, I knew he was trying to provoke me, but I couldn't keep my mouth shut any longer. "I suppose you get yours on the house, sergeant," I said quietly.

For a moment I thought he was going to swing a punch at me. Instead he leaned forward, took his cigarette from his mouth and dropped it into our last wine bottle. Miguel gave a gasp of unbelieving fury, but I was on my feet before him. I'd stopped giving a goddam. "You wouldn't have done that if it weren't for those lousy stripes of yours, sergeant!"

Riego grinned delightedly. "So—the Americano is mad," he chortled. "Mi mierda, we must do something about that. Look!"

Very slowly and deliberately he unbuttoned his khaki shirt and peeled it off. "See, Yanki—no more stripes. Now what will you do?"

Miguel rushed in front of me. "Not here, amigo—don't do nothing in here." The Moorish girl said softly: "I know nice place outside. You come?" Her coffee-brown eyes were shining. She was going to enjoy this.

I didn't say anything. I was saving my breath; I knew I was going to need it. Riego had a real prizefighter's torso: most of the muscles in the back and shoulder region. Small biceps, but the forearms tapering like solid steel pistons. Maybe I was due for the licking of a lifetime, but the sheer pleasure of planting a few on that ugly dial of his would be worth it. Well worth it.

The girl waved to us and we followed her out the backdoor into a narrow alley, unpaved dirt below, high walls on both sides. The ideal spot for a slugfest—or a murder.

There was none of this shake-hands-and-come-out-fighting stuff. They don't fight like that in the Legion. I'd just tossed my own shirt to Miguel when Riego launched a kick at my crotch that would have finished the brawl there and then if it had landed.

I dodged his boot, poked a tentative left, then followed up with a straight right to his chin that jarred my fist. Nothing; not even a headshake. Whatever weak points he had it wasn't a glass jaw.

He came in low and butted my chest with his curly skull, and landed three, four, short jabs in my ribs. I used my elbow against his face and caught a left in

my midriff that doubled me up like a jack-knife. The next second he smashed a haymaker to my head that sent me sprawling in the dirt. I wasn't out, just knocked off my feet, but he intended to end matters right then. His boot swung back and out—aimed at my chin—but I grabbed it in mid-air and jerked upward. He landed on his back.

I was a bit slow getting on top of him. He was half-way up when my full weight hit him and he went down again. I wasn't strong enough to hold him, though, and we rolled over and over in the dirt grappling for each other's throats, while the Moor gal shrieked with laughter. We came apart and bounced back on our feet at the same time.

He bounced a hard one off my nose before I even got my mitts up. It felt like a blowtorch kissing my face; my eyes went dim with water. I back-pedaled and he followed me, jabbing little scouting punches, getting me in position for the kill. I tried to break out, but he blocked me in, calmly taking a couple of mansized clips on the jaw, but never giving me sparring space.

I felt the wall against my back and suddenly had a twinge of panic. Riego licked his busted lips like a hungry animal. "I'll fix you fine now, Americano," he drawled. "Even the bitch, your mother, won't recognize you."

He fainted with his right and swung with his left at the exact moment I crouched low for a breakthrough. His fist brushed my shoulder and hit the brick-wall like a sledgehammer. I swear I could hear the bones crack.

The next second I was past him, then at him. His left arm was dangling. I drove a couple of stiff rights square into his mug, felt the teeth splinter under my knuckles, then curved a left to his belly. It

unk in. His knees gave way, he started shrinking in sections. As he went down I put every ounce of my strength into an almighty final right that caught him full in the throat, jerked his head back and sent him into the dirt in a small arc.

He landed face upward and didn't stir. The Moorish girl pushed forward and peered eagerly at his blood-blotched face with the jaw gaping wide. She giggled like a schoolgirl and started counting him out on her slim fingers: "Uno, dos, tres, cuatro . . ." She ran out of fingers and still the sergeant didn't move. When she didn't know any more numbers she flicked up her skirt and made an obscene gesture at his face with her bare behind.

Miguel bent down and felt Riego's pulse expertly. He nodded. "He be okay, I think. But maybe you better vamoose now, amigo."

I was arrested the following morning by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. The marched me straight to the C.O.'s office.

LT.-Col. Cardenas sat behind his desk, the monocle frozen in his left eyesocket. You couldn't tell which looked colder, the glass or his fishgray eyes. I came to attention.

"You are charged with assaulting a non-commissioned officer, private," he said dryly. "Did you do this?"

"Well, sir, it wasn't an assault, it was . . ."

"Save me your speeches, private. Did you or did you not strike Sergeant Riego?"

"Yes, I did, but . . ."

He cut me off with a bored gesture. His voice sounded bored too. "I am not interested in legalistics, private. You have committed a major offense against the Military Code. The Court Martial will convene at four o'clock. Dismiss!"

That "court martial" was a crummy joke. Five senior officers, plus one who was supposed to act as my counsel and hardly opened his trap throughout the proceedings. No witnesses were called and Riego's charge against me was merely read out to me. He never had to appear in person. My story of a "fair fight" met with stony silence. I don't know whether they believed me, but I know they didn't care. They couldn't have second class privates knocking sergeants cold, fight or no fight.

Cardenas pronounced sentence: "You will spend the remainder of your term—two years and eight months—in the Peleton de Castigo. Take him away!"

I'd heard stories about the "Peleton de Castigo," the punishment squad, but nothing that prepared me for what was coming. I knew of guys who had battered their brains out against their cell wall rather than face another day of it. And pretty soon I felt like doing it myself.

The punishment barracks were in a separate wing from the main building. The moment they delivered me there I got a dose of what they called the "bastinado." Two senior privates and one corporal dished it out with rubber hosepipes. It doesn't quite break your ribs, but it feels as if it had.

When I could totter on my feet again they set me to digging latrine pits. Six hours of it without water. Then the corporal got me in the courtyard and administered the kick that sent me out for the rest of the day.

The routine didn't vary much from then on. During the day it was beatings, digging, or making little rocks out of big ones. I had to do it all on three or four small mugs of water. At night I lay in a six-by-four feet cell in which you could

scoop up the lice and fleas by the fistful, wondering whether the bugs would eat me alive before the guards could beat me to death.

There's no doubt that I couldn't live through my stretch in the "Castigo." If the beatings didn't do the job, heatstroke, typhus or cholera would. The corporal in charge, I never found out the jerk's name, was a pal of Sergeant Riego. All he had to do was to wear down my physical resistance a bit. Filth, overwork and the climate would take care of the rest. Bueno, another "Sweetheart of Death" gone to keep his date with the cemetery!

In one of the few times I had a chance to whisper to one of the other prisoners, I'd said, "When do we get some rest?" He raised his broken form from the bench on which he was eating. "Don't try to escape now my friend," he said. "The last person who did was lucky enough to steal a truck, but his luck didn't hold out. They found his body in a ravine the next day."

Before he could explain what he thought had happened, Sergeant Riego's buddy lashed out with his swagger stick and caught him on his upper lip, taking nearly all the skin off.

The corporal and four senior privates were the only permanent guards in the punishment squad. The yard sentries were ordinary legionarios assigned to temporary duty there. And to that arrangement I owed my life. Because in the fifth week of my stretch, one of the sentries happened to be Miguel.

I don't know how that little Mex managed to steal the key to my cell. Maybe he was a professional thief back home. All I know is that he opened my door almost in passing. It took him about a second and he wasn't familiar with the lock.

It was pitch dark by the time I'd crept out into the courtyard, but I could spot the shape of Miguel's slight frame on the south wall. I scaled up quite near him, and he turned his back and gazed intently in the opposite direction. A moment later I landed on the sand outside and started running.

I was out, but I wasn't away. Between me and freedom lay an obstacle that had trapped or killed every would-be deserter who had tackled it before.

The Moroccan border ran only a few miles to the north. If I managed to dodge the partols in the dark I could reach it in about three hours. But all of us knew about the "Campo de Minas"—the permanent minefield, 75 feet deep—that snaked around the entire little enclave. Partly to keep marauding tribesmen out, partly to keep us in. Trying to get through it in daytime would have been bad enough. But tackling it at night came close to lunacy. Except that I had no choice in the matter. In daylight the partols would grab me within ten minutes.

I tramped north, taking my direction by the stars. The night was cold and there was no moon. Once or twice I could hear legion patrols nearby, but always before they heard me. I lay flat until the sounds passed, then marched on. It must have been around two o'clock when I reached the border.

The desert stretched on before me, marked only by a single line of barbed wire. And beyond that in the inky darkness were the mines.

I think I prayed as I climbed through that wire, though, I'm not usually the praying kind. The wire didn't bother me much. I only got a couple of rips in my tunic. When I was on the other side, I dropped on all fours and stopped for a moment, trying to recall every minute de-

tail of the mine-breeching technique I had learned in the Engineers. That knowledge was all that now stood between me and death by fragmentation.

THE sand felt icy beneath my fingers and my hands were trembling badly. But I had to depend on them like a blind man. My eyes couldn't tell me a thing. Slowly, painstakingly, systematically I prodded the sand every two inches, feeling for metal buttons and tripwires in my path. Then I hoisted my body forward a couple of feet and rested. Then the process started again.

I was racing against time, against daybreak, when my body would become a clearly visible target for the frontier patrols. Only I couldn't race. I had to crawl, inch by agonizing inch, constantly fighting the temptation to hurry. But one hurried move, one unprodded spot in front of me, could send me hurtling skyward in small shreds.

Prod and crawl, prod and crawl, I kept repeating this in my head like a crazy commercial while my fingers explored the shifting clammy sand, jerking back every time they touched anything heavier, less yielding. I lost all track of time. I seemed to have been crawling for hours and yet remaining on the same spot. I had to force myself into longer rest periods—counting slowly to one hundred—because my arms were trembling so badly that they couldn't hoist my body forward.

But forward I went, maybe only twenty feet per hour, but forward.

And then I looked up and saw what seemed to me the most beautiful sight in the world, jagged strands of barbed wire. It was the demarkation on the Moroccan side of the mine belt. I was through! The only man ever to make it in one piece.

Just as I wriggled through the spiky tangle the first pink streaks smudged the sky in the east. Daybreak—I'd made it with not one minute to spare.

The moment I had cleared the wire I flogged my aching body into a trot. There was always the chance of some bastard taking a pot shot at me across the border. When I thought I was out of range I slowed down to a walk.

About a mile further I saw three white-robed figures coming toward me—Moors. I stood still. Running was useless; they'd spotted me.

The three tribesmen stopped too, looking at me intently. Then one of them stepped forward and raised his hand in a greeting: "Salaam aleicum."—"Peace be with you." They had recognized me as a deserter. And anyone who fled the "Tercio" was their friend.

The rest of the story was just a matter of transportation. On foot, by mule, by bus and by train I got to Agadir, then to Rabat, then to the port of Tangier. I had no money—not a dime—but somehow I seemed to have credit. Nobody charged me for anything. The tattered rags of my Legion uniform identified me. Soldiers, bus drivers and train conductors just waved me on. I don't know if that magic works for everyone, but it sure worked for me. People even fed me *gratis*.

In Tangier I got a job as a deckhand on a Greek tramp steamer bound for Norfolk, Virginia. In October, 1967, I was back in the U.S.A.—broke, busted, but free.

Well, maybe not quite so free. I can never set foot on Spanish soil again. If I do, I'm liable to instant arrest and about eleven years in prison on a desertion rap. The "Sweethearts of Death" are waiting to take me in their arms again. ●●●

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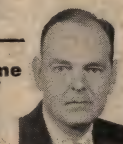
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LOST GOLD ISLAND

Continued from page 31

it would take to get her into the tent he'd pitched back in the dunes.

She gave a toss of her ash blonde hair and stuck a foot into Jim's chest, "Bet you can't catch me," she purred. The next moment she shoved and Jim went over.

SHE ran along the water's edge splashing through the small Gulf of Mexico waves. Jim began overtaking her. She cut back to the sand, heading for the dunes. She skirted around behind one of the dunes just as Jim tackled her and brought her down. He slithered up along her body until he lay against her, half over her. She reached to push him away but her arms slid around his neck instead and she kissed him hungrily while she pressed her hips to his.

Jim's lips slid down her shoulders as his fingers worked the catch in the back of her halter. He got it open in a second.

"Not here, somebody will see," she said. "Let's go to the tent."

"The hell with everybody," Jim said.

Later, exhausted, they lay in each other's arms. As they talked, her fingers played in the sand. She felt a small, round object and held it up.

"Lucky night," she said. "First I found you, and now I've found a quarter."

She raised the coin and handed it to him. He was immediately surprised at the strange feel of it.

"This isn't a quarter," he said. Jim pulled his cigarette lighter out and snapped it. It was a badly shaped coin,

and very black. One side had a crucifix carved into it, like a coat of arms, and three Spanish words under them. The other side had more Spanish and what appeared to be an ancient temple.

"My God," Jim said. "This is an old Spanish coin. Treasure. Maybe pirate treasure."

"What are you talking about?" the girl asked. "You on acid?"

"Christ, I thought all you tourists knew about Padre Island," Jim said. "There's supposed to be a fortune buried here. Pirate treasure, the wrecks of old ships loaded with gold. You name it, and it's supposed to be here. No kidding."

They began to dig in the sand with their fingers. When they got past the upper level of loose sand and into the wet, hard-packed stuff below, Jim ran to his tent. He returned in a moment with a small folding military shovel that he used to prepare a base for the tent.

Jim and his date dug for a half hour, spelling each other. They got down about three feet, a square area about 4 feet on each side, when the girl hit something. Jim grabbed the shovel from her and dug around the object. It was a wooden chest, filled with coins and a few silver cups. They pulled it out, set it aside with a blanket over it, and continued to dig.

For another three hours they dug in the area. Except for an occasional odd coin, they found nothing.

"Let's get out of here before the word gets around," Jim said. "Then we'll have no problems with the tax people."

They packed up and drove off Padre Island. After spending the night in Jim's apartment in Corpus Christi, they put the coins and cups in a suitcase and caught the first plane for New York. Together they made the rounds of rare coin

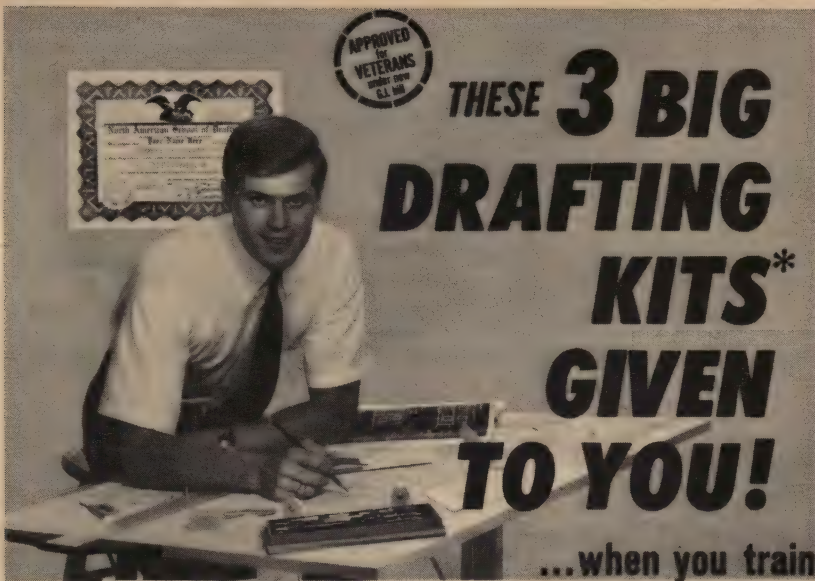
dealers, haggling over the price. When they completed their bargaining, Jim and the girl had exactly \$17,460 to split between them.

The girl stayed in New York, where she lives. But Jim returned to Corpus Christi and is out on Padre Island every weekend, practically, searching for more treasure. He's been totally unlucky since his first find, but he has a lot of delightful company to keep him busy. Padre Island is just teeming with young guys and gals who flock there seeking pleasure and treasure in the sand and in the clear blue gulf waters.

And there is treasure in this 117-mile long sliver of land that parallels the Texas coast almost from the Mexican border all the way up to Corpus Christi. The historians and the treasure experts figure there is at least \$3 billion worth of sunken, buried and hidden treasure on the narrow island, or just off shore in the Gulf. Gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, pearls—all the treasures prized by men and women are there in massive quantities.

RICK Clemente thinks he's one of the lucky ones to locate a great fortune. At this writing, he's in the process of digging out an ancient Spanish galleon that he is certain contains at least a little bit of the gold which conquering Spaniards stole from Montezuma's Aztec temples almost 450 years ago.

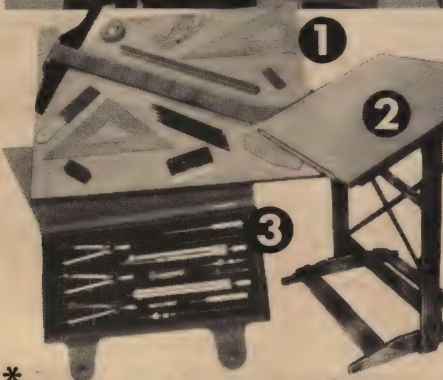
Clemente is a 26-year-old Navy veteran who has been treasure hunting since he was a teenager. He's searched for buried booty in California, Florida, Cape Hatteras and as far north as Cape Cod. Late in the summer of 1967, he began scouring Padre Island. He didn't have any luck until Hurricane Beulah came along on September 23.



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"Steadily growing employer requirements... were accompanied by marked reductions in the supply of draftsmen available."

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The storm leveled buildings, flattened old sand dunes, raised up new ones and created tides that changed the shore line in hundreds of places. One such place was at about median tide level almost 5 miles below the island's northernmost tip. At this point, the storm-tossed breakers gouged out a pit on the beach and exposed an old, long spike.

Rick began prowling the beach the day after the hurricane struck, because he knew the storms had a way of disgorging the ocean's secrets. He saw the spike sticking up out of the water. He waded in and pulled. It didn't budge. He leaned into the warm Gulf water and dug around it with his hands. Nothing. Rick went to his car for a shovel and began to dig more seriously now. Hampered by the tides, which were still unusually high, he was unable to accomplish anything.

"But I was damned sure it had to be attached to something down there because it was just impossible to move it," Rick later said.

The tide began to go out and Rick was able to dig down into the sand. By low tide, when there was no surf to get in his way, he uncovered what appeared to be the hulk of an ancient ship, resting on its side. It was a wooden vessel, sheathed in lead, which indicated 16th century. The age of Mexican gold and pirates.

Rich covered the wreck with sand, took a careful fix on its location, then went looking for backers to stake the expensive job of excavating the ship and the potential treasure.

Rick and his partners kept their find secret for a while. They quietly filed claimed with county, state and federal agencies, notifying every government bureau that might even remotely have something to say about it that they were planning to excavate.

After protecting their legal interests as best they could, Rick and his partners began to dig.

The work is going to take many weeks, and will probably cost around \$100,000 or more. The partners are sinking all this effort and money into the treasure hunt because both legend and solid historical fact would seem to put the odds of success in their favor.

THE legends revolve around pirates, buried swag, maps with an X marking the spot—the full "Treasure Island" treatment.

But it's the facts that are truly exciting. And they are facts. They are documented in Seville, Spain, where ancient volumes describe the Spanish conquest of the Aztec and Inca civilizations and the rape of their gold-filled temples.

Spanish Conquistadors subjugated the Aztecs of Mexico in a series of battles that started in 1518 and went on through 1521. After establishing New Spain, with Cortez as Governor, the Spanish moved down through Central America and into Peru, conquering native tribes everywhere they went.

And everywhere they went they found wealth—gold, mostly. The Aztecs and Incas were stripped of gold, they were turned into slaves to work the gold mines and tons of the metal started flowing across the Atlantic to Spain.

The flow was frequently interrupted, however, by the pirates that began to sail the Caribbean. So much gold and precious gems were being lost to marauding buccaneers that the Spanish king demanded something be done, or else. Then, managers appointed to handle the growing commerce came up with a solution to the pirate problem.

First, they had huge galleons con-

structed, high-sided ships that could ward off pirate attacks and boardings. And they decreed that for greater safety all Spanish trade ships bound for Mexico would sail in convoy, and would return in convoy.

Each May, starting in 1543, many dozens of galleons, loaded with supplies for New Spain, sailed out of Cadiz for Mexico. Months later the ships, filled with treasure, would meet in Havana harbor, Cuba, for the return to Spain.

Because the ships had to be in Havana by a specified date in order to make the convoy, they were frequently forced to leave Mexican ports in extremely foul weather. Topic storms took almost as great a toll as the pirates once did. According to documents, storms destroyed 58 of 159 ships during the first 6 years of the convoy system. In about a dozen years, almost 40 percent of the galleons vanished under the seas, or were driven onto beaches by storms.

Some ships were still lost to pirates who roamed the Caribbean and attacked vessels they found sailing alone to Havana. So, whenever possible, Spanish ships would sail in small groups to Havana after an early rendezvous along the Mexican coast. Because Padre Island's southern tip lies close to the mouth of the Rio Grande River, which was navigable for many miles upstream in those days, the island became a natural spot for ships to meet on the way to Havana.

But Padre presented many dangers. Its waters were shallow in a lot of places, and ships were constantly running aground. Some were battered and destroyed before they could be refloated. And sudden tropical squalls were always being born in the warm gulf waters, slashing into the ships and driving them onto the beaches of Padre.

FROM the days of the Conquistadors up to the beginning of this century, hundreds of ships are known to have gone down to a watery grave off Padre Island. The most important of the disasters—important to Clemente and his partners, especially—is described in Spanish records. Those documents show that in 1553, 16 gold-filled galleons sailed from Vera Cruz, heading for the annual rendezvous in Cuba.

The convoy was out in the gulf, about halfway to Havana, when it was struck by a hurricane. Winds up to 120 miles an hour lashed the ships, tearing down their sails, snapping the puny masts, driving the helpless vessels back toward the mainland.

Thirteen of the ships were smashed against the reefs off Padre Island's northern point or destroyed on the beaches in that area. The other three went down somewhere around latitude 16.05, near the southern end of Padre.

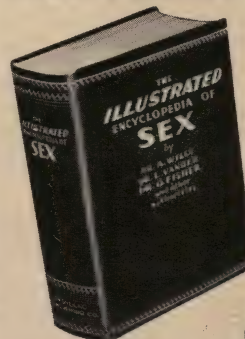
Of the 1600 Spanish citizens aboard the ships, only about 300 made it to shore. They didn't last very long. They were attacked by the Karankawa Indians, a fierce tribe, the only cannibals known on the North America continent. They were toyed with, tortured, and finally killed and eaten.

One man survived. He made it back to one of the ships partially submerged offshore, and hid aboard. A Spanish salvage party eventually came up from New Spain, rescued him, and removed as much gold as it could handle before the Indians attacked and drove them away.

The cargo in most of the other ships was lost. It included about \$4 million in gold and silver. Those rotting hulls are resting on or under the bottom of the gulf

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just yards off Padre Island, or were buried under the Island's sands as centuries of wind and waves changed the shape of the coast. Practically all of it is within reach of treasure hunters who take their business seriously.

Clemente and his group take their searching very seriously, indeed. That's clear by the way they went about filing claims and trying to cover all possible legal angles that could be covered in advance. It's also clear in the way they researched their find before getting salvage operations underway. They weren't about to start digging until they could be more than reasonably sure what Clement had stumbled on wasn't some old Navy barge.

One member of the group is Edmund Page, 38, of Houston. He's an expert digger into history who makes a living uncovering historical artifacts, lost mines and treasures.

"We're pretty sure it's a big find," he says. "From the wood we've uncovered so far we can tell this is a double hull, salt-cured cedar over fir, with fir ribs. That's the way the Spanish built their ships in the late 15th and 16th centuries. And the fact that the hull is sheathed in lead means the ship belongs to the era when gold was being shipped to Spain."

The Spanish started covering their hulls with lead sheeting around 1525 and ended the practice about 1540, which would put the ship that Rick found smack in the center of the gold traffic age.

"The ship was burned from the inside," Rick says. "That was probably done by the Spaniards deliberately, because they didn't want the Dutch or English ships to salvage their cargo and didn't want to leave it to pirates. If the metal melted into one or two big hunks, it would have been much too heavy to salvage back in those times. We've found traces of silver oxide and a touch of gold. Which means there's something down there."

The ship is broken in the center, which indicates to Rick's group that it must have been carrying something heavy. The bottom of the hull is apparently completely ripped out, indicating the possibility the Spaniards came along and smashed through to salvage the cargo. But Rick isn't worried about that too much because salvage methods were primitive in the 16th century and the Spaniards must have left some material behind, assuming they had a chance to get anything out with the cannibals around.

And just about a mile from where Rick found his ship, other explorers have uncovered an Indian ceremonial mound, containing a mass of human bones. This isn't the grave site of Indians—these are victims buried here, possibly from the 1553 disaster.

Rick says he's found several other ships—at least 4 of them, scuttlebutt has it—and he's filed claims on them. All are nearby and similar to the ship he's begun to excavate. To protect his claims he sleeps in a well-equipped tent only 15 paces from the excavation. Rumor has it that he keeps a shotgun handy at all times, although Rick denies it.

BEFORE the partners can even think of tackling the other ships they must see what the first one produces, whether they're going to be wealthy or in the hole for the excavation costs.

And the costs are going to run above \$100,000. The plans are to first build a steel sea wall at low tide to hold back the waters, and then to throw up walls of sand around three sides of the wreckage

to keep out any water that gets past the sea wall.

Then comes the digging, slow, careful digging. The sides of trenches must be shored up to prevent sand slides and possible tragedy. The cost of all this preparatory work may run as high as \$25,000. And, because his partners hope to bring out the wreckage as nearly intact as possible, for historical value, the total cost of the job may run well over \$100,000.

Even if they're lucky and come up with a fortune, it may be years before they can put any of it in the bank. Because nowhere is the law so fuzzy than when it comes to buried treasure. In fact, Texas has no law on it at all. So everything hinges on the ownership of the property where the treasure has been found. And that question is just as fuzzy.

No one is sure whether the state owns all the land from the 3-mile limit out in the Gulf, or up to the low-water mark, median water, high tide, or back past the

much about it because the law seems to be on our side. Treaties pretty much rule out the Spanish, and the state owns the property. So we only have to split with the state."

Rick's find has attracted hundreds of treasure hunters to Padre. And some pretty swinging kibitzers. On weekends especially, Padre is a wild scene. From Friday night through early Monday morning many hundreds of young guys and gals flock to the island, swinging in the cabins they rent by the month or season, in tents they pitch on state property, drinking and dancing and balling it up.

"This place is groovier than Fire Island up in New York," an airline stewardess told this writer. "The men who go scuba diving for sunken ships or digging in the sand are pretty exciting beach boy types. And a lot of girls swing for that type. I know I do."

"The men like us around. We provide the fun when it gets too dark to hunt anymore. Most important, a lot of the girls provide a cover. You'll find groups of girls playing around on the beach everywhere in the world, so state and federal agents who come snooping around to see who's finding what, they can't figure which of us are out on Padre for fun and sex and which of us are digging for the fortune."

"We confuse the hell out of them. And a lot of loot is taken off Padre every year by guys who don't cut the state in and don't pay a cent in taxes."

SAYS a Texas investigator:

"We know people have been getting away with treasure for years without paying their share of the taxes to the state. That's a big island out there. Almost 120 miles long, and 5 miles wide in some places. It's easy for people to dig a little and scoot off when they see someone coming. You would work some areas for years undetected."

"How can we keep track of them all? Only when somebody finds a big wreck, like Clement, can you be sure we'll be in on it. But if somebody finds a treasure chest with a zillion dollars worth of diamonds he could be out of here in a minute and all we'd ever get would be some rumors weeks later."

Actually, it's more than just rumors that float around after a big find. People have a way of talking about their luck. Especially when they dispose of their loot to collectors, coin dealers and jewelers. Merchants like these in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and every large city have been buying Padre Island treasure for many years. They know the source because the people who sell the stuff tell them, boast about it.

In recent years, word has leaked out about these discoveries on Padre:

- In 1964, a vacationer was strolling along the beach at a spot called Devil's Elbow, about 35 miles south of Rick's claim. It was the day after a violent tropical storm had smashed through, and the northerner was curious about the kind of damage it had done to local wild life. As he walked along near the water's edge, watching some gulls diving for fish, he stumbled over a hunk of wood sticking out of the sand.

He was about to walk on when he noticed a piece of metal on the wood. It looked like a hinge. He dug a bit with his toe, then dropped to his knees and frantically scooped up the sand around the object. When he got it completely uncovered he had before him an ancient chest. Practically sweating, he forced it open. Inside were black, tarnished, barely recognizable coins. But coins nonetheless. Silver. Solid

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beach and to the vegetation line. Everybody who owns property on the island is expected to rush into court to argue that their deeds give them claim on everything out into the Gulf, whenever treasure is found.

Which threatens to leave Rick and his group out in the cold, since their ship is around the median water line and could possibly belong to some private owner of nearby property.

But there's one big thing going for treasure hunters. That's the old common law defining the rights of finders. In brief, the law holds that if you find something you have a better claim to it than everyone else, including the owner of the land on which you've found it, with only one exception—the person who lost it or his descendants. In this case, that would appear to be the Spanish government. Or would it be the Aztecs?

"I think we're okay on the legal aspects of it," Rick says. "I'm not worrying too

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silver. It turned out they were coins from the days of Charles V of Spain, worth a little over \$10,000.

- In 1962, three brothers from Edcouch, Texas, were surf casting on the island. One of them spotted a glint of metal in the sand. He dug it up and uncovered a blackened mass. The brothers scraped it a little bit and found they had coins bearing Spanish mint dates from 1530 to 1560. The coins were solid silver, worth about \$200 each to collectors, a total find of \$4,800 lying right there in the sand.

- In 1961, a skin diver from Florida spent a week investigating reefs and underwater caverns off the island. He made no friends, spoke to no one. When he checked out of his motel room at the end of the week he tipped the chamber maid with a Spanish coin worth \$50 and he told the desk clerk he had found a few hundred of them in the waters, plus a box of jewels.

One salvage expert says:

"I know a lot of Gulf fishermen who wouldn't know the difference between a squid and a whale. They go out with four or five guys in a boat, drop their lines and pretend to fish. But one of them is always slipping over the side with scuba gear and prowling around the bottom. And every once in a couple of weeks, or months, one of the divers goes down with a rope and something is pulled aboard.

"And I know damn well it's not mermaids they're bringing up, or rare underwater plants. They're salvaging precious metals off the bottom, silver or gold. They're professionals. They don't tell chambermaids or motel desk clerks."

BUT no matter how much is taken out of Padre, there is going to be a lot of treasure around there for years and years to come. Because not only millions in Span-

ish gold has disappeared with Spanish galleons in and around the island, but other wealth-laden ships in more recent years have been destroyed in the area. Among them are these, and this is only a partial list:

The *S.J. Lee* was sunk during a heavy storm in 1875, and went down in about 18 feet of water off Brazos, Texas. Her hold contained \$150,000 in gold and silver and a passenger reportedly had a large chest of jewels with him.

A couple of years later the *Clara Woodhouse* sunk in the same area. She carried about \$100,000 in coins and a cargo of silver bars estimated variously as being

worth from \$100,000 to \$200,000.

The *Texas Ranger* also sunk in 1875 near Brazos, in relatively shallow water. She carried \$200,000 in silver and gold.

In 1880 the *Carrie Thomas* went down at the mouth of the Rio Grande River, at the southern tip of Padre. She carried at least \$150,000. Two years later another ship, the *Lea*, which carried about \$100,000, went down just about where the *Carrie Thomas* had vanished. As yet, no plans have been made to salvage either.

More recently, the merchant ship *Columbia* went down near the Brazos Santiago Pass, at the extreme southern tip of Padre, in 1931. She reportedly had \$1 million in gold locked in her hold. Now it's waiting for some lucky stiff.

In 1914 the *E.P. Wright* also smashed up just outside the pass and sunk. She carried \$100,000 in gold and silver, plus a cargo of guns.

And, during World War II, German U-boats prowled the gulf hunting merchantmen bound for Europe. At least a dozen ships loaded with valuables were torpedoed near the pass and came to a final resting place in the muddy silt.

No matter how you look at it, it's clear that a lot of loot has been lost around Padre Island in the past 450 years. Everyone has dreamed, at some time in his life, of stumbling on a pirate chest filled with jewels or an ancient ship loaded with gold. The fact is that it can be done. There are actual piles of treasure waiting to be discovered all around Padre Island and surrounding waters. And the fact that the island has become one of the most swinging resort beaches in the country can make the treasure hunt twice as rewarding, especially if you're single.

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SUDDEN DEATH COP

Continued from page 41

tired. "No, not yet, but there seems to be a lot of new faces."

"Yeah, the Israeli victory must have caused some changes in the government. Keep the men on the alert."

Cosgrove was well aware of the ill feeling among the Jewish and Arab staffers because of the six-day Middle East conflict. He also knew that, with the U.N. in session to consider a Syrian charge of a cease-fire violation, all the important representatives of the various countries involved were present. It provided a wonderful opportunity for any would-be assassin, crackpot or hothead to slip into the U.N. and take a shot at the official he wanted to eliminate. Secretary U-Thant, Israeli Ambassador Gideon Rafael, Syrian Ambassador George J. Tomeh, Soviet Ambassador Nikolai T. Fedorenko, Britain's Lord Caradon, U.S. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg—they were all prime targets. And the security chief also understood the tragic crisis of murder on the U.N. grounds. The United States would immediately be blamed despite the fact that the U.N. was international territory and WW III could ignite within hours!

"AN unidentified reported near area B!"

This was the way a security officer first reported the unfamiliar and suspicious looking person who was walking in the halls of the U.N. that tension filled night.

Just exactly what happened has never been officially told, and John Cosgrove merely shrugs when asked about any such incident, saying it was merely an ordinary night. Others who were on duty inside the U.N. that crucial evening say otherwise; and through many reliable sources the story has been pieced together.

As soon as the alert was sounded, every security man not posted to a definite station rushed to the area. A Syrian staff member was standing at the side of the building in the warm night air trying to stem the bleeding from a cut over his right eye with a handkerchief.

"What happened?" a security guard asked.

"A man came rushing out of the darkness as I was walking towards my office," the U.N. staffer murmured in broken English. "He ran into me, knocked me down and I hit my head on the wall."

"Do you know who it was?"

"No."

"Did he have a gun?"

"I didn't see a gun, but he had something in his hand. A small bottle, I think."

Cosgrove, who had been with the U.N. Security Force since 1946, shuddered. A lunatic bent on murder could be carrying any number of lethal concoctions in a bottle!

"Which way did he go?"

So, while some of the most important diplomats in the world struggled to reach a settlement over the Middle East crisis to prevent further bloodshed, the desperate U.N. guards searched the darkness outside the building for a man who seemed determined to murder one, or more, of the diplomats. It was a difficult hunt. With hundreds of U.N. staff members to suspect, the search became a nightmare.

Approximately an hour after the Syr-

ian was injured, however, a suspicious-looking man was spotted in the passageway connecting the General Assembly Building with the Conference Area. The security men watched him closely for several minutes, hoping to avoid a breach of diplomacy by pouncing on a legitimate member of the U.N. staff unintentionally. At first, the man ignored the plainclothes guards but as they tailed him through the passageway he obviously became upset, so upset that he suddenly reached inside his coat pocket. Before he could pull his hand back out of the pocket, though, Cosgrove's men pinned his arms to his side. According to the unofficial reports on the incident, it was a good thing they did because the man, a former mental patient in Pennsylvania, had a small vial of nitroglycerine in the pocket. Small, but enough to blow himself and several others to pieces. His target, the rumors insist, was Israeli Ambassador Rafael, the man he blamed in his warped mind for the conflict in the Middle East. Today, the would-be assassin is back in the mental institution and John Cosgrove and his security force are back on the job of guarding the world's most important diplomats and top political figures.

WHILE Cosgrove doesn't comment on the June incident and, in fact, tries to give the impression that very little exciting in the way of criminal activity occurs within the bounds of the United Nations, facts prove otherwise.

Standing on the banks of the East River in Manhattan, in the area of the city known in the days of the American Revolution as Turtle Bay, a camping ground for the British Army's forces facing the "rabble" commanded by George Washington, the United Nations is a complex of modernistic buildings. It is also the site of some of the most complex and flagrant criminal activities of any place on the globe. No day is quiet at the U.N. It's not easy to protect heads of state and other officials in any land, as the John F. Kennedy assassination proved; but, at the U.N., Cosgrove and his staff have, hundreds of delegates from all over the world for whom they are responsible. Add to this multitude of VIPs, occasional visits by the Pope, the President and kings and it is understandable why his job is considered the toughest security job in the world.

He gets no help from the outside. A treaty signed between the United States and the United Nations guarantees the rights and privileges of the world organi-

zation. The area within the perimeter of 42nd Street, 48th Street, 1st Avenue and the banks of the East River is "international" territory. New York City has no jurisdiction in this territory unless requested by the Secretary General. Those who step through the U.N.'s gates can't be chased any further by the FBI, Secret Service, New York police or any other lawman except John Cosgrove. In theory, a fugitive from the FBI could race into the U.N. and be safe. In practice, however, the fugitive would be in a worse situation because the U.N. Security Force is known among law enforcement circles as the outfit that always gets its man.

"We can't afford to let even one fanatic loose long enough within the U.N. area to commit murder or whatever crime he has in mind," Cosgrove explains. "It would do us little good to catch him then. The tragic consequences would already be underway. We have to stop him before he can act and that is an enormous responsibility."

One thing is certain. The 175-man security force has been under attack ever since it was organized. They have even been bombed from the air. In 1948, when the organization was still headquartered at Lake Success, a pilot dropped a "peace-bomb" from a light plane. Fortunately he was a better flier than a bombardier. The bomb hit in the parking lot and exploded harmlessly. At the height of the Cuban crisis, foes of Fidel Castro fired a projectile from a homemade rocket launcher positioned on the opposite side of the East River. It fell short and caused a big splash in the water but nothing else.

"The work is never routine," Cosgrove said recently after a wandering visitor was apprehended in the forbidden U. N. Secretariat area. "A guy has to be alert at all times."

THE ordeal Cosgrove had faced during the Congo crisis indicates that the FBI man was correct. Late one afternoon the security chief received a telephone call.

"Alert your men for possible trouble," he was told. "The body of Patrice Lumumba has just been discovered in the Congo bush. We anticipate trouble from his supporters—perhaps at the U.N."

"We're ready," the security chief said.

Cosgrove had experienced demonstrations before, had overseen placard-carrying pickets, and controlled chanting crowds sympathizing with various world problems. He wasn't exceptionally worried. The next morning, however, as he listened to Soviet Delegate Valerian Zo-



"Maybe you shouldn't have complained about it taking so long."

rin scream his objections to Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold he became more apprehensive. He could see that the visitors section behind the horseshoe-shaped council table was packed, noted that many of these visitors were shifting nervously in their seats as the tirade continued. He whispered to one of his guards nearby, "Tell the men to watch the public seating section closely. If this keeps up we may get some yelling or noise from that area. We will eject anyone that interrupts the meeting immediately."

The guard nodded. "I'll pass the word."

The Russian finally finished his speech and sat down. Cosgrove heaved a sigh of relief but at that moment U.S. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson got to his feet; and there was an audible stir in the visitors section as he started to defend the action of the U.N. in the Congo. Cosgrove looked at the guard he had sent to warn the others. He had gone only a few feet and was talking to another man who belonged to the security force.

Then, suddenly came a scream from the visitors gallery. While not totally unexpected, it still took Cosgrove by surprise. He whirled and faced the crowded section just in time to see about 60 men and women leaping from their seats into the aisles leading to the floor of the council. Even the heavy-jawed Russian, Valerian Zorin, paled at the sight of the advancing horde.

"Stop them," Cosgrove called to his security force. "Keep them off the council floor."

The security chief motioned for his men to block the path of the demonstrators who were now heading directly towards the rostrum of Secretary General Hammarskjold. He still believed that they were only a shrieking, emotionally-upset group of demonstrators. He did, that is, until he saw that the man in the lead was carrying a bicycle chain while his comrade was wearing brass knuckles.

"Look out," he warned. "They're going to fight."

Without a moment's hesitation Cosgrove rushed to the side of Hammarskjold and unloosened his pistol. As he braced himself in front of the Secretary General, he saw a woman attacker, shrieking like a banshee, cut open a guard's head with a blow from her spike-heel shoe. Another guard went down, his face covered with blood from a direct hit with a slashing chain. One demonstrator tried to reach the rostrum where Cosgrove was standing but the chief knocked him back down onto the floor with one swinging right hand. Another attacker tried to circle in behind the horseshoe-shaped table, but when Cosgrove reached for his pistol the man retreated.

"I had made my decision," he said. "If any of them had reached Hammarskjold I would have shot them."

Evidently his decision was clear to the attackers because after Cosgrove had knocked several more of them over backwards and cleared the area around the Secretary General, they gave up the battle. The security guards, those still not too badly injured to walk, dragged the screaming, kicking demonstrators outside. Eighteen of the guards were injured but Cosgrove didn't even muss his hair. After the council room was quiet again, Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold looked at the unruffled security chief and smiled.

"You would make a good Swede."

At that moment a relieved Valerian Zorin was convinced that Cosgrove would even make a good Russian!

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"**EVERYTHING** is not work at the U.N." Cosgrove explained. "Sometimes the delegates like to enjoy themselves, so playing at the U.N. can bring problems, too."

That is also an understatement. At dusk, after the tourists have disappeared, the debates are over, and the TV cameras have been tucked away for the day, the U.N. often turns into a playground that makes the social whirl of Washington as dull as that of old frontier Dodge City. Taxis and limousines move through the First Avenue gate, stop under the canopied entrance used by the delegates, and unload elegant ladies of all nations and their escorts. The trouble is, some of those who step from the vehicles are not invited and are not wanted. Some are merely looking for something to eat or something to drink. Others are seeking information or want to lobby. Still a few others are determined to abruptly end the career of one or more of the delegates for either imagined or real slights to their country or group. It's up to Cosgrove and his men to separate the wheat from the chaff, and it's a real rugged job.

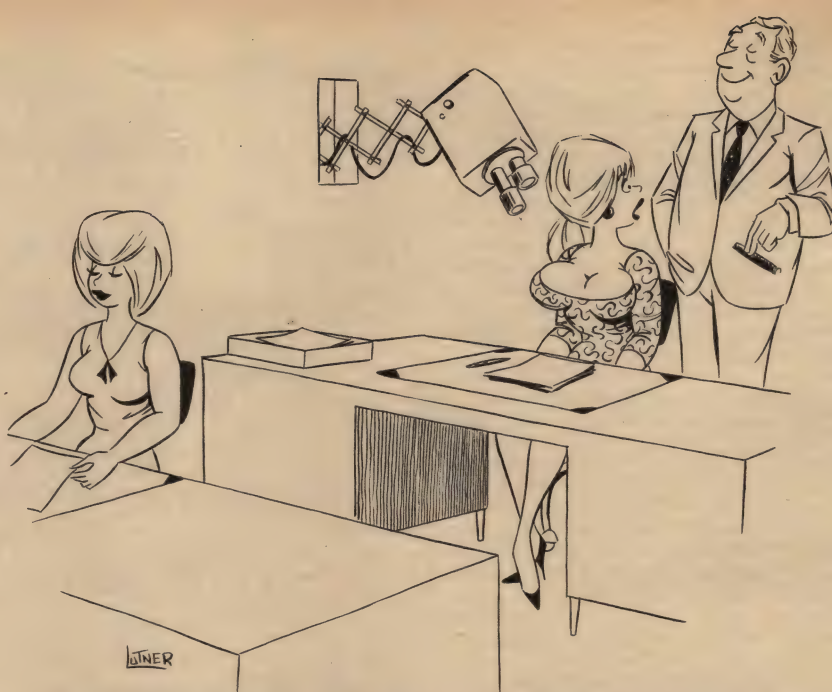
"The Ladies of the Corridor give us a real headache," a guard remarked recently after a honey blonde with too much makeup, a mini-skirt and wild swinging hips passed him in the hallway. "There are dozens of lonely delegates living in New York hotel rooms and it didn't take the playgirls long to learn the fact. On Friday afternoon the Delegates Lounge is packed with gaudy gals fluffing their hair and painting their mouths."

One vice ring tried to start a shake-down racket at the U.N. by having the girls get the lonesome delegates in compromising situations in the rooms customarily used for verbal debates but Cosgrove quickly ended the attempt. "I don't care what they do in their hotels but at the U.N. we maintain strict discipline."

Shapely women are not the most important problem the security force faces, however. It is the physical protection of whom are hated by large segments of the world population—as is Nikita Khrushchev or Fidel Castro. Other world leaders are not hated but present a challenge to Cosgrove's security force. Any celebrity famous enough to have his name on the front pages seems to be a target for the mentally unbalanced intent on murder.

"Pope Paul VI's visit to the U.N. was the most exhausting assignment we ever handled," Cosgrove explained, "because he was here such a short time and everyone wanted to see him. There was no time to screen those who were to come in contact with him so it was really hectic."

Many officials publicly stated that the Pope's twelve hour visit to the United States was an open invitation to an assassin. The U.N. Security Force was condemned because it didn't call upon either the FBI or the Secret Service to assist in the protection of the notable visitor. The New York City Police Department assigned 18,000 men at a cost of \$1 million in overtime to guard him so, asked the critics, how could 175 men at the U.N. guarantee the Pope's safety? Cosgrove said nothing but went about his preparations with his usual care for detail. Every building was checked for bombs; every person who intended to see the Pope was told to have a pass in his hand—even ambassadors; air conditioning men, janitors and others on the U.N. staff who were familiar with the grounds were pressed into service to keep a wary eye out for suspects; and all incoming packages were examined closely. It was the latter which caused most of the excitement. Cosgrove



"I realize that a lot of business these days use closed circuit TV to keep an eye on their employees, Sir. But why just me?"

was summoned to the U.N. post office in a hurry when a suspicious package was detected.

"There's a buzzing sound inside," the postal official told him. "I can feel it vibrating."

Was it a timer for a bomb enclosed in the package? Had some fanatic gambled that somehow the bomb would explode when the Pope was nearby? Cosgrove didn't know but he didn't intend to take any chances. After examining the mailing and return address on the package, he made a decision.

"I'm going to open it," he said. "Clear the room."

HIS men and the P.O. official pleaded with Cosgrove not to open the package but to send for the New York City Bomb Squad which handled such dangerous assignments. He knew that they might arrive too late, however, and even if the bomb didn't kill anyone—and it certainly wouldn't harm the Pope who had not yet arrived—the fact that there had been an explosion at the U.N. would have serious consequences in regards to the visit of Pope Paul VI. If the U.N. stopover was cancelled because of it, it would do great harm to the prestige of the international organization—and make the U.N. Security Force appear inefficient.

"Get out," he barked. "This won't take long."

After the room was cleared, Cosgrove carefully unwrapped the buzzing package. He could feel it shaking in his hands and expected it to blow up at any second if his guess was not correct. After he had the wrapping paper loose, he broke open the cardboard box gently and brushed away the packing with his hands. A grin spread across his face as he wiped the sweat from his forehead with a handkerchief.

"C'mon in and see what I found," he yelled.

Fortunately, just as Cosgrove had deducted from the return address on the package, there was no bomb inside. It was a delivery of battery-operated electric razors for the U.N. co-op store and one of the razors had somehow been turned on and was buzzing merrily away.

Despite all the misgivings of the critics,

this was the most "hazardous" incident during the Pope's visit to the U.N.

"Our biggest job," Cosgrove said, "was the 1960 General Assembly meeting when more than 20 heads of state were here."

Guarding one president or one premier or one king is considered a full time and exceptionally difficult job. When a score show up at the same time in the same place, the odds in favor of an assassination makes a Las Vegas dealer smile.

Nikita Khrushchev triggered the meeting when he announced that he personally would head the Soviet delegation to the U.N. to debate the disarmament proposal. When the Western leaders ignored his invitation to debate, Cosgrove sighed with relief, thinking that the Russian premier would be the only top political figure for whom he would have to arrange protection.

It didn't work out that way, however. After several particularly stinging East-West exchanges over the U-2 incident and the RB-47 overflight of Soviet territory, President Dwight D. Eisenhower decided to attend the meeting. Meanwhile, Khrushchev insisted that the Communist Party chiefs of other countries go to the United States with him for support. The Big Five neutralist leaders—Nehru, Tito, Nasser, Nkrumah and Sukarno—also made known their intentions to appear at the General Assembly. Fidel Castro, in all his loudmouth glory, jumped on the Communist bandwagon to the U.N. and such Western leaders as Macmillan, Diefenbaker and Menzies booked passage for New York. By this time, Cosgrove felt as though every important political figure in the world was making it his business to test the efficiency of the U.N. Security Force.

KHRUSHCHEV was the big problem. Undoubtedly he was the most controversial of all the notables intending to visit the U.N. and his screaming torrents of abuse directed at the United States had made him thousands, if not millions, of enemies. Cosgrove realized that it would only take one lunatic to set the world afire by killing the little round premier. Still, the others couldn't be neglected. The chief knew that his force of elite guards would be taxed to their capacity.

The Russian arrived on the liner *Baltika* and demonstrators immediately began shouting and spitting at him. However, large forces of New York City policemen kept them at a distance. The next day, when Khrushchev arrived at the U.N., the outside of the international grounds was manned by solid lines of police and federal officers. The shrieking, brawling demonstrators, many of whom had lost relatives because of the Russian's actions, kept the law enforcement officers busy. Several young men kept bellowing "Assassin of the Ukrainian Catholics" so loudly that the Premier's face reddened in anger.

As soon as Khrushchev entered the gates of the U.N., however, Cosgrove and his men took over. They surrounded the Russian and his personal guards and led them directly to the General Assembly conference room without incident. Later, the security men escorted President Eisenhower to the meeting. One of Cosgrove's vital responsibilities was to make certain that the President and the Premier did not meet face to face. With some carefully maneuvering this was accomplished.

On the second day, Khrushchev had just started his expected verbal assault against the United States when Cosgrove received an emergency call.

"THERE'S trouble at the fence."

The security chief rushed to the scene in time to see a U.N. locksmith, hired as an extra guard for the event, wrestling with a stranger. The newcomer suddenly leaped to his feet, broke from the guard's grasp and started to run towards the General Assembly building. He was immediately tackled.

"Watch that box!" Cosgrove yelled as the men fought.

The stranger had been carrying a box which had fallen from his hands as he was hit from behind. It was now lying near the struggling men. Cosgrove quickly picked it up, not knowing whether it was a bomb timed to explode momentarily, an innocent gift, or what. While his guards subdued the wild-swinging stranger, the security chief carefully opened the box and stared at the object inside.

"A fire bomb!"

Those familiar with the incident say that the bomb was meant for Khrushchev and that if the guard had not spotted the man climbing the fence there might have been wholesale slaughter of VIPs in the General Assembly building that day. Once the man reached the visitors section of the building he could have tossed the fire bomb onto the floor of the assembly meeting with disastrous results. Once more, Cosgrove had stopped a possible assassination in the nick of time.

"That man lives on the edge of disaster every moment of the day and night," a Secret Service man said recently after conferring with Cosgrove. "I hope he never falls over that edge because it will affect every citizen of the country."

Cosgrove only grins at such remarks and says nothing. Since most of his work must be kept secret, no one is certain just how close to the edge he has come without the public knowing about it. He merely says, "The job is never dull."

Dull? John Cosgrove's job is about as dull as sitting inside a locked broom closet beside a live hand grenade and waiting for it to explode. He never knows the exact moment trouble is going to pop up at the U.N., but he knows from experience it will come. He also knows he must control it or his failure will be propaganda for the enemies of the U.S. and the U.N. all over the globe!

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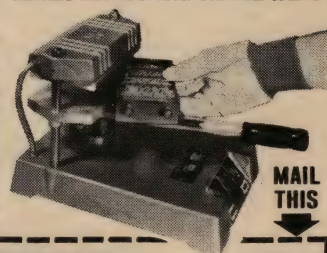
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Yes. In fact, a Masters-Johnson study in St. Louis involving scientific observation of sexual intercourse methods and masturbation found that a large number of wives got their husbands to join them as sexual guinea pigs. Typical was the young wife who reported she rarely achieved orgasm. She got her husband to volunteer when she first found out about the research program. As the wife put it, it was a good idea for them to sign up since they would learn more about sex and "enhance the sexual component of their marriage in return for their cooperation with the program."

ARE DIVORCEES "TEASES"?

While some are too man-anxious, many others are notorious teasers. They have weird reasons, some because they now hate all men, but most others because they feel taken advantage of. Morton Hunt in his book *The World of the Formerly Married*, quotes one divorcee: "If a girl is not married, she can make a man feel like Prince Charming, even if she knows every haystack in town. But a man feels he's entitled to a divorcee. It's like the free bread in a restaurant." Another divorcee, a nurse, tells of male friends who called her after her split-up and crudely informed her they were available for sex any time she felt the need. The result is that many divorcees begin to resent this male attitude and strike back when they get the chance. Typical is the divorcee who's enjoyed every minute she's had with male admirers and has, in fact, three times accepted proposals of marriage. In each case she called it off just before the wedding. While it's true that many divorcees eventually marry again—certainly most of the desirable "eligibles"—they first like to have their fun by teasing and not delivering for a few men.

ARE TODAY'S YOUNG GIRLS FACING A "MAN PANIC"?

Definitely. Over the next several years girls will find it tougher to grab a husband than in the last 30 years. There will be only 93 boys in the primary marrying ages of 20 to 24 for every 100 girls in their main marrying ages to 18 to 22. Allow for guys going into service because return to civie life—and you have a genuine short-

age of males. In fact, say a great many experts, it is this panic that is responsible for today's sexual revolution since the moral bars are going down as many females become determined not to be the ones left out in the cold.

SHOULD A MAN TELL A GIRL HE'S ENJOYED SEXUAL FAVORS WITH OTHER WOMEN?

Never, since it hardly ever will advance whatever it is he has in mind. Certainly it won't help if he's interested in marriage. According to research conducted at Michigan State College, a majority of women would not be willing to marry such a man. And such a line is hardly effective seduction patter since such a confession is generally recalled by women during the sex act and it inhibits them, and often makes them feel the man is merely "comparison shopping."

DO MOST WOMEN WANT RICH HUSBANDS?

No, or at least they don't want them to make the money until after the marriage. In one survey, not one unmarried woman felt a good husband had to be wealthy. In fact, a great number insisted he should not be rich at the beginning. "It would take the fun out of it," one girl said, "if I didn't feel I was a help to him along the way." Still others looked on money as an actual hindrance. "Even if a guy was brilliant, handsome and wealthy, I might not marry him," a girl explained. "It's bad if a man has it too easy for him when he's young. If you don't suffer a little, you never stop being a kid."

DO WOMEN SET A HIGHER STANDARD THAN MEN IN THOSE COMPUTERIZED DATING SERVICES?

Yes, because while the man is looking for a date, the girl is looking for a husband. For that reason a girl is twice as likely to require that their date be of the same religion as herself. 86.3% of the women are found to insist that their dates be above-average in scholastic ability and 73.8% want them to be stylishly dressed. The only factor rated higher by men is physical attractiveness. Just as long as a girl is good-looking, men are satisfied. But women have higher demands, requirements and expectations. And, naturally, women are less generous in their appraisal of the dates and more critical than the men. On the basis of their first date, a man is more likely to go for the girl than vice versa.

PURE NO MORE

Continued from page 25

"We better break off for the night," he said, lighting a cigarette. "It's almost two in the morning, and you have an early shooting." He tried not to look at the girl's nakedness as he spoke, and hoped his trembling hands did not betray his ill-concealed desire.

"Will I ever become an actress, Jack?" Alice asked in a discouraged tone. There always seemed to be a detail she forgot when concentrating on her lines or the plot: a clinking of the ice in a drink that spoiled the soundtrack; a sudden movement of her bracelet covered hand that caused a spot of light upon the film.

Jack Murphy shrugged his shoulders. He had been working after hours for the last few nights in an attempt to coach her for this movie. He knew that it could possibly make or break her as a Hollywood star, even though the part she played was a bit one in a low-budget Western.

"You're going to make it, honey," Murphy said finally, looming over her and for the first time looking at her body since leaving the camera. "You have a hell of a lot of talent, if you learn to use it properly."

The starlet smiled at his reassuring words. Her eyes shone. She reached up to kiss the cameraman, and as she did, Murphy felt the heat of her body through his clothes. At first he did not respond. Soon, almost against his will, his hands slid down the back of her shoulder. Pulling her toward him, he kissed the hollow of her throat, her shoulders and the deep valley of her ample breasts.

"Let's not put off the inevitable," Murphy whispered.

The girl stiffened, and pushed against his chest with both hands. "But not here, Jack," she begged. "The watchman could come in on us at any time."

"I told him not to interrupt us," Murphy retorted. His groping hands explored the intimate areas of her body, sometimes roughly kneading, sometimes gently tracing his fingers over sensitive flesh.

"I can't," the girl cried suddenly. "You know why I can't."

"Even virginity has to end sometime," Murphy answered, trying to keep the growing anger out of his voice. His face became flushed, but he did not persist.

"I know," Alice said miserably, "but not here on a phony set for a Western saloon. When this movie's over, I promise you we'll go somewhere private. I want you to take me on the biggest bed in town. Honest." Sensing his suppressed rage, she added softly, "I'll do anything now you want me to do."

Disgusted with himself for betraying his desire, but desperate with anticipation, he allowed the girl to attempt to satisfy his lust with passionate embraces and furnace-like kisses.

JACK Murphy, a rugged good-looking cameraman with Viceroy Pictures, had met Alice Bailly in a bar frequented by the men who were actually responsible for making movies. Night after night, the high-paid technicians, ranging from set carpenters to cameramen, discussed the latest fiasco or triumph in a heralded film with cold, unemotional precision. Each knew that after the high-priced flackery, the ballyhoo and the press con-

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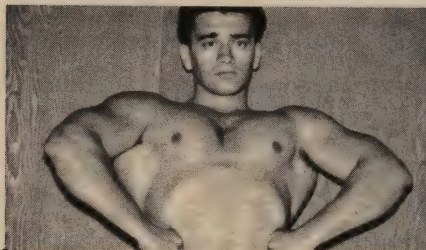
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ferences announcing a new film were over, their unique talents would be responsible for the actual *making* of the film.

Murphy had only recently been promoted from an assistant cameraman to a cameraman after three years of apprenticeship. His interest in films had been stimulated years before as a combat photographer, then as an aerial cameraman aboard some low-flying FACs in Viet Nam.

Ordinarily, the movie technicians ignored the many girls who frequented the bar. For one thing, they enjoyed the atmosphere of male company after a day's work. For another, the girls were often star-struck actresses from the Midwest who had read the horsefeather story about Lana Turner getting discovered in an ice-cream parlor and thought lightning might strike again if they too were seen by people working in the movie industry.

Alice, however, was different. In the four years he had worked in Hollywood, Murphy had never seen anyone quite like her. A combination of innocence and abandon, it was hard to reconcile the sweet, shy face and the sensuous body beneath. Saint, sinner, homebody, faithfulness and infidelity—they all seemed to war within her. Murphy had to elbow several men away from her to offer to buy her a drink.

It was, in keeping with his ambivalent feelings about her, both a surprise and not a surprise that she accepted with a pretty smile.

Later, in her apartment, over a nightcap of rum and coke, she told him about herself. It was a typical story; and Murphy had heard it before. Parents who didn't understand her in a small rural town. Sensitive, rejected adolescent. The thrill of the senior class play. The need to express herself in some art. The desire to be famous, to be loved by one man, to be admired by many, to be rich. Murphy waited patiently until she had finished, clucking sympathetically at appropriate moments in her story, then turned off the table light and pulled her toward him.

There was, Murphy thought, an unusual amount of reluctance on her part, but still he proceeded in short order to remove her bra, slip, and panties. Ignoring her protestations, he rose from the couch they wrestled upon and carried

her into the bedroom.

In the bed, however, her reluctance turned to outright refusal. Murphy was astonished, and at first refused to believe the girl.

"You've got to be kidding," he said. "What in hell are you lying in bed with me without a stitch of clothes on your body?" A vague suspicion that she might be a Lesbian came and passed.

"I'm still a virgin," Alice said simply.

Murphy lit a cigarette in the darkness. He knew it sounded foolish but he said it anyway: "Seriously?"

The girl snuggled against him. "Seriously," she answered. "I know it's weird, but it's true. Give me time, Jack. It's all I have, and I want to make sure the guy I give it to means something to me."

Murphy was laughing softly, not only in amusement but sheer bewilderment, when the girl fell asleep cradled in his arms.

THE men who worked with Murphy and had seen him leave the bar with Alice either expressed their congratulation or aired sour grapes when he arrived on the set the next day.

"How in hell did a good-looking broad leave with you?" a prop man asked.

"She must have 20-20 vision," Murphy said.

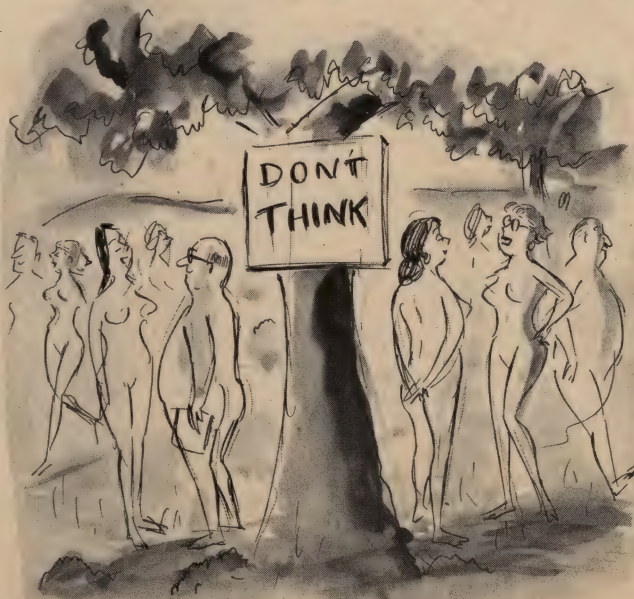
"She's got 35-25-25 as far as I could see," a sound man shouted back. "Who cares about her eyesight?"

Murphy ignored the ribbing. If the men wanted to believe he had had intercourse with the girl, it would be foolish to dissuade them. Besides, who would believe him? There was, as a matter of fact, a joke going around the studios right now about a girl in the movie industry who claimed to be virgin.

"Doesn't it make things difficult when you're having sex?" a wag was supposed to have replied when so informed. Murphy wisely let the matter drop.

That night, the young cameraman debated with himself for several drinks at the bar whether he should call up Alice Bailey or not. Hollywood was filled with girls who had solved the moral dilemma of virginity earlier and more easily. In the end, though, he called her up and was vaguely annoyed that the phone ran seven or eight times without anyone picking it up.

The next night when he called, Alice





"Hey!—That sex education class is great!"

Bailly picked up the phone on the second ring as if expecting his call. "I was thinking of you, Jack," she said before he had a chance to identify himself.

"Interested in a Japanese meal?" he asked. "I know of a nice place in Santa Monica."

"Ah, so," she said.

At dinner, served while they sat cross-legged on tatami mats, she told him of her unsuccessful attempts at finding a job that day and the day before. "It has to pay enough for me to take acting lessons," she explained.

"You really want to be an actress?" Murphy asked, munching on a piece of pineapple.

"More than anything in the world," she said firmly.

Why not? Murphy asked himself. If that's what she wanted, he would do what he could. Aloud, he said, "If you like, I'll introduce you to a few people I know. Maybe they can help."

Alice beamed like a child opening presents around a Christmas tree. She was still elated when he dropped her off at her apartment. So much so that Murphy didn't even bother to make a pass. It was the wrong time anyway, he told himself. He didn't want to make his efforts to help her appear dependent on her sleeping with him.

On arriving home, he called a 20-year-old redhead he knew who worked in wardrobe and invited her over to his beach house near Malibu. It took her 25 minutes to arrive and 25 seconds to remove her clothes. Five times, until the sun rose the next morning, she proved she wasn't a virgin.

Alice's rise in the studio was rapid, more rapid than any young starlet in the entire industry. Two days after Murphy introduced her to a young producer whose odd tastes in sex precluded any involvement with Bailly, the girl successfully passed a screen test.

A short-run contract with a six-month option preceded the standard build-up and promotion campaign. Alice regaled Murphy at dinner with stories about appearing at the Grand Opening of super-markets, countless beauty contests (she won Miss California Dairyland, Miss Redondo Beach, Sweetheart of the National Logging Contests among others), and spot appearances on TV. The question of sex was momentarily shoved aside in the swirl of activity, although they dined together several times a week.

Walk-ons in various films aimed at the growing teen-age market were followed

by a succession of small speaking roles. The public slowly became aware of the young actress Viceroy Pictures was grooming for stardom.

"Do you think I'm getting type-cast as the All-American girl?" Alice asked Murphy anxiously one evening.

Murphy conceded that perhaps she was, but that she shouldn't worry. Her first task was to get to the top of her profession, and then change her image if she wanted to. Nevertheless, Alice asked the next day for an appointment with the executive vice president of the company. She wanted to discuss a possible change of roles from the "girl next door" to the "neighborhood sex part."

"You remember how Donna Reed won the Academy Award in 'From Here to Eternity' when she fooled everybody by playing a prostitute?" she argued.

The company official's cigar, clamped between his teeth, made it impossible for him to reply, but he tried to assure her that he understood. Their discussion ended with a promise on his part to "see what I can do, doll baby." He had thought of inviting her to a party, but decided against it. There would be drugs and some exhibitionist sex, but she didn't seem to be the type. Better some broad from the chorus line, he convinced himself. Why get involved?

It was a week later that Alice rang up Murphy and said excitedly, "I've got some terrific news for you."

"We're going to make love?" Murphy asked.

"Later on that," She replied. "That's in the future. Right now I'm going to do a strip scene in a western. How do you like them apples?"

"Are you sure that role's right for you?" Murphy asked suspiciously. For a second he felt a pang of jealousy that millions of viewers would enjoy vicariously what had been, for the most part, denied to him.

"Positive," she replied. "Actually, it's a good-girl-gone-bad-to-save-her-boy-friend bit. Take off the clothes and sleep with the villain to save the hero. Pick me up in a half hour and I'll tell you all about it."

Murphy regretfully rose from his double bed and said to the tall, slim Eurasian girl who remained that he would return shortly. The girl nodded assent and drew the silk sheet up over her completely naked body. She was sound asleep from the rigors of her previous exertions by the time Murphy was out of the door.

At a cocktail lounge near Beverly Hills, where they had met before, Alice asked if Murphy would coach her for the role. "You know I haven't had time to even take an acting lesson," she complained, "and I'm going to blow my scenes unless I get some help."

"I'm a cameraman, not a director," Murphy answered, downing a gin and tonic.

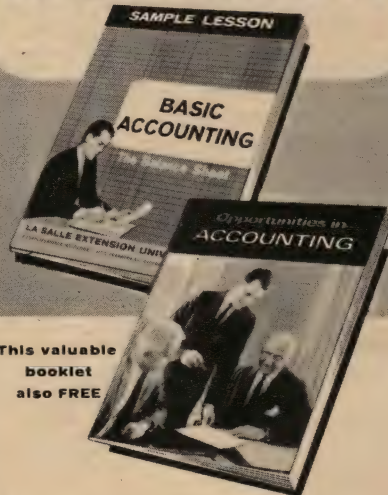
"Everybody knows you're heading for that job next, Jack," the girl said. "You want to direct, don't you?"

Murphy admitted that he did. Directing was the big job and who wouldn't want it. It was the quarterback, chief of staff, president all rolled into one. When you were a director, you were a boss with a capital B. The film, good or bad, was yours.

"O.K.," Murphy said after thinking it over a bit more, "we can rehearse at night after everyone's off the set."

MURPHY studiously avoided Bailly after their "scene" in the studio the night he attempted to seduce her on the

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bar. It was pointless to continue their relationship after that. If she wanted, she could seek him out. Meanwhile, there were other fish to fry.

The movie, entitled "The Gunslinger and the Lady," was not only a box-office success, but elevated Alice to star status. National magazines gave full coverage to the movie and ran countless stills of the disrobing scene. The largest girlie magazine in the nation offered her a chance to pose naked in their colorful centerfold section for the delight of their readers. Alice, in short, had arrived.

"You see what a good body can do for you?" Murphy said to an electrician a short while after the film's premier. "All you need is a pretty face and a pair of big boobs, and you've got it made."

"I've seen more of that broad than her big boobs," the electrician retorted sarcastically.

"What do you mean by that remark?" Murphy asked. He had been drinking steadily since the end of the day, and he was not certain that he hadn't misunderstood.

"That silly little slut's shown more than her boobs in the film I have home," said the electrician.

Murphy was struck dumb. When he finally recovered his voice, he asked, "You've got a dirty film with her in it?"

"That's right," his companion replied.

"Strip or sex?" Murphy asked.

"Sex," the electrician answered.

"Sure it's her?" Murphy inquired.

"Come over to my joint and see for yourself," the man said. "If it ain't, she's got a twin."

There was no mistaking it: the girl lying between the two men and one girl was Alice Bailly. In the darkened living room of the electrician's apartment, Murphy watched with stunned fascination, as the girl energetically twisted and squirmed through one of the crudest orgy scenes he had ever seen.

"Looks like one of those Mexican jobs," the electrician commented professionally. "Lousy camera work."

When the living room was again flooded with light, Murphy asked if he could borrow the print and left. She had said she was a virgin, Murphy remembered bitterly as he drove his sports car well over the speed limit toward her apartment. A virgin, hell. You couldn't get most girls to make a flick like that one, no matter how many men they slept with. He cursed himself for being a sucker. But those wide green eyes had been so unbelievably innocent. They had made you believe absolutely everything she said.

Alice opened the door to Murphy's pounding. "Well, Jack, it's about time," she said brightly. She was dressed in a terrycloth bathrobe, and her breasts seemed to move with each syllable she spoke.

"How's the All-American girl?" Murphy asked suddenly.

"Just fine, Jack. Why?" She asked anxiously, sensing trouble. "Why are you looking at me that way?"

"Just looking over the merchandise I own," Murphy said lightly, but there was no trace of humor in his voice.

"Jack, let's not have a big scene tonight," Alice asked him. "I've got to be on the set at five o'clock tomorrow morning for some interior shots."

Murphy smiled at this excuse. "Sure, sure, honey," he said, kissing her lightly on the cheek.

ALICE brushed her lips against his

mouth as a farewell, but was startled by Murphy's powerful arms encircling her. Suddenly, he tightened his grip, clumsily, and pressed a hard open-mouthed kiss down the soft of her neck, biting gently at her flesh, moving his leg in against the length of her thigh and his other hand slipped under her bathrobe to feel her breasts.

"That's enough, Jack," she said, trying to slip out of his embrace.

"Now," Murphy said savagely.

"No . . . I told you I've never . . ." she began, her anxiety apparent. She tried to push him back, tried to kick her legs out free from under him, and shook her head from side to side to break loose from his kiss.

But Murphy held fast to his prize. Never had a man, he thought. His mouth grinned even as he pressed it against hers.

"Please," Alice begged in a soft, crying voice when he at last withdrew his lips. Murphy saw tears streaming from her eyes. "A great actress to the end," he noted bitterly.

He tore her robe from her body and pushed her onto the sofa. When she tried to rise, he slapped her arms down with such force that she uttered a tight cry of pain and stopped fighting him. Her body writhed from side to side in a weak pathetic effort to keep her flesh away from his hands. Once more, before he took her, he stared at the girl's face. Her eyes were closed. It was incredible that such innocence could exist amidst such depravity.

"Little virgin," he said. "Yeah."

It was over an hour before either of them spoke. "I don't understand it," Murphy said. Then he dressed hurriedly and left her apartment.

The first thing he did when he arrived at his own place was to put the film onto a projector and throw it against the wall. He let it run through once at normal speed, then played it again slow motion. Still, he could not comprehend. She had told him the truth about her virginity. Every word *had* been true. It was completely unbelievable, but it *had* been true.

The third time he watched the film, stopping the action when it was necessary, it all became clear. Although there seemed to be no end to the wild variety in her performance, there *was* one act in which she had not engaged. The other girl had, but Alice, no matter what else she did, had not made love with either man.

"How many broads have I known?" Murphy asked himself aloud in the empty room. "Hundreds," he answered. He shook his head in bewilderment. "There could be a thousand more, and still I wouldn't know everything there is to know about dames. Not even *half* the things to be known about them. Every-time you think you've doped it out, up comes the kicker."

Murphy switched off the over-heated projector and went to sleep. . . .

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ANY MAN, 9 TO 5

Continued from page 21

instead of bummy. But I must admit Frank recovered quicker than most. When we went downstairs and waited for the rest of the women to be auctioned off to their male partners, he stuck by my side; and later he offered to drive me home. Then, he insisted I tell him my story. I could see we were hooked on each other and would have a long affair, at least a week, so I figured he might as well know all about me.

I TOLD him that I lived in the suburbs of Long Island, in an area which has one of the highest standards of living and the highest per capita incomes in the U.S. At least that's what I heard. I was 18 when I got married 7 years ago. I was the baton-twirling cheerleader who married the football hero whose Dad bought us the split level house we needed for the baby that was coming in seven months. A "preemie" we called it, but it wasn't.

My husband, Donald Towers, was one of those big, handsome All America slobbs all women pant after. He made their hearts go skippety-hop. But as a salesman dealing with sharp-eyed shopkeepers, he wasn't so hot. In fact, after we'd been married a couple of years, I realized that Don Towers liked the bottle more than women, and he'd never be the financial wizard of Wall Street or anything like that.

Life was pretty boring until I met and made friends with two other housewives on my street. Florence Newcombe was one of those big bold brassy types, maybe about 30, and Rita was a very sweet looking girl with a terrific figure. They were so different that I wondered how the two of them had become such close friends. Anyway, they sort of adopted me and we went shopping together and had coffee at each other's houses in the afternoon. One afternoon, sweet Rita giggled and said to Florence, "Do you think Janice would get a kick out of our little record collection?"

Florence shrugged. "Sure," she said. "But if we're going to listen to tapes why not make it a real party and have a few drinks?"

The drinks were very strong and we were all a little giggly when Rita dragged her tape recorder out of the closet and took some reels out from deep under the linens.

At first I didn't quite get it. Some girls were giggling and talking on the tape. And then I started to blush. One of the girls was describing the most intimate details of her wedding night. And I mean intimate. She went on and on, followed by some other girls telling about their wedding nights. And I thought that was it.

Florence said casually, "How about it Janice, would you contribute to our little library?"

I gasped. "Don would kill me," I said. Rita shrugged. "I guess she's not ready for the other tape yet."

But they had me on the hook and I begged to hear the other tape. Finally they gave in. Was that an eye opener! Or rather, an ear opener. This was a taping of the actual bedding down of a wife by her husband, and I was doubly shocked to recognize the girls' voices

as Rita and Florence.

When Rita had switched off the tape they both looked at me and Florence said, "Well?"

By this time, I'd had a few more drinks so I agreed to tell about how Don seduced me when I was a virgin high school cheerleader. It turned out great on tape. Very funny, very sexy. I hadn't realized I was that good a story teller. Florence said warmly, "Janice, darling, I know you're a swinger. I'm going to propose your name to our Thursday afternoon Social Club."

"Who the hell wants to sit around with old married ladies, PTA, and gossip," I said.

Florence and Rita laughed. "This is the new generation matron's club," Rita said. "You'll like it."

Well I did. It was something different alright. There were about eight or nine young married women, all sharp, all pretty and all bored with being housewives. Every Thursday they had lunch together at one of their houses. The first Thursday afternoon I went to a house in Baldwin, Long Island, not twenty minutes away from my own town of Merrick. It was a nice lunch of sandwiches, soup and martinis. But, of course, I didn't realize that there was something besides dirty tapes and gossip going on.

THE hostess had arranged for deliveries to be made that afternoon. But instead of answering the door herself, one of the guests would answer it, explaining that she was doing some work in the house and would take the delivery for the owner. She would invite the delivery man inside the house to wait for his money. The rest of us would be hidden in the next room listening. The trick was for the guest to seduce the delivery man with the rest of the Social Club as an invisible audience. The hostess of course could not risk seducing anybody in her home town for fear it would get around to her neighbors or ruin her reputation with the merchants in town. To say nothing of somebody telling her husband. So it always had to be one of the guests.

Well, it was very funny. That deliveryman was so scared when the woman started making passes at him that he ran out of the house without even waiting for his money. We all came out of the room laughing and the hostess finally confessed that it was a gag. That she had known this particular deliveryman was a homosexual who was deathly afraid of women. But the egg man who came every Thursday afternoon was a real winner. We could count on seeing some action when he came. However, that wouldn't be for another hour so we'd all better have some more martinis.

By the time the egg man came we were all pretty looped. Florence gave me a push and said, "I'm proposing Janice as a club member. Let her take care of the egg man as her initiation."

I was caught by surprise, but not that much by surprise I guess. And, oddly enough, I wasn't as horrified as I should have been. Maybe it was because the other women were cheering me on. Maybe it was because one of them, a dyed-hair, tight slacked bitch named Anne, took a look out the window and said, "Oooo, if Janice doesn't want him, I'll take him." Or maybe it was because my husband, Don, had been going to bed with his booze bottle more often lately. Anyway, I gave them a wave as they disappeared into the bedroom. Then I went to answer the door.

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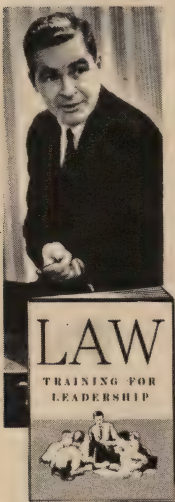
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The egg man was one of those big, blond Scandinavian types who looked as if he had gathered the eggs himself that morning. He seemed surprised to see me, and I went through the usual explanation that I was just there for that day and would accept delivery. I asked him to come and put the eggs in the refrigerator for me while I got the money. I gave him my best smile and he got the idea. He hopped right through the door.

When I gave him the money I asked him if he wouldn't like a cold drink. He said OK and I gave him a martini. He drank it down and I could see the gin hit him and turn his skin red. I sort of leaned toward him very close and I said, "You're very handsome for an egg man."

He mumbled something about going to college and paying his way with this egg route. I said that was marvelous and leaned closer so that he could smell my perfume. I was practically ironing him into the wall with my breasts. That was all the encouragement he needed.

Honestly, men surprise me, they always do. I at least expected him to try and get me to lay down on the sofa in the living room, never mind even waiting for the bedroom. But he just leaned me back over the kitchen table. I have to admit it was pretty great. The only thing was the other girls were sort out of range and couldn't enjoy it the way they planned. So, after the first time, I led the egg man to the living room and onto the big couch where the girls could peek out of the bedroom and watch us in action. I felt I owed the hostess that much for her taking all this trouble. The egg man, for all his muscles, had a little difficulty making it the second time, but I worked on him and he finally did himself proud. In less than 30 minutes after he first rang the doorbell, I sent him on his way again, a happier, though weaker man. And I was full fledged member of the Thursday Afternoon Social Uplift Club.

THOSE Thursday afternoons were great fun. We played tapes, we seduced deliverymen and door to door salesman who happened by. Meanwhile, though, I was running into trouble at home. Don was getting awfully cheap and tight with money. He cut down my clothing allowance and I was stuck with all my old clothes. Then we couldn't get a second car which I really needed since Don used his for cross-country selling trips. He was gone for two weeks at a time.

One day, Florence and Rita noticed I was sort of gloomy and made me talk about my troubles. Florence was terribly sympathetic, "My poor darling," she said, "here we've been letting you give it away when you need money. Why didn't you tell us? You can have just as much as you want."

Very innocently I asked, "How?"

Florence and Rita laughed. "By going with us to the 'Trotters' at night," Florence said. "I have a sure fire system of winning."

Roosevelt Raceway is in the middle of Nassau County and runs trotting races six nights a week. After the races, all the bars and night clubs for miles around are jumping. Florence took me to a very nice bar that was part of a motel complex. She introduced me to the bartender, a gentle, older man with a Southern accent. His name was Dave.

"Dave, I want you to meet my friend Janice," Florence said. "She's a nice girl but her husband goes away on long trips and she gets lonely. Maybe you

know some nice fellas you can introduce her to."

"Sure," Dave said. He gave us drinks and when Florence tried to pay he waved her money aside. "On the house," he said.

Meanwhile I was horrified. I tried whispering to Florence "I can't do that." But Florence ignored me.

"Janice needs a little pin money," she said to Dave. "So, no four flushers. Some real sports and swingers who'll treat her right. And she's always free in the afternoons."

Dave nodded. He noticed I was a little upset and he said to me in a very kind way. "Look, anytime you feel lonely drop in here for a drink. If you don't want to do anything, I won't let anybody push you around. You can do whatever you want. Just come and keep me company and the drinks are on the house."

He was so gentle, so kind, that I never could have guessed that Dave was the biggest bartender-pimp on Long Island. He had talked more girls into prostituting themselves than the most notorious big time hustlers. And the money he got you was almost as good.

Anyway, I really couldn't do it that first night. Some men came over and Dave introduced us. Then we had a few drinks and a few laughs, but I really, really, couldn't do it for money. But a week later, after some shopping, I dropped into the bar and had a drink with Dave. There was another man at the bar and Dave introduced us. The three of us drank together and the man was very charming, and amusing. When he propositioned me, he did it with finesse. He mentioned he was on a business trip out on Long Island and asked me to have dinner with him, just to keep him company. I said OK, and called Florence to baby sit for me that night when the maid went home. Don was away again so I didn't have to worry about him.

I had dinner with the man and it was the natural thing to go to his room for a drink. He had a nice suite and it was very comfortable. He was pretty slick too. He didn't breathe hot down my neck. He undressed me little by little, with a lot of sweet talk. Honestly, I hadn't been treated like that since high school. And though he was an older man and had a small pot belly, he didn't have that bad a physique. Best of all, he taught me a few tricks I'd never known. In fact, when we had finished a good four hours of passionate lovemaking, I would no more have asked him for money than I would have asked Frank Sinatra to pay me for listening to him sing.

So I was really surprised when, after he kissed me good night and escorted me to my car, he pressed a bill into my hand. He said something like, "You've been so sweet that I wanted to buy you a present but I won't have time. And, of course, I can't send it to your home because of your husband. Buy yourself something nice as a gift from me. That way, when you wear it you'll remember me a little."

NOW wasn't that really sweet? And I expected it to be something like \$20 to buy a hat or gloves and stockings, so I have to admit that when I got to the first traffic light and switched on my interior car bulb to take a good look I was surprised to see it was a hundred dollar bill. Well, that made me feel good. Not only because of the money, but because I felt that he would have been so generous unless I had really pleased him in bed. It was really a terrific compli-

ment. Like a boy friend sending you a dozen roses after a date, only more practical. I was certified, stamped Grade-A, as a bedmate. It wasn't my fault that my husband loved his booze bottle more than me.

Later, when the psychiatrists got their hands on me, they said I had done all these things because I resented my husband. You know all that Freudian stuff. That I would have been a good little girl if Don had been a male in the old fashioned sense. But that's a lot of baloney. You know, they forget that girls have wised up. What's all the sexual freedom about and what's equality of the sexes worth, if we can't sell ourselves if we want to? What's wrong with my earning a hundred dollars making love to a man I like. Do they think if I was well adjusted I'd rather go work eight hours a day six days a week in a department store to make that \$100? Are they kidding?

Look, let me be absolutely honest. I know men hate to hear this. It spoils all their romantic notions about women. But any woman would rather do what I did. They just don't have the nerve.

I never regretted it. I met a lot of nice guys and they were all generous. Some of those rugged truck drivers and telephone repairmen were great lovers. Of course, they couldn't come on with a hundred bucks, but they were good for at least \$50. Sometimes, if I really liked a guy and Dave told me the guy couldn't make my price, I'd go down to \$20 for a quickie out in the car. Meanwhile, I was learning all kinds of new tricks.

Now everybody thinks that a girl who hustles knows everything about sex. That's not true. They are only rookies after all, and they have to learn from experience. What the hell, they don't have any courses in college for it, though some day they will. Maybe I'll become a teacher then.

One of my great experiences was with this older gentleman. He was at least 70, with white hair, very distinguished. Needless to say, I didn't meet him in the bar. Dave asked me to meet him in one of the

hotel suites. It turned out that this gentleman is one of the most famous men in the country. He owns, or rather he did own, one of those liberal newspapers and some TV stations. He won all kinds of awards for being a real humanitarian. You'd know his name right away if I told it to you. Anyway, he's one of these old guys who stayed really sexy even when he got old and his wife couldn't take care of it. Naturally, he had to be discreet. So he'd check into the motel for a weekend and Dave would fix him up with a girl. But it had to be a high class girl, he didn't like tramps.

I didn't like the idea too much at first. After all, a 70 year old guy is a little much. But I spent the afternoon with him chatting and he was so nice and so fatherly that I just climbed into bed like a little girl wanting to hear a bedtime story. Well, did he surprise me. I put in the toughest couple of hours I've ever spent. It was pretty nice though.

Dave had told me that the old guy never paid cash but that I'd be well taken care of. Not to worry. So once a week I spent some time with the old man. He never paid me. Dave kept telling me not to worry.

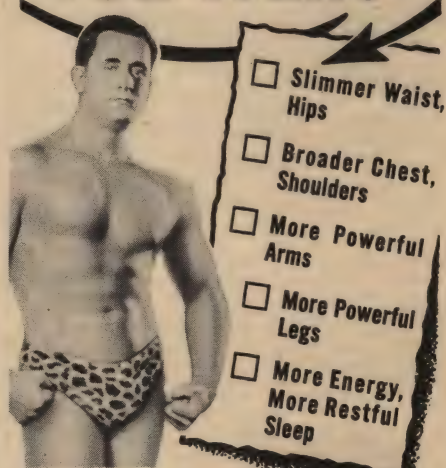
Well, I got the shock of my life one day when the old gent came to my door. I tried to freeze him because Don was in the kitchen and I was a little sore. But for the first time I understood why the old gent was called in by government officials to advise them. He was smooth as silk. He reminded me that he was one of the honorary uncles of the family on my mother's side. My mother had died when I was young so this was a pretty safe lie. When I introduced him to Don, Don swallowed the whole story. How could it ever enter his mind that I was seeing this white haired old man on the side? We had a nice evening together. Don was impressed by such a famous man. The children were brought down from their bedroom to be introduced. And that was it.

THREE days later, a fat envelope arrived in the mail with a letter addressed to me and Don. It was from "Uncle."



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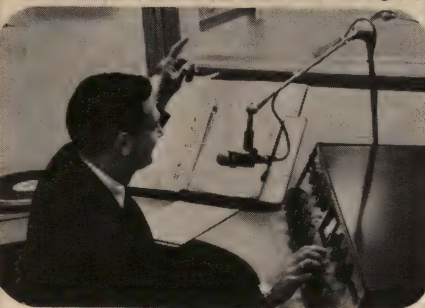
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Enclosed, he said, was a little gift for the children. He hoped he hadn't been presumptuous, but as an old family friend he had taken the liberty of enclosing something that would take care of their college education. He was a rich old man who couldn't find ways to spend his money so he was taking this liberty. My God, in that envelope was \$20,000 worth of blue chip stock certificates plus the necessary legal documents so that the turnover couldn't be questioned.

Well, you can bet that the next time I met "Uncle" I gave him the best night he ever had in his life. I used every trick I'd learned. And I must say I didn't make him say "Uncle." He kept right up with me.

God knows, I might have wound up owning a newspaper—he liked me that much. But after six months he got a heart attack right after one of our sessions. I stuck with him and called an ambulance and tried to revive him. But he died before the ambulance got there and they couldn't revive him, even though they worked with all kinds of equipment for over an hour. I thought I was really in for it, that everything would be smeared all over the newspapers with my picture and my husband would find out. But then I got a real lesson on how the power boys in this country work. The story appeared in the papers all right that "Uncle" had died in a motel. But there was no mention of any girl being with him. Everybody understood. Here was a good real man who had done good things all his life. Why should he be shamed just because he was lucky enough to still want to shack up a pretty girl at the age of 70?

Of course, my husband did find out about it, eventually, in a very funny way. Remember I told you about the tricks our Thursday Afternoon Social Club pulled? Well, a salesman Don knew from working the same territory had told him the story. Don started asking me questions about the Club and he showed this salesman a picture of me—without telling the guy I was his wife. Naturally the guy bragged about how he seduced me, the poor sap. Don called me up to tell me he was coming home early and that he wanted me to be home waiting for him. He cursed me over the phone and said other things which made me sure he knew. You know those sly things men say when they know their wives are cheating on them and they are sort of sneaking upon you to spring the big surprise.

I got panicky and ran over to Florence's house. Rita was there. I was shaking like a leaf. To my surprise they took the whole matter very lightly. Slowly it dawned on me. "You mean your husbands know?" I asked them.

Florence grinned. "Sure they do. I could never lead one of those sneaky double lives, ducking behind doors and all. Rita's husband found out and gave her a hard time for a while but she made him come around. Let me tell you how to handle it."

"Don't act guilty," Florence said. "Whatever you do, don't go on the defensive and beg for forgiveness and say you'll never do it again. That will only encourage him to beat you up. Then he thinks he has a right. When he accuses you, just say, what the hell do you think I am, just some hausfrau, your personal slave? I have my own life to think about and so on and so on. Throw it up to him that he doesn't earn enough money to support you and the children properly. Throw it up to him that he's a lousy

lover. That he never satisfied you. That you only faked it. Say you're willing to get a divorce right now, but you keep the house and kids. Make him realize how expensive it will be for him to throw you out. That always makes a man think twice. And then, after he smacks you around a little bit, they all do, let him know how much cash you have stashed away from your little business parties. Then see what happens."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Florence gave me a wise smile. "You'll see," she said.

WHEN I got back to the house Don was already there waiting for me. And he was in an ugly, drunken mood. He started shouting at me, calling me a prostitute and a bitch and a lot of other filthy names. I just gave him a cool smile and waited. Then he accused me. He told me about his friend the salesman. About showing him the picture. He told about hiring a firm of private detectives to check on me and that he had a full report on my activities. Of course, he didn't. He only had a little bit. "Do you deny it?" he shouted.

"I don't deny anything," I said. "I don't give a damn what you think."

He staggered back. He couldn't believe his pretty little high school cheerleader had turned into the woman I had become. I played the rest of the scene the way Florence had advised. And I will say for Don that he was a gentleman enough not to hit me. He just got very very drunk and I had to put him to bed. Funny thing, in the middle of the night he woke up and started making love to me very passionately and very savagely. It was the best we had since we were married. The next morning I told him that "Uncle" was not a family friend and that besides the securities I had \$14,000 in cash salted away in a safe deposit box I had rented.

I said once before that men always surprise me. I expected him to get mad and he did look sort of stunned. Then he asked me how long I'd be doing it for money and I said five months. He thought that over and then he said in a thoughtful voice, "That means you could clear \$30,000 a year. Tax free."

I was so glad that he was accepting what I had done that I said, "And it's mostly afternoons, hardly ever at night. It wouldn't interfere with our life at all. In three or four years we could have the mortgage on the house paid off and you could get that boat you always wanted."

To make a long story short, Don accepted the whole thing. I was so grateful that I took some money from the safe deposit box and bought him a Jaguar for his birthday. He had always been a loner but now he was glad to meet with Florence's and Rita's husband and spend an evening with them. I guess he felt that if they were doing it too, it wasn't so bad.

He knew all our friends in the Thursday Club were doing it for money on a part-time basis. Sure their husbands had good jobs, but living on Long Island is expensive. The banks holding the mortgages want their money on time every month. The school taxes are huge. And, of course, we all have to have good clothes and a new car every year. The federal income tax takes a big bite out of salaries. I honestly don't see how other people make ends meet.

It was Rita's idea to use our Club as a nucleus for a Travel Club that would charter a jet every summer so that we

could take vacations all over the world. But it was Florence's idea to hold "slave auctions" where men would pay to make love to the women and the proceeds would go into the Travel Club's treasury to make the down payment on the jet.

Raising the money was just an excuse. We were all looking for new kicks and being auctioned off as slaves to strange men was great fun. Also, we were trying to widen the range of our circle. We wanted some fresh blood in the club. Some of the girls had gotten tired of playing around and had dropped out. We were down to five members. I have a sneaky hunch that the ones who dropped out had become greedy, that they simply didn't want to give it away anymore. They wanted to get paid every time they went to bed with a man, and they didn't care who. I will say for myself that I always picked and choosed. If I didn't like a person it didn't matter how much money he offered me, I'd just say, "No, what kind of a girl do you think I am?"

Anyway, the Travel Club did bring in new members and Dave the bartender, sent men looking for action directly to our slave auctions. Florence's husband, Tom Newcombe, was the auctioneer and he was very good at it. The night I met Frank Holby the auction made over \$6,000. But worse than that, I fell for Frank. It was the first time since I'd started fooling around that I really went for one of the men I slept with. I started having dreams of divorcing my husband and living with Frank. It started with him asking me for a date the next day and me refusing to take any money from him.

"Hey, what is this," he said. "Dave told me I had to pay."

I gave him a kiss. "You're too good," I said. "I should be paying you."

EVERY word I told him of my past was true. It was very interesting to meet a man like Frank Holby, one who was terribly virile, very masterful, knew all the tricks and who was seemingly understanding. After I'd been with him I didn't want to be with any other man. I wondered if he could ever get serious about me after I'd told him everything about me and the club. He'd laughed when I told him all those funny stories and one day I even brought some of the sexy tapes to play in our motel room. He wanted to borrow them, but, of course, I couldn't do that.

After a couple of weeks of torrid love-making every day, Frank Holby said casually, "Listen, Janice, can you do me a favor? I'm throwing a little stag party for a buddy of mine that's getting married. Can you get some of your friends to come to the motel and put on a little show, a little party? You know." He seemed embarrassed.

I was furious. I had been faithful to him all the time I knew him. I hadn't gone to any of the club affairs. To tell the truth I had gone "square." I was in love with the big bum. And here he was telling me to put on a sex show for his friends. I started to cry and then out of pure spite I said, "OK, I'll fix it. You'll see a good show."

"That's my girl." He patted me on the fanny. "You know for a while there I was afraid you were getting like those soft headed broads who go all mush because a guy shacks up with them a few times. I'm glad to see you're a real hip chick."

The party was set for the following week. I told Florence and Rita about it and we got three of the other girls. I

was so full of spite I told Frank the fee would be a thousand bucks because I wanted him to beg for a cheaper price. But to my surprise he said that would be fine. "Listen," he said, "you understand that all the guys want to have a really good time with the girls as part of the show?"

"Sure," I said. "And I think you and I are a little tired of each other so I'll take the prospective bridegroom. OK?"

The night of the party I told Don I'd try to get home early. He was curled up in front of the TV with his booze bottle and he said absently, "Take care of yourself, honey."

Frank had rented the biggest suite in the motel and the men were already there, about seven of them. I arrived with Florence and Rita and introduced them. Frank went for Rita in a big way. Then the other girls arrived and we all had drinks. There was a lot of pairing up rightaway and disappearing into the bedroom and Frank took me into a corner of the room and gave me a big packet of bills. "Do you want to count it?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I trust you." I slipped the bills into my purse.

Why didn't I choke on those last words of mine? Frank must have given some sort of signal, because suddenly that motel suite was filled with cops. Some of the girls started to scream. I looked Frank right in the eye. "You dirty lousy fink," I said. He smiled at me and said something about doing his job. I spit in his face. The next thing I knew I was being hustled into a paddy wagon outside the motel. The other girls were in there crying and screaming. Florence started to curse at me and tried to scratch my face but one of the cops backhanded her.

They booked us. And the next day the story was in papers all over the country. Funny thing, Frank's investigation uncovered two other rings of suburban housewives who were hustling to pay their mortgages and they were arrested in raids on the same night. So there were about fifty of us respectable married women being booked that one night in the Long Island police station.

For once, Don used his head and acted like a good husband. He had the kids sent to their grandmother down in Florida so they wouldn't know what was going on. Then he contacted "Uncle's" relatives, the son who had inherited the newspaper and the old man's political power. They came through. My case was separated, the trial was held in an empty courtroom with no publicity, the newspapers shut out. I pleaded guilty and received a suspended sentence.

Of course, we had to move out of town. I won't say where except that it's a resort town in the Southern part of the United States. With the bankroll I earned, my husband Don bought into a good business and surprisingly enough is doing very well. As for me I've joined the local PTA and Red Cross and lead the straight housewife life. It gets a little boring sometimes, but I've had enough excitement for a while.

Florence and Rita and the other girls also got suspended sentences but they also got a lot of publicity. I read about them in the papers and I felt so sorry for them but I didn't feel guilty. After all, they got me into it originally, even if I was the one who led them into the trap. I was willing to let bygones be bygones and so I sent them a card last Christmas. But I never got an answer. Women surprise me too sometimes. • • •



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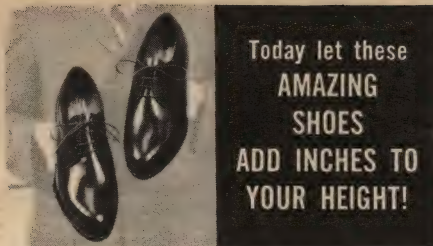
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G. I. SHOTGUNNER

Continued from page 27

flaying the air around him, plunged after the two riflemen. They were still firing at Thomas as they scurried up the trail, but he had thrown them into confusion by pursuing them instead of taking cover, and their aim was off. As their bullets kicked up the dirt all around him, Thomas doggedly went on.

The two Reds were almost running now, firing back over their shoulders as they went. Thomas continued to close the distance between them. Suddenly, one of the North Vietnamese soldiers, a big man wearing a khaki NVA uniform, stopped and turned, bringing his rifle up to take careful aim at the American stalking him.

Thomas, still moving forward, flipped the muzzle of his shotgun up and, firing from the hip, shot the Communist soldier between the eyes. The man went down and lay unmoving.

The second NVA soldier turned, then and fired at Thomas. The bullet missed. Thomas took two steps forward, bringing his shotgun up. The Red soldier fired again. The bullet whistled only inches away from the American's head. Thomas blinked and squeezed the trigger of his shotgun. The hot pellets caught the North Vietnamese soldier in the left shoulder and knocked him flat on his back. The Red soldier got to his feet again, fired at Thomas, and began to run.

Thomas went after him. The North Vietnamese soldier twirled, dropped to one knee and brought his rifle up. This time Thomas sighted carefully down the barrel of his shotgun and fired. The blast caught the Red soldier full in the face and he fell forward on top of his own rifle. Thomas quickly crossed to the body and prodded it over on its back. There was only a bloody pulp where the soldier's face had been. Thomas turned then and trotted back toward where his patrol was dug in down the trail.

With this action, Specialist 4th Class William Thomas, twenty-four years old and from Minneapolis, Minnesota, began one of the most incredible series of single-handed exploits of the Viet Nam war—or any other war for that matter.

"If you saw it in a movie you would say 'Wait a minute, this can't be true!'" said Capt. Donald M. Scher, Thomas' commanding officer. He was describing the remarkable, heroic performances of William Thomas that started with the gunning down of the two NVA soldiers on that day in mid-November, 1967.

Earlier that day, Captain Scher, commander of a 4th Infantry company, had ordered his men to make camp for the night at the foot of Hill 1124, in the central highlands of South Viet Nam.

He placed Specialist Thomas in command of a small patrol and ordered him out to scout the hill and check for North Vietnamese positions—not knowing that before Thomas completed his mission he would be hailed as a new "Sergeant York," and described by his fellow GIs as a one-man-army.

Now, as Thomas got back to the point in the trail where the two NVA soldiers had opened fire, he found his patrol still pinned down by the withering machine gun fire from high up the hill.

The wounded GI was still lying in the

center of the trail, moaning softly. Thomas zig-zagged across the trail and knelt beside the wounded GI. The rest of the patrol provided him with cover as he dressed the injured man's wound.

Only when Thomas was satisfied that he had stopped the flow of blood did he stand and lift the semi-conscious soldier over his back and carry him back down the hill, bullets kicking at his heels every step of the way.

Once he had carried the wounded GI to safety, Thomas reported to Captain Scher that his patrol had uncovered the presence of Reds up the hill. "There's a real hornet's nest up there," he said grimly. "I'm going back."

This time Captain Scher went along. When the two men had gotten about three-quarters of the way up to where the embattled patrol had taken cover, Thomas suddenly yelled and hit Captain Scher with a flying tackle and sent him sprawling just before a North Vietnamese sniper fired at the exact spot in which the officer had been standing.

The sniper had been lying flat on a large rock up the hill and when he raised his rifle to fire, Thomas had caught the glint of the barrel. As quickly as he had appeared, the sniper vanished and both Americans brushed themselves off and continued upward.

When they reached the rest of the patrol up the trail, Scher and Thomas found that fresh Communist troops had joined the attack.

Thomas leaped into the brush beside the trail, dropped to his stomach and wiggled forward until he had reached the men of the patrol, stretched out in a line at the edge of the jungle. Across the road, a group of NVA had taken up positions in the underbrush and were pouring rifle fire in on the patrol. Higher up on the slope of the hill behind these enemy soldiers, more rifles were being fired from well-entrenched positions.

Backing up this concentration of weapons was the deadly, clattering machine gun.

Thomas worked his way up and down the line of American defenders until he had determined that there were no more than five Communist attackers shooting from just across the road. Crawling back to where Captain Scher was dug in, Thomas said, "I'm going after them. Keep me covered."

All alone then, Thomas broke from the cover of the underbrush and dashed across the road and threw himself, rolling, into a gully just in front of where the Communist was firing. On his feet again, running a few paces, then dropping flat and crawling, Thomas circled around to the side of the North Vietnamese. He worked his way forward through the tangled underbrush until he was close enough to hear the Red soldiers whispering back and forth to one another.

WHEN he got to within a couple of yards of their positions, Thomas found that by raising his head he could actually see the five soldiers spread out a few feet apart from each other.

Unpinning a grenade from his belt, the American inched his way forward to get as close as he could. He figured he would only have one crack at the five and if he missed with that one chance, he wouldn't have another.

He had unpinning the grenade and raised his hand to throw it when one of the NVA soldiers, who must have heard him coming through the brush, swung around, his rifle in a direct line with Thomas' body. Thomas quickly tossed

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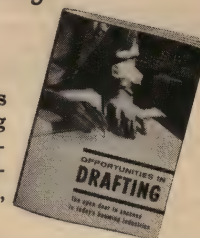
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the grenade overhand at the five crouching Communist soldiers. The grenade exploded before the Red who had spotted Thomas could get a shot away. It was a direct hit and blew up all five of the enemy soldiers, scattering their bodies over several yards of jungle.

As soon as the sound of blast had died away, Thomas yelled across the road, "Come on! Move up!"

The patrol came streaming across the roadway and into the woods behind Thomas as he moved on up the hillside along a burnt-out slash in the undergrowth, strewn with rocks and boulders. The path was narrow and the patrol again moved in single file, with Thomas in the lead. The North Vietnamese entrenched up the hill had ceased firing ever since the grenade exploded. It was strangely silent as the patrol moved into the gloom of the overhanging foliage. Ten or fifteen yards higher up the hill, Thomas brought the patrol to a halt and formed them into a defense perimeter, while he scouted ahead.

Moving off the trail, Thomas made his way through the bamboo forest. Ten minutes later, after covering only a few more yards, Thomas came upon the first trench that the Communists had dug into the hillside. There were two men in it.

Neither of them heard Thomas approach and he was able to drop down into the trench with them before they detected his presence. When they turned, startled, he motioned with his rifle for them to drop their arms. One of the soldiers did and raised his hands above his head but the other turned and started to climb out. The American shot a blast just in front of the escaping NVA. That was enough to stop the soldier and he, too, dropped his gun and raised his hands.

Again Thomas called in the patrol and after turning the two prisoners over to them, continued on alone up the hill.

A few yards farther on, he saw four more trenches, laid out one after the other, two to three yards apart up the hillside. Each of them contained four or five men. Dropping to his belly, Thomas wiggled back down the side of the hill until he reached the first trench which the American patrol now occupied. He directed them to open fire on the trenches above. As soon as they did, the North Vietnamese set up a return fire. This was exactly what Thomas wanted.

With the Red troops now occupied with the patrol, Thomas made a flanking move up the hill and came in at the NVA occupied trenches from the right.

Unhitching a half dozen grenades from his belt, Thomas sprinted upward and, in an unbelievable display of courage, he ran by the trenches, flipping a grenade into each one until he had blown up all four trenches.

Only four Red soldiers had escaped death from the grenades and they were so jarred by the blasts that Thomas was able to quickly disarm them and herd them together. He again called the patrol upward. While two of the soldiers from the patrol escorted the prisoners back to camp, Thomas lined the rest of the men up for a march toward the still-spitting enemy machine gun.

The jungle from here on grew thicker and higher. After Thomas had scouted around, he determined that the only way up the hill was by the bed of a stream. Again, the patrol formed a line single file.

The vines clinging to the trees overhead coiled and interlocked over the stream so the men had to move forward crouched over with the water almost up to their knees. In addition, there were

boulders in the stream around which the water swirled. Some were chest high and closed in so tight that there was no way around. At these places, the men would have to close up on one another while each gave the man in front of him a boost up over the boulders. It was like following an obstacle course.

Twice the patrol passed trail openings along the side of the stream. Thomas, who was in the lead, always approached such trail openings warily. These were the spots where he anticipated an enemy ambush. But each time they passed without incident.

A few more yards up the stream bed, the jungle thinned and here Thomas led his water-soaked patrol back to the dry land.

THERE had been no burst from the enemy machine gun for the past several minutes and now the men formed a line across a ridge of the hill and, at a signal from Thomas, opened fire.

Immediately, from a short distance, the Red machine gun answered.

William Thomas decided it was time for him to move out again in his one-man-army attack on the enemy.

Leaving the patrol behind to engage the enemy, Thomas moved at a loping run at right angles to the machine gun entrenched up the hill.

He had gone only a little way when an NVA soldier popped up in front of him. Thomas raised his shotgun, fired, and missed. The soldier disappeared into the underbrush. However, Thomas dashed after him. A few feet upward, Thomas stumbled over a pack and helmet which the fleeing Red must have dropped. He knelt and quickly sorted through the pack. There was a set of khaki clothing, several rounds of rifle bullets, and two hand grenades. Thomas left them where they were and continued upward.

When he got to within a few feet of the machine gun nest, Thomas went flat and wiggled his way forward. There were five men in the dugout in the side of the hill. One of them was manning the machine gun and two of them had rifles but were not firing. The other two were just sitting

back. All of them were chattering back and forth above the sound of the machine gun.

While Thomas lay crouched in the underbrush, the two NVA riflemen crawled out of the hole and began to snake down the hill, rifles at the ready. Thomas flipped a grenade and it exploded, hurling the bodies of both men in the air. The North Vietnamese machine gunner was momentarily startled by the explosion only a few feet in front of him and wondered where it came from.

Thomas used the gunner's moment of surprise to make a final dash across to the trench. Standing just above and to the right of the machine gunner, Thomas swung his shotgun barrel down and shot the man through the side of the head. The Red soldier collapsed over the top of the machine gun, the blood coursing down the side of his face and covering the muzzle of the machine gun.

One of the two remaining North Vietnamese soldiers tried to run and Thomas shifted the shotgun in his hands and slammed its stock across the forehead of the soldier, bringing him down. The other soldier sat down hard in the trench his hands raised above his head.

"Come on in! It's all over!" Thomas yelled down to the patrol.

When the men staggered in a few minutes later they found the American, his face grimy with red dust, grinning as he held his shotgun on the two North Vietnamese soldiers.

In a one-man mop-up campaign, Specialist 4th Class William Thomas had been credited with killing two North Vietnamese by blasts from a shotgun, rescuing a wounded fellow GI, dressing his wounds and bringing him out from under enemy fire, saving his commander's life by knocking him out of the way when he was in the gun sights of a North Vietnamese sniper, killing five Communist soldiers with a hand grenade, knocking out five fortified positions and capturing a Red machine gun nest single-handed.

Afterwards, back at the company base, Captain Scher said of William Thomas, "He was more than gallant. He was an inspiration and spirit to the men." ●●●



"And just what, may I ask, is the 'Broad of the Month Club'?"

The Savage Seducers

Continued from page 34

"As busy as that, d'you think?"

"Hallam handles anything up to a hundred thousand head a year."

"You pay him."

"I pay him to breed cattle, not to look after you and me." It was not quite accurate, the company paid Hallam. True, Denis Cassell was Deputy Chairman and would be Chairman one day, and he owned a very large number of shares. But it was the company that paid.

"You're not afraid of him, darling, are you?"

"That's a bitchy thing to say."

"All you have to do is to exert your authority."

Cassell and his wife arrived at the company ranch at ten minutes past five.

Hallam said, "I'm sorry I couldn't meet you myself."

They sat on the porch while Bates and Anna carried the baggage into the ranch house. "Devries is out on a fence check and Lajunie's branding some new stock. One of the *comisarios* turned up and had to be dealt with." He explained that a *comisario* was a leader of a team of cattle drivers.

"Didn't you get my telegram?" said Cassell.

"No?"

"To say my wife was coming with me."

"Must be at the post office in Campo Alto. They don't deliver, you know, it's too far."

"Then you didn't know Fabia was coming?"

"No. A pleasant surprise." He looked at her.

Fabia said gently, "You don't collect telegrams?"

"Yes. When I'm in town."

"But you knew my husband was coming."

"Of course. Would you like a drink?"

"And was the *comisario* more important?"

"I'm afraid he was, at the time."

THE first faint cool breeze of the evening moved across the hillside. Fabia watched him detachedly: a thin tall man with heavy shoulders and graying hair and eyebrows that turned upward, and a bleak stare. He had resented the Deputy Chairman's intrusion and so had sent one of the hands to meet him, so that it should be understood. He smiled and said, "Anyway there's plenty of room. Put up the entire board of directors if you want."

But they didn't respond. Cassell sat quite still as if a fuse had been lit and he were waiting for the trail of smoke to reach him.

"I'll tell them to put another bed in your room," Hallam was saying; "or would you prefer hammocks?"

"Hammocks?"

"Stray snakes come in out of the rain sometimes. Nothing to worry about but some people like to be off the ground, or anyway above bed level."

Cassell looked at his drink. Then he watched Hallam looking at his wife. He knew what Hallam was thinking. He was thinking what a beauty she was, so tall and slender and tawny-haired, with amused eyes and those legs, sitting there taking his measure over the rim of her glass, and beyond the elegance the suggestion of coarseness showed through, arrogant and brash

and aware of itself, not caring, confident.

"All right," Hallam said, "we'll leave it at beds. Just keep your door closed when it rains. Well, you'll want to wash and change, I dare say." He looked at Cassell. "If there's anything you need while you're here. . ."

"This isn't a holiday," Cassell said.

"Oh, I don't know, you might make it so."

"I think the sooner we get down to business the better."

"If you want. . ."

"Tomorrow."

Hallam said with care, "Look, Mr. Cassell, about this inspection. I wouldn't take it too seriously if I were you."

"I don't think I quite follow you."

"Well, you see, you either trust me to act in the company's interest or you don't, and that's about all there is to it. If you don't, then you fire me and try somebody else."

"There's no suggestion of firing anybody," Cassell said.

"Oh, there might be. I could be soaking the company all ends up."

Fabia said gently, "And do you, Mr. Hallam?"

"Not all the time." His face broke up like an ill-set jigsaw puzzle.

The next day, as soon as Cassell mounted his horse it bucked and then danced sideways under the low roof of the barn. Hallam tried to intervene with his own mount but Cassell's shoulder struck the ragged ends of the timbers and he was swept off and fell heavily.

The four *campeiros* cursed in sympathy and went after the horse, which they lashed. Cassell got to his feet, his face scarlet and his shirt bloody where he had hit the roof. Jose brought the first-aid box from the office and Hallam dabbed iodine on Cassell's shoulder and then taped it. It could have happened to anybody, but it had to happen to Denis Cassell. Fabia sat easily on her horse and when she said, "Are you all right, Denis?" there was pity in her eyes too.

"Of course I'm all right," Cassell said bitterly.

He remounted and trotted the horse three or four times round the corral on a savagely tight rein. He sat well, Hallam thought, but it wouldn't do in that saddle. He had lent them snake boots and shown them how to tuck their trousers into the boots so that the legs wouldn't ride up. All the saddles were of sheepskin and all except Cassell used a long stirrup and sat slackly. Cassell sat bolt upright, a hunting seat. He'd get tired of that. He'd finish the day with a sore arse and a backache, Hallam knew. What a damned luckless bastard the man was. Every day something had gone amiss for him.

At ten minutes to four, an unfortunate thing happened.

They had been sorting stock all day, rounding up the young steers from the slopes and driving them to the *retirero* which consisted of hardly more than a thatched dwelling where the *capataz* lived with his family, and a few corrals.

Jose went into the corral and the frightened little herd stampeded round and round the fences till the dust was like a brown fog in which figures came and went dimly. Jose was young and slender and handsome; he stood in the middle and swung his lasso and showed his white teeth at Cassell. The loop flew and

SMASHING BOOK BONUS

The Savage Seducers

seemed to pause and then it snapped tight around the hoofs of the animal Jose had selected and it fell with a thud and a bleat of terror.

In the intervals they sipped mate, drawing the sour green tea up through a silver tube, passing the bowl back each time to the wife of the *capataz*, a monolithic woman who refilled it with water and passed the bowl on to the next in the circle. Hallam talked to Cassell about the trouble he had with refrigeration and the vaccines, and about staff troubles. He told him about losses of stock due to blackleg and mastitis and calf disease, and about the way the eagles would go for the eyes of the newborn calves, and how he had to hunt down the occasional jaguar that had turned cattle killer.

Cassell listened eagerly; this was work; this was what he had come here for. "Go on, go on, what other problems do you have?" So Hallam fed him with fictitious ones, or with problems he had solved long ago, because it seemed kinder than to tell him all was very well and shut him out.

That was when the snake, a bushmaster, struck. He caught Cassell on the leg, just above the boot; Cassell shouted. It was a ferocious stab of pain.

The *capataz* helped to carry Cassell into the house. He brought the jar of serum and Hallam made the injection in the thigh. The antitoxin, he told Fabia, was supplied free by the state; every human habitation had to have a supply of the three main serums; it was the only law that applied through Brazil, or anyway was obeyed.

Cassell was deathly white and in the truck on the way home he lay with his head in Jose's lap and began to vomit.

They carried Cassell to his room and put him to bed.

When Hallam and Fabia went back to the bedroom, the long thin body twitched and strained as the poison flowed through the veins. The room smelled of vomit. Cassell was talking in his delirium, about share issues and bonus rights and the institutional buyers and the cost of canning. Hallam thought again, you poor lost luckless devil. "Oh, what a bloody thing," he said, "what a bloody thing to happen."

"It was nobody's fault," Fabia said.

"It's ruined his trip. Yours, too."

"Well, it can't be helped." She had no tears for the inevitable. She adjusted herself to it without effort, like a peasant to the will of God.

"Well, it's a bad bite and he got it all. He'll be very ill for five or six days."

"Have you ever been bitten?"

"Three times. You build up some kind of immunity, you know. The more often you're bitten the less it affects you."

"Well, that's a comfort."

Hallam smiled. The light of the lamp on the table where the moths swarmed fell on the side of her face. She had never had a day's illness in her life, he thought; certainly not of reptile poisoning. Pain was beyond her imagining. For Fabia Cassell only death would be real, and as long as there had been that possibility she had been nervous and quiet, abstracted, preparing herself in advance for the necessary adjustment. Now that she knew her husband would survive she dismissed the whole matter. A night bird called in the trees.

"You'll want to move into another room," Hallam said.

"Won't somebody have to nurse him?"

"Jose has offered to take it in shifts with one of the women, if that's all right with you. And you supervise."

"Jose's the boy in there now."

"That's right."

"The one who's so clever with the lasso."

"That's the one."

"How kind of him to offer."

"Jose's very fond of nursing. Happens to be quite good at it, too."

"Is that all he's fond of?"

Hallam shrugged. Jose's sexual inclinations were his own affair; they did not affect his professional competence and there Hallam's interest ended; Jose was the best hand on the payroll, a position he occupied with jealous pride, bowed beneath the plumage but covetous of every feather; Jose would never permit his private life to diminish his public glory. Nor was Cassell the kind to allow himself to be pestered. "I'll keep an eye on him and see how it goes."

He watched the glitter of the stars above the dark hills and let the minutes flow slowly by. Presently it would begin, whatever was to happen between himself and this woman. Vaguely he was aware of the chaos that would follow. They would find their way through it, he supposed, and live on. One did. He hoped he could keep the sum of the wreckage to a manageable minimum.

THE air on the hills moved and rolled down the slopes like a ghostly avalanche, heavy with the odors of the night. He heard her say: "Do we get a drink?" He got up and poured two whiskies and put cubes of ice in the glasses and gave her one. He caught her gray eyes on him over the rim of the glass and then she said: "This job isn't big enough for you, is it?"

Hallam smiled. "I make it spin out."

"It's a waste." She sipped her drink. "What do you do when you've nothing to do?"

"Develop some new territory. Start another herd."

"You play at it."

"I happen to like the game." His father had been a cattle breeder, too, in the Argentine. He had sent Francis Hallam to school in England, and soon after the boy had returned he had left again, to go home to the war. After the war he had returned to the Argentine, but his father was dead and the country had changed. Hallam had drifted north, into Brazil, and had been taken on by the company; they were looking for a likely man for Ruana, where Nicholson was drinking too much.

"How long have you lived here?"

"Ten years."

"Don't you ever want to go home?"

"I do go home sometimes, or I used to." He had a recollection of walking wet streets for hours, of wandering round this gallery or that, of sitting in cinemas, of sleeping with call girls, of waiting till it was time to come back. "Now I don't. I don't fit anywhere, except here."

"What are the local women like?"

"They'll do."

He caught the trace of amusement in her eyes. For a moment he saw himself like a trapped animal, and he watched and she watched, as he explored the confines and corners of the cage, unaware that the door had shut, and now and then she touched him with an experimental finger to observe his reaction.

"Well, I'll show you the other rooms," he said. "You can have any you want, they're all much alike. When you're ready."

"I'm ready now," she said. "Quite ready."

She glanced indifferently round the first room he showed her, base as a cell in the yellow light.

"Or there's this one."

He showed her another on the opposite side of the corridor.

"If you want this one, you'll have to share a bathroom."

"With whom?"

"Me. I'm next door."

"This should do."

He took her in his arms and she raised her face and they kissed. She tilted her head back and scrutinized him. "Mr. Hallam," she said, "I bet you're a bastard." She felt his face with the tips of her fingers, following its contours. "I bet you're a right bastard," she said again. He felt her hard forearms against the back of his neck as they kissed again, and then the deliberate oscillation of her loins against his.

"Hadn't you better lock that door?"

"Now?"

"Just a quickie," she murmured, "to be going on with."

He closed the door and locked it and as he turned back to her the white dress fell with a soundless crash about her feet. This as a matter of fact was something Fabia Cassell had always wanted to do at such a moment as this one, with that unhurried blatancy, as if they had been lovers for years and had parted and come together again having no secrets one from the other. In the same way she stripped off the rest. Hallam watched her. She had a magnificent body. "D'you like it?" she said. "So do I." Though she had had other men from time to time she had never quite found the nerve to indulge herself in this thoughtful way, for it was for herself that she did so for the effect on the jailers in her own mind, not for its effect on Hallam.

As he took her in his arms again she spoke to him coarsely, using the vocabulary a soldier might use and probably wouldn't, and because it was she who used the words they

seemed perfectly natural, even felicitous, for she had the confidence that lends coarseness the aspect of a fashionable eccentricity; but if she also provoked Hallam it was only incidental. It was her own release she was concerned with. "I don't think we need that light, do we?" she said. "We know where everything is."

Laughter, it occurred to Hallam, was a bad thing at this juncture. "Come on," he heard her say impatiently. "What an age you do take." And then in the darkness with her lips against his; "I didn't mean I was in a hurry to get it over, I meant I was in a hurry to start." He felt her body begin to vibrate as he ran his hand over her. "Oh, God," she said, and grasped him and drew him between her legs. "Yes," she whispered, "oh, yes, now. Just once, then we can settle down to it. God, what a man you are." She savaged him with her hands and uttered a happy crazy laugh.

OUTSIDE the window the air shifted a few feet and the curtain moved languidly and then hung still. She let the breath flow slowly out of her lungs. "Poetry," she whispered. "God, the poetry of the senses. . . ." She found his hand beside her own and her fingers locked themselves between his. She turned her head suddenly on the pillow as if she had had a momentary lapse and forgotten who he was and he caught the sheen of her eyes in the dim light. "Thought you'd dropped off," she whispered. After a time she began to talk, idly. "In the middle of no place at all," she said, "that's where we are. Thousands and thousands of miles from anywhere at all and anybody. Fabulous. We can do anything, any damn thing we want, and nobody knows and it doesn't count. Like being on a ship. . . ." Presently she began again. "All that cock about freedom, it's such a bore. This is freedom. This. . . ." She raised their locked hands two or three times and thumped the bed softly. "This. You. You're freedom. That's one of the things I like about you. I don't bang my elbows on you. I don't bark my shins. You're wide and deep, like freedom, and I actually feel free, it's weird, almost. . . ." She drew on the cigarette he lit for her and he saw the glow around her mouth and in her eyes. "By the way," she said, "you're a wonderful lover, did you know? Of course you did, you bastard." She held out the cigarette. "Here, put it out, I don't want it." As he put it out he felt her hand moving over him, learning him. "Just so that I'll recognize you in the future," she said. He felt the gentle knowledgeable caress of her hand moving over his thighs and then the pain of her teeth in his shoulder and the movement of her lips. He drew her to him and the dark mass of her head showed against the dim square of light of the window. "You know the trouble with me," she whispered, "is that I have all the instincts of the most terrible old tart. . . ." Her mouth moved down his neck and his chest and stomach, absorbed, intent.

Then a few days passed. Hallam kept busy. In a lot of ways, Hallam did the best he could.

CASSELL would be on his feet again in a couple of days. Very unhealthy situation one way or another, caused by sleeping with the Deputy Chairman's wife. She would be waiting for him now, he remembered; would have been waiting all day. Had nothing else to do, just look in on her husband now and then, and wait for the evening and the cue for passion. She wanted it all, every night, in her own way and from the same beginning, like a child and a nursery tale, engrossed, with only sometimes a touch of defiance, that is, when she became aware of him as a man she knew passing well, and then making her defiance plain, as if to assert that self-indulgence had only to be deliberate enough, when you come to think of it, to signify audacity of spirit and uncommon strength of character. well, perhaps it did. Each night she thrust the boundaries of freedom a little further away, searching the reclaimed ground, sexploring the feral limits of sensual endurance as if only there, somewhere, would she find what she seemed to seek; as if she were trying to unravel some inner knot known to herself alone, and time was running out. Hallam had no illusions about his own part; he was the necessary foil; when she trod her lonely tarantella, the dance that exorcised the spider's bite, it was to the music in her own mind that she moved, not to any that Hallam could hear, and when she said she loved him what she loved was that he allowed her the maximum of freedom in which to love herself.

"Do you love me too?" she would say. The curtain would move and the cool night air flow across their exhausted limbs. "Tell me you do."

TODAY, when Hallam went to see how Cassell was, Jose was sitting beside the bed feeding him with beef tea. Cassell was feebly protesting. "Damn it, I'm not as ill as all that, anyway I prefer to feed myself. . . ."

"No, no," Jose was saying in his extraordinary pidgin lingo, "the Senhor Cabalheiro are sickasodog so please don't givadamn," and waiting till Cassell wearily gave up and dropped his thin hands he inserted the tip of the spoon between the

cracked lips. "Is good comida, is muy bueno," he said and shaped his own lips as he tilted the spoon into Cassell's. "Otimo!" he cried gaily. "Good food."

Hallam said, "You can come back later, Jose."

The boy smiled. "Ate logo," he said to Cassell and tiptoed with exaggerated care from the room.

Hallam said, "You're looking better." It was a lie; the man's face was hollow and the skin was yellow under the stubble and his eyes still glazed with fever. "How d'you feel?"

"I'm getting up tomorrow."

"No hurry. Take your time."

"I said tomorrow." The voice rose to meet the opposition. "I have to report to the Board on the seventeenth."

Cassell closed his eyes and his head rolled to one side. "God, this nausea," he said. "How long does it go on?"

"A couple more days. Try and eat something."

"Waste."

"How's the leg, by the way?"

"Oh, beautiful." He tugged the sheet aside and stuck the long, swollen leg out of bed; above the taped bandage the hideous black blotches were quite clearly defined now; Hallam knew it would be months before they disappeared completely. Cassell drew the leg back into bed. "Who audits the accounts?"

"They don't get audited."

"Don't get audited? How d'you mean?"

"Go to sleep, Cassell. Worry about it some other time."

"I'm tired of sleeping. My temperature goes up." He could have said he was afraid of sleeping—that the dreams he had when he slept were more than he could bear, but he would have had to produce some explanation and the thing was too vast, too complex. "The accounts should be audited," he said loudly and clearly. "This is a public company."

"What d'you suggest we do about it?"

"The shareholders. . . ." He groaned and closed his eyes. He began again: "God damn it, Hallam, it's normal business practice. Does nobody check them at all?"

"I do."

The bright discolored eyes dwelled on the face at the foot of the bed. After a while he said softly: "I hate you, Hallam. You know that, don't you?"

"Because the accounts aren't audited?"

"Because you don't give a damn." The eyes drifted away again. "You don't give a damn about anything."

"Some things."

"Oh, no, you don't."

"Well, I try."

"Why don't you make a pass at my wife, Hallam? You've got me safely out of the way. Why don't you, Mm?"

"You're delirious, Cassell."

"She fancies you, you know."

"Let's leave it at that."

"Don't you fancy her?"

"She's very beautiful."



CASSELL desperately fought to keep the snake from sinking its deadly fangs into his throat . . .

The Savage Seducers

"I'd like to see the way she'd handle you. I'd like to be there and watch."

"You don't know what you're saying, Cassell."

"I'd like to know her better. My wife has one supreme quality, Hallam, among many other supreme qualities of course, and that is altitude. Fabia has altitude, Hallam, and she's very unhappy." He stared emptily at the ceiling.

"Are the woman and Jose looking after you all right?"

"Jose? Oh, yes, that boy." Cassell's eyes swung back to Hallam. "Why did you give Jose the job, Hallam?"

Hallam shrugged. "He offered. I'm told he's rather good at it. If you'd prefer one of the others. . ."

"He's a queer. Queer as a coot."

"So they say. If it bothers you. . ."

"I don't care one way or the other." He smiled faintly. "It makes me laugh as a matter of fact. . . a homosexual coward." He laughed, and then the laughter died away and a frown came over his eyes. "I'll tell you what," he said; "I can look through the books in bed here, tomorrow."

"I wouldn't bother."

"Somebody must."

"Well, if you want. . ."

"I want." He smiled at some little joke of his own and then a wave of nausea came rolling over him and beads of sweat started out on his brow. He must have heard Hallam moving toward the door, for he said, "No, don't go."

Hallam waited.

"Did I ever tell you about my mother, Hallam?"

"Some other time."

"My mother," Cassell said distinctly, "was a fool. Oh, a lady, of course, to all intents and purposes. A great lady, in her own view. But a fool. I tell you, Hallam, that woman hadn't the intuitive sense, let alone the brains, of a hen. On the other hand she had what is sometimes described as a strong character. . ."

He had no idea that Hallam had gone, nor could he remember the next moment whether he had in fact said these things. He remembered mouthing words to the ceiling because he could hear the voice, but to what extent the images and the garrulous lips were related he never knew. . . "A woman, Hallam, who had no true ethic of her own and so soaked up like a sponge the nearest and most easily grasped that came to hand—her loving son's. Mine, Hallam, you follow me? The inane outdated principles of human conduct as laid down by the Fifth Form. And then she applied them. Mother mine. Not a mother, Hallam—a prefect with a bosom. . ." He was delirious.

He began again. "Let me tell you about that woman, Hallam. A woman blind to her own reflection in another person's eyes—a woman who lived on her reserves of other people's love, believing them inexhaustible. You follow her reasoning, Hallam? She had given birth and so could do no wrong. She was invested with motherhood and was therefore secure. All was forgiven, she was convinced, in the light of this one transcendental fact. I am mother, *ergo*, I am loved."

The figure at the door moved and came silently to the bed. "You're still there, Hallam?"

He stared at the figure and presently realized it was not Hallam but Jose. "Thought it was Hallam," he muttered, and looked at the door.

Jose uttered a bubble of laughter. "Is me," he said. "Don Francis go." He laughed again and moved his shoulders. "Go to the Senhora. . ."

"What do you mean, Jose?"

"The Senhora," said Jose. "Don Francis and the Senhora lady together, no?" He laid his hands palm to palm and put his head on one side against them and then laughed. "*Mucho joder*, oh, yes, *mucho joder* all the time." He made an obscene movement with his lions and this time his meaning was unmistakable. He laughed shrilly. "*Oh, senol, que joderia. . .*"

"The Senhora. . ."

"Yes," cried Jose. "Yes, yes. *Y che?* Nobody care a givadamn, eh?"

Cassell hoisted himself on one elbow and pointed to the door. His mouth worked but he made no sound.

"But Senhor Cabalheiro. . ." The laughter slipped off Jose's face as he realized what he had done. "Oh, Senhor. . ." He went on his knees at the bedside. "Senhor, please. . ."

A long way away the engine drummed among the outhouses and the light pulsed erratically. Cassell became aware that his hand was held. He tried to tug it free and to speak, but Jose was holding the hand to his lips, his eyes swimming.

"Oh, forgive," he was saying, "*peradao, peradao, peradao, peradao.*" Tears ran down his face on to Cassell's hand.

"For Christ's sake let go," Cassell shouted. "*Let go. . .*"

The next day, when Fabia went into Cassell's room, he asked, "Where's Hallam?"

"He went out early. To Dervo, I think. He's been asked to get another herd ready." She looked toward the taut and pallid face and avoided the stare. "You're not looking bad," she said.

"Are you sleeping with that man, Fabia?"

"Francis Hallam, you mean?"

"Come off it."

"Yes," she answered. "Yes, I am."

"You bloody prostitute."

She moved a hand. "It happened. I'm sorry."

"Christ." He rolled his head from side to side on the pillow. Fabia saw the big red ledgers on the chair at the bedside, and the gun that Hallam had lent to Cassell, hanging over the back of the chair in the holster. She moved about the room.

"Couldn't you even lie about it?" he cried.

"It didn't seem worth while. Who told you?"

"What does it matter who told me?"

She moved her shoulders. "It doesn't. I was just curious."

"Jose told me."

"Oh. Oh, yes, Jose."

"You bloody prostitute."

She walked about the room. Like a tin duck in a shooting gallery, she thought. The man has paid, let him shoot. She waited for the crack of the rifle and the sting of the slug, flinching a little, wondering where it would strike next and how much it would hurt.

"You bitch. Oh, you bitch."

"I'm sorry to hurt you, Denis. I really am sorry."

"I can imagine."

She listened to his hoarse breathing. When he swallowed and his Adam's apple moved the sound was quite audible. And then all of a sudden he was calm.

"You didn't waste any time, did you, Fabia?"

"Yes," she said at the door. "I did. Eleven years."

LATER the door opened softly and Cassell woke. He thought it must have been about nine or ten o'clock in the evening. The door closed. Cassell was glad that the visitor did not turn the light on, he hated that wavering yellow stare. It would be Jose. He lay still, hot and wet and feverish.

In a moment he heard the sound of running water in the bathroom. Jose, he decided; the boy was using the shower. This, it occurred to him suddenly, was a piece of brazen insolence, and almost immediately the weight of the obligation to put a stop to it bore down on him and the sweat broke out again.

After a time the splashing in the shower stopped. He looked round then.

Jose stood in the light from the bathroom door and struck a sonorous chord on a cheap guitar.

Cassell said: "What the hell are you doing in there?"

Jose laughed and struck another chord, *ole!* and laughed and postured gaily and mischievously. The scraps of mother-of-pearl in the guitar glowed like the eyes of a tomcat in the dark. He was quite naked.

"What in God's name. . .!"

Crowing with pleasure, Jose capered round the bed twanging the guitar, sticking out his tongue and posturing, throwing up his legs, till at last breathless with his antics, quite carried away by their charm, he sank onto the bed and with his head flung back and brown limbs gleaming and his eyes moist with emotion he began to sing a North American version of a South American lullaby.

Cassell heard himself shouting, "Get out. Get out. *Saia daqui*, you bloody little squire. Get out. *Percebe?*"

Jose appeared not to understand, or if he did he took no notice. He sang. He moved a little further up the edge of the bed and sang. Then he moved closer.

Cassell remembered afterwards that somehow he got himself out of the bed and, tottering, tried to take the boy by the shoulder to throw him out, but either Cassell was too weak or the boy's flesh was oiled or wet and his fingers slid off the smooth arm. It was in Cassell's mind at that moment that the most important thing in the world was to get this boy out of the room. He staggered across the room toward the door with the in-

tention of calling Hallam or somebody else to come and help him deal with the boy. He remembered the blind fury he felt, a fury that could have killed Jose as one would swat a wasp, and at the same time there was an area of appalling confusion in his brain which had to do with the sweet aching knot in his genitals; he saw himself momentarily from a little distance tottering stark toward the door aware that he was behaving stupidly—wasn't he being a little square and bourgeois about this? Jose came after him and danced around him singing and laughing, probably in an effort to keep Cassell there. Cassell thought: bourgeois, bourgeois, and then swung wildly at the boy. His left leg, the one that the snake had bitten, crumpled beneath him and he went down on the stone floor with a slap of his hand and the rattle of loose limbs. He heard Jose laughing fondly and then he felt the hand caressing him and then the strong young arms round him were hauling him back to bed. In the dim light from the bathroom door Cassell saw the belt hanging over the back of the chair at the bedside, the handle of the revolver toward him. "Get away from me, d'you hear?" he shrielled. "Get away!" He had no intention of pulling the trigger; he intended only to frighten the boy away. But the gun went off and he shot Jose in the stomach.

Hallam was in his bedroom when he heard the shot. As he went down the corridor to Cassell's room the ranch house was full of urgent voices and the patter of running feet. Somebody reached the far end of the corridor just as Hallam entered Cassell's room.

It was in Hallam's mind that Cassell had shot himself but when he went in Cassell was sitting naked on the floor by the bed with the gun still in his hand. The air was rich with the smell of cordite. Jose lay on his back between the bed and the window.

Hallam locked the door just before the others reached it.

"Get back into bed," he told Cassell. He lifted him onto the bed and drew the sheet over him. Somebody hammered on the door. "It must have a hair trigger," Cassell said. He was staring at the gun in his hand.

Hallam found Jose's clothes in the bathroom. The boy's legs wouldn't go down into the trousers. Hallam trod on the guitar as he worked and he kicked it aside savagely; the guitar went on humming for a long time. He got the trousers on and then began with the shirt. There was a lot of blood.

"It must have a hair trigger," Cassell said again.

"It's an old one," Hallam told him, "probably worn. You were cleaning it and it went off, you understand?" They were all outside the door now. "You were cleaning it."

"I suppose he's dead."

"Yes, he's dead."

He unlocked the door then and let them in. Fabia looked at her husband and then at Jose and then at Hallam.

"There has been an accident," Hallam said.

He walked into the bathroom to wash his hands under the shower.

The next morning Hallam went to the local police sergeant, and told him that Jose was killed accidentally. When he returned, he went directly to Cassell's room.

"You awake, Cassell?" Cassell lay on his side with his back to the door. He didn't answer. Hallam set a chair near the bed and sat down. "I've got to talk to you."

Cassell's eyes opened; he was wide awake. "What d'you want?" he said.

HALLAM told him that he's seen the police, and about the statement that it was necessary for Cassell to make, and about the statement that he, Hallam, had already made. Cassell rolled on to his back and lay blinking at the ceiling for a full minute. Then he said: "Christ, do I have to be grateful to you now?"

"I'd rather you weren't."

"You bloody father figure, you." His voice rose. "I hate your frozen guts."

"Meat-packer's idiom?"

"Oh, shut up." He heaved himself up in the bed and shouted, "You pinch my wife and then look after me. You pitiless bastard."

"There's just one thing I'd like to know," Hallam said, "between you and me. What was the gun doing in your hand?"

Cassell stared at him under his eyelids. "He was pestering me. I was frightening him off."

"That's what I thought," Hallam said. "Yes."

"Poor devil. Tell me about his parents, Hallam. He must have relatives somewhere. Were they very fond of him, d'you know?"

"I suppose so. He sent them money now and then."

"Where do they live?"

"Place called Puerto Rojo, a long way south of here. You needn't worry, the police will tell them."

"You're going to have to disappear for a while."

"Disappear? What in hell are you talking about, Hallam?"

"Go somewhere else, till the thing's shelved."

"Hide, you mean?"

"You could call it that. People don't as a rule."

"I call it hiding."

"All right, any name you like. You make your statement and then you go away for a few weeks. And you'd better let me do the talking."

"Hallam, if you think I'm going to rat on this business, you're wrong, quite wrong."

Hallam considered him. He said at length: "I'm telling you what's expected of you. Whether you conform or not is up to you."

"Who expects it? You?"

"Me, no, I only advise it." The necessity to explain exasperated him; he kept his voice level, reasonable. "You see, if one Indian shoots another they don't usually do much about it. The fellow makes himself scarce and the police haven't the men or the machinery. . . the distances are too great, people have no conception. . ."

"I'm not an Indian."

"No, you're a foreigner. So there's a certain amount of national pride involved. If they come for you and you're here they'll use you to demonstrate the power and majesty of the law. You can't blame them. They'll set up a full inquiry which could take months—I've known them to take a year. A lot of mud will be thrown. . ."

"A year?" said Cassell blankly. "To investigate an accident?"

"It depends on the accident."

He went on steadily: "We could of course try to get you out of the country now—slip you over the Paraguay River into Bolivia or out of one of the airports. The trouble about that is that by the time you're fit to leave they may have put a watch on the airfields, and if they do pick you up it isn't going to look very pretty. Nor would I recommend Bolivia—they have a way of co-operating."

"I wouldn't do it anyway," Cassell said. "Wouldn't dream of it."

"I think you're right. So there we are. Either you quietly disappear for a few weeks in Brazil, or you stay here and take what comes and we'll hope to God our statements hold up if they investigate."

"We haven't made any statements yet."

"I have. As I told you, I've told the police I witnessed the accident."

"I don't like it."

"Listen, Cassell," said Hallam wearily, "I want you to understand something. I wish to God I'd never set eyes on you, you and your wife both. I wish you were safely back home and off my hands. Unfortunately you're still here and you're in bad trouble. If it reaches the courts. . ."

"I've nothing to hide."

"I dare say not. The trouble is, the defense would be almost as damaging as the prosecution. For God's sake, man, what d'you think they're going to say? Jose was stark naked on the floor. So were you, with a gun in your hand. . ."

HE realized suddenly that he was barking the words, for the room rang, and angrily he got up and moved away and stood staring out of the window. "I'm not telling you what happened. You're the only one who knows that, or ever will know. I'm telling you how it looks." He kept his voice under control. "If you stay here you'll wish you hadn't. So will the company. The company's here by the grace of God and the Brazilian Government. Don't get the idea it's a fixture." He watched the long shadows rushing away across the hills.

Cassell was lying perfectly still then, except for his hand which played nervously with the hem of the sheet. He was looking at the place on the floor where Jose had died, frowning as if profoundly perplexed by an idea too vague, too confused, too fleeting to be grasped. For a moment he looked very young.

"Where would I go," he said, "if I went?"

"Well, I've thought about it. I could find you a hotel somewhere. Hotels here are not much better than doss houses and you'd probably be seen. But it's possible."

"Where else?"

"Or you could go with the next herd. I've hired a man named Bonilha to drive another thousand head to the fattening camps in the next few days. It takes two months and it's rough, but you'd be out of the way. You might even enjoy it. After all they're your own stock. And you wouldn't be running away. You'd be about your lawful occasions, inspecting a cattle drive."

"What about my leg?"

"You'll be riding."

"You've got it all thought out, haven't you?"

"My God, Cassell, you do bore me sometimes."

"Does Fabia bore you too?"

"If you go with the herd I'll suggest to Mrs. Cassell that she should leave here when you leave, and wait for you at the other end."

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"Oh, please, you're depriving yourself," said Cassell, and then: "Anyway she'll refuse."

"Then you may as well know I've no intention of insisting."

"And anyway I haven't gone yet."

"Well, think about it. Let me know. There's no hurry for a day or two."

"I'll go," Cassell suddenly said.

The next day the panic of the insects was a visible thing, a dun-colored cloud that lifted from the flank of the herd and went sweeping across the earth on the wind. The herd itself was not susceptible to panic. Bonilha shoved it slowly southeast, a sluggish white lake among the low hills of the plateau.

Cassell was aware of the herd's single torpid identity all the time but of its component parts only when a steer broke away or when he picked out a particular animal and followed it with his eyes and watched the massive shoulders and the bony croup, the tossing hump and the lolling dewlap and the high wide horns that grew upwards and the ears that grew down, giving its face a clownish aspect. A few hours later the same animal would come to the fringe of the herd again and he would recognize it, or think he did, and watch the way it would wait for the outrider to canter past and then lower its head and edge slyly toward a tuft of grass, till the outrider returned and it trotted back to anonymity and the herd was whole again, a shapeless mass like something seen in a dream, trailing a pennant of dust and insects.

Cassell was left alone. Bonilha nodded briefly to him from time to time, and now and then watched him absently. As Cassell grew into the routine he took over part of the flank of the herd and learned to keep the stragglers from wandering.

THE lonely days were all the same. It didn't occur to him for some time that the others spoke among themselves as little as they did to him. None of them appeared to have a friend or a partner, nor to seek one; in the light of the cook's fire at night there was no sense of relaxation, no gossip; the leathery dusty faces remained impassive. He thought perhaps there was some wordless communion between them, some tacit understanding, but if there was its nature eluded him; each man foddered his own mounts, took his billycan of food and ate it by himself, was woken for his turn to patrol the sleeping herd with no more than a syllable and a grunt in the darkness. He wondered how many of them were wanted men—killers, he remembered with a tilt of the stomach, like himself; probably they had forgotten their guilt, if they had ever felt it, for without the stimulus of pursuit and retribution guilt withered and faded. Each day the brain died in the excruciation of the body and with nightfall came the mindlessness of total exhaustion.

On the third day, Cassell took the little map from his pocket. It was sodden already. He sheltered it under his oilskin and peered at it in the green dusk. They couldn't be far from the railroad now. When they reached the railroad he would leave them, as he had planned, and head for Puerto Rojo. Some time they must reach the railroad. He folded the useless map and put it back in his pocket and sat watching the falling rain.

The next morning Cassell lingered rather longer than usual over his coffee. He had thought it all out. He drew a quantity of *Maria seca* from the cook, who eyed him curiously, and a second horse from the train which he loaded with his gear. When the herd was out of sight he set off, turning back along its wake the way they had come. The cook, who had moved off after the herd with the pack train, turned and watched him. He would report the matter to the *comisario* of course, but later.

When the cook too was out of sight Cassell left the track of the herd and turning southwest through the wild maize, set off in the direction of the railroad and Puerto Rojo, to explain to the parents of Jose Guato what had happened to Jose, and to recompense them suitably.

But there were so many days. Afterwards he remembered everything that happened; what he couldn't remember was when it happened and in what order, for the days began to blur and flow together. "The thing to do," he told himself aloud, "is to keep one's head." His horse laid back its ears as it always did when he talked to himself. He looked over his shoulder at the packhorse shuffling along behind on the end of the rope. "Just keep one's head," he repeated, "that's the thing. And take one's direction from the sun. Bound to reach the railroad sooner or later. Can't miss it. . . ." The endless caatinga sped away into the haze. He chewed a strip of dried Mary.

He didn't die. He was lost but he didn't die. You couldn't die of being lost. And how could you be lost? You wandered over the face of a land of running sores and the voice of feeding insects rose an octave as you passed and then fell again and it didn't really matter which direction you traveled in, it was always the same, you could never be more lost or less than you were before. Somehow when the sun went down and sent his shadow rippling across the scabrous flats to the ends of the earth, he turned his horse's head again to the southwest, and though the rivers and forests deflected him time after time, sooner or later he turned again and trudged doggedly on.

THE spidery shadows of the branches of the dead trees lifted like a net to let him pass beneath. When he touched a branch it fell off with a sigh and a puff of dust and broke into powder on the gray earth. Nothing grew here, not a blade of desiccated grass, and dusty ground between the dead white trees threw up heat that shriveled the lungs like a flame. He had no idea how long it took him to cross the *campo curado*; nearly two days, he thought later. He came to with his face in a stream and the dusty hoofs of his horse a few inches from his hand, and when he got to his feet he saw the railroad.

He rode beside the railroad all that day, for the company it offered and because he half expected to find an inhabited place nearby, or see a train. No trains passed and he saw nobody. He left it and turned southwest again, across the endless *sertao*.

The headache was there in the morning, like a bar of lead just above his eyes. He searched the saddlebags on the packhorse and found the toilet case Fabia had once given him; he shook the bottle of aftershave lotion on his head; not being sure whether to take aspirin or the antimalarial tablets, he took some of both.

In the next day or two the country began to change and through the pain in his head and the mist over his eyes he was dimly aware of it. But he knew too that he was ill and that his strength was ebbing fast.

The next day the woman hoeing the patch of beans beside the hut stopped and watched the solitary *caraiba* as he crossed the open ground from the corner of the woods. He had many days' growth of fair beard on his chin and his face was grossly blistered. He rode round the rusty oil drums by the stream and came toward her. She thought at first he might be one of the *grileiros* she had heard were in the neighborhood, who were taking people's land; then she thought he might be a prospector of some kind; they occasionally passed the hut on their way to and from the diggings in the streams.

The horse stopped and the man tried to speak to her but no sound came out of his mouth. He swayed perilously in the saddle. He slithered off the horse, steadied himself against it, and then set off through the beans toward her. He saw that she had strong arms and legs and a strong square body. She wore a man's old felt hat as a man would wear it, turned down over her amber eyes; braids of blue-black hair hung down over her full bosom.

He tried to speak again. "*Por favor, o caminho. . .*"

The effort to remain upright caused him to sink down in front of her, as he now did, somewhat in the manner of an adagio dancer moving in comically slow motion, one limb at a time.

From where he lay in the low wooden bed Cassell could see through the open door into the other room of the hut. The hut was of wood and the roof of thatched dried leaves. He could watch the Indian woman moving about on her broad hard bare feet; she gave an impression of self-containment and tranquility which he supposed had to do with her physical strength; the thick blue-black braids glinted on her big breasts like twisted shotgun barrels and when she lifted her head he saw the light glowing eyes and full broad lips. Now and then she came to the door; she nursed him like a child that has found a stray and injured bird, with a wordless rapture.

As the fever died out and he recovered he would go and sit on the bench under the ragged thatch where he could see her working among the beans. He never saw any sign of a husband other than the hat she wore, nor of children. When he walked along the bank of the stream beyond the clearing one day he came upon an abandoned diamond digging. There was nothing much to see; a couple of waterlogged trenches in the gravel of the bank, and the half-burned twigs of a long-dead fire among the

trees nearby. He turned back and saw that she had followed him. She turned back also and preceded him at the same distance, like a discreet nurse, it occurred to him, keeping an eye on her idiot charge.

LATER that day as she passed him to go into the hut he stopped her. He pointed to himself and spoke his name. It seemed a very big thing to break the silence. He watched her lips as she repeated the name in her husky voice, tentatively, and when he pointed to her she answered gravely and inevitably "Maria."

He touched her arm as if to fix her in that place and went into the hut and searched his belongings for the wad of currency notes he had brought with him for Jose's parents. It occurred to him that she might have taken the money already, but she hadn't. He detached a bundle of money and went out to where he had left her and put it in her hand. "For my food, Maria, and lodging, and much kindness," he said in English. He remembered the word "Obrigado."

She looked at the money and then at him, her eyes steady and calm under the brim of the hat, and he thought for a moment she was going to give it back to him, but she didn't. She smiled faintly and went in and put the money in a jar on the shelf in the small dark place where she cooked and washed and then went back to work.

Two nights later he woke suddenly. He heard the quiet splashing in the kitchen and lay listening to it. Each night after he had gone to bed she washed herself, filling the big iron bowl and then standing in it behind the door. Then he would hear her slinging the hammock on the hooks in the next room, and getting into it. He closed his eyes.

He saw her bulk in the doorway the moment he opened it. She had put on that drab and faded dress again and the moonlight touched her shoulder and the skin shone as if burnished. She didn't move; it occurred to him that she watched him sleep every night.

He called her name and she started away. He called again. "Maria." He heard her stop in the middle of the other room. "Maria." After a long time he saw her hand and then her arm and shoulder in the door, and then the shape of her head and the glint of an eye. A night bird called in the woods a long way away. "Please come here," he said gently, "Por favor. . ."

She came to the side of the bed, looming above him, and he put out a hand and grasped her ankle, feeling the shape of it, running his hand up the swelling calf to the knee, hearing her breathing deeply. He pulled at the hem of her dress and presently she came down onto her knees at the bedside.

He found himself thinking: "She's only an Indian woman, just an Indian woman, it doesn't matter if I fail her, she can't speak my language nor I hers, just an Indian woman, I can ride away tomorrow morning and it won't matter a damn, not a damn. . ." He felt her breath on his face as he took hold of the braid of hair and drew her head down. The head was smooth and he felt the soft roughness of her cheek against his mouth and then the broad firm lips. Her hair smelled of a sweet heavy oil and aftershave lotion.

For a moment she submitted passively, as if her mind were elsewhere, with whatever happened to her that day perhaps, or perhaps she thought of him as her master and so did as he wished, but then suddenly the feeling lips clamped themselves to his and then opened and she drew in his tongue with a deep moaning sound in her throat and her hips began to strain. There was no more constraint then. As they struggled wildly to rid her of the dress he caught the flash of her teeth in the moonlight; she drew back her lips and her face was contorted with fury and longing and exasperation. She threw herself on him with a sob, a tearing cry, as if in the fulfillment of this emotion she could somehow assuage or obliterate another.

It was brief, insensate, without a caress. In the distance Cassell heard himself calling, though to whom or what he had no idea. And then suddenly it was over and they lay heaving, limbs still slippery with the flush of perspiration, and Cassell felt a flow of relief and strength, of peace and triumph, such as he had never known.

He undid her braids and combed the long heavy hair between his fingers. He spoke to her in English, using endearments he had never used to anybody, and she lay with her eyes shining in the dark and murmured to him in her own dialect and caressed him with her big hand. They went on all night. In the dawn she rolled onto Cassell and, resting on her elbows, this time imposed her own rhythm on him. She smiled down at him with love and humor, as if it were all a great pleasure, a natural delight.

Meanwhile, Hallam got a telegram from Bonhila that Cassell had rode away from the herd. Had the man gone mad? Then Hallam remembered Cassell's eagerness to leave, and he remembered his asking where the dead boy's parents lived—Jose's parents. And then he knew where Cassell was heading, had to be heading. . .

That same day Hallam learned that the police had sent a bounty hunter out after Cassell. Seems a young police lieutenant thought he could make his reputation by bringing in Cassell and somehow getting him convicted.

NOW Hallam and Fabia Cassell drove from the airfield into Matocayu in a dilapidated Buick whose wings flapped along the rutted track like those of some senile vulture trying hopelessly to gather enough speed to take off. They took two dusty wooden rooms in the little hotel on the main street. The street ran down to the Paraguay River. "I'll go and see Tetzel," he told her, "and arrange about the truck."

"I'm a nuisance, aren't I?" She leaned against the open door and smiled sadly. "A bloody nuisance."

"Of course not."

"I'm your woman," she said, "and his wife. I go with you, to look for him. Couldn't be more natural, could it?"

"It's a very proper thing to do."

Tetzel was asleep on an old horsehair couch in the other corner. "Oh, hello, Hallam, it's you." He hoisted himself upright in his dirty singlet and scratched himself and yawned. He blew out his cheeks and ran a hand over his sweaty face. "Got some more zebu hides for me?"

"No. I want to borrow a truck."

"A truck." He ran a hand over his face again and then twirled his eyebrows into their customary spikes as if tightening himself up. "I see. Yes. What sort of a truck?"

"Anything. You used to have a Ford."

He shook his round head, trying to waken himself. "Ford?" No Ford. Where you going?"

"I'm looking for somebody. D'you know a place called Puerto Rojo?"

"Sure. Liddle store, few farms. Hundred and twenty miles east. . ." The small blue eyes focused at last on Hallam's face. "Somebody get lost?"

The hose hissed in the yard and the cool smell of disinfectant drifted through the open door. Hallam had always liked Tetzel. Tetzel had made his way to Central Brazil after the war, aglow with the hunter's dream, and for a few years had lived his dream, but he had learned the tricks of survival too well and the dream had become a dreary routine. Now he managed the tannery and engaged others to do the hunting. A vague exasperation clung to him, as if he had put down something of importance and had forgotten where.

"Northeast of Puerto Rojo," Hallam told him. "I have his wife with me."

"Bad country to get lost in," Tetzel said. "Sertao."

"If it comes to an organized search, I'll need some of your hunters."

"What about the police?"

"I have to find him before the police do."

Tetzel scratched the red hairs on his chest. "So," he said at last. "Yes. Well." He pushed himself upright and stood looking



AWAKING suddenly, Cassell pulled a gun from under the sheets to cover the intruder . . .

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about him, searching for whatever it was he had lost long ago. He shuffled to the door and watched the hand hosing the blood-stained concrete. When he turned he said, "Has this fellow that's got lost been buying land?"

"No."

"Somebody has out there," Tetzel said. "Been there fifty years, some of those families." The veins in his temples stood out. "Land sharks," he said, "moving in by the score, bringing their bloody *jaguncos* with them. *Jaguncos*. Professional bullies. Gunmen." His hoarse breathing hung on the odorous air of the warehouse.

Hallam said gently: "I need a truck, Tetzel."

"All right. You can have the Dodge."

When Cassell looked up from his plate they were standing in the open doorway of the hut with the listless arrogance of men who carried neat little machine guns in an unarmed, unarmored world.

The long slow days and nights had already acquired a permanence, an invulnerability so it had seemed, and what Cassell felt first was a shock that the even flow of happiness, which he had allowed to carry him along with it until it should stop, had now stopped. It was like a blow in the face and for a moment everything within his vision went black. They had found him. These two louts were policemen and they had found him at last, and oh, Christ, he hadn't seen Jose's parents yet. The job wasn't done, he hadn't had time, hadn't had time. . . .

One of them spoke to him and he caught the single word, "*Nortamericano*."

He shook his head. "*Ingles*."

He waited for the jerk of the head but it didn't come. It occurred to him then that they weren't the police. True, they wore peaked caps and some kind of uniform, but they weren't policemen. They spoke to him again and he shrugged and indicated that there was somebody else who would speak to them, who would be back in a moment, and then now knowing what else to do he picked up his fork and got on with his meal.

They watched him, ruminating. No, not police, he thought. Yet there was a familiarity about them. Yes, he told himself, yes, I know. I know you. I've seen your before, you or your kind. The high-prowed caps that struck terror and the vacuous insolence of the faces beneath were of a universal matrix.

They began to move about the hut like animals, big and dangerous animals and unpredictable, but if you didn't provoke them they would presently go away. The one with the scarred nose picked up the bottle of aftershave lotion and sniffed at it and put it down again. The other, who had high black eyebrows, poked a finger into the *farinha* Maria had made and then sucked it. Now and then they looked at Cassell and he sensed their uncertainty.

As he finished his meal she came into the hut. She put both hands to her mouth.

Cassell waited. He waited for a word he understood, that would throw a glimmer of light through the fog. The one with the scarred nose spoke a few brief words to her, and then moved his head toward the door. The other prowled the hut for anything that might be of use or value. Maria's hands were at her mouth again and then they went into the attitude of prayer, "*Nao, nao, nao*. . ." She was crouching, leaning forward, praying to them.

Cassell stood up abruptly.

HE walked between them into the kitchen where he was out of their sight for a moment and found the jar; he felt cold and sick but he knew exactly what he was doing. He divided the money roughly into two rolls and then went back to them and thrust the money into their hands and said pleasantly, "Now you can go." He smiled and nodded and moved his head toward

the open door. "Out you go."

They stared at the money in their hands, and then looked at each other with a grin. Maria was whispering prayers to the Madonna, her eyes closed.

"Beat it," Cassell said affably. "Go on." He used a string of obscenities. "Out."

After a time they nodded, amused. "O.K., O.K." They looked at Cassell and grinned.

Now he gave himself two more days. Then he would ask her which direction Puerto Rojo lay in, and whether she knew of a family called Guato. He would tell her somehow why he was going there, and that he would return as soon as he could. But not yet. There was no point in asking her yet; it would simply upset her to no purpose. He would explain just before he left. He dropped some more money into the jar on the shelf; there was not much left now and the roll was getting thin. He hoped it would be enough to satisfy Jose's parents; anyway it was the explanation that mattered: the money was incidental.

He kept his rifle in the hut now, loaded and standing in the corner by the table, in case the two men should return, and from time to time during the day he would stop and listen, listen for the hum of an engine, and watch the trees at the edge of the clearing. He saw smoke again in the distance, a yellow column rising above the trees to the west, and once he caught the faint acrid whiff of burning wood. It was very strange, he thought; nothing disturbed them yet he had a feeling that in some way life was closing in again, that nameless forces were converging on the hut and that the smallest mistake would release them.

In the twilight he sat with Maria on the bench under the thatch with the book he found in the bottom of his saddle bag. It was a handbook of words and phrases in Portuguese and English; no doubt a thoughtful secretary had slipped it into his briefcase in London and somehow it had found its way into his baggage. "*Porter, my portmanteau has not arrived. Send for the stationmaster*." Amused, he read her the translation in phonetic Portuguese, and she inclined her head gravely and straightened her skirt.

When he heard the slam of the truck he picked up his rifle and ran outside. He saw Fabia first, in the evening sunlight between the trees, and then Hallam. They came toward him one after the other across the open ground and Fabia called, "Hello, Denis," and waved and turned to wait for Hallam.

Cassell looked at them vacantly, without thought of any kind.

"Denis."

"What do you want?"

"What a welcome," said Fabia laughing, "don't overdo it, darling, will you?" and reaching up kissed the side of his face. "You're so sunburned."

"What are you doing here?"

"Looking for you."

"What is it you want?" His voice rose.

"We were getting just a mite worried, dear, that's all. We came to look for you. Rushing off like that on your own."

Hallam was watching him curiously. He saw the Indian woman standing under the thatch outside the door of the hut.

"How long have you been here, Cassell?"

"I don't know, I haven't counted. A week. Ten days."

"Well, thank God we've found you," Fabia said.

"What made you look here?"

Hallam said, "It seemed a likely place. The Guato family live somewhere near here?"

Fabia said, "We asked around, darling. Somebody said there was a tall *cariba* staying here, so here we are." She glanced toward the hut.

"How did you know I was looking for the Guato family?"

"We didn't know that, darling, we just know you."

"Do you?" He seemed amused.

"What did they say?" Fabia said.

"Who?"

"The Guato family."

"I haven't seen them," Cassell said. "I never left this place." He laughed suddenly. "Damn the Guato family." He always had this capacity to surprise her.

HALLAM said carefully: "How long were you thinking of staying here, Cassell?"

"What? I've no idea. Forever. No," he said smiling, "I don't know. I suppose I'll go home one day. I don't care."

"Well, you'd better know. The police are looking for you."

"You mean about Jose?"

"Yes."

"Are they now? Well, well." He made a wry face.

"They've engaged a man named De Souza. He's something of a specialist."

"Is he? At what?"

"Finding people."

"Oh, they'd never look here. Why should they come here? This is the last place they'd think of looking."

"De Souza's pretty good."

"De Souza always gets his man."

"That's about it."

"Good old De Souza. So what am I expected to do?"

Hallam offered it without hope: "If you left here now we could probably get you out of the country without too much trouble."

Cassell lifted his head and laughed. "Could you?"

"De Souza's likely to turn up in this neighborhood quite soon. Any minute, in fact."

Cassell looked at him for a long moment and then said, "I used to hate your guts, Hallam. I seem to remember telling you so, too. But I don't any more. I'd like you to know I'm very grateful to you. You pinched my wife all right, but I don't really mind all that much. I mean, in your bleak sort of way you've done quite a lot for me. For the company, let's say. Now you don't have to do any more. I'm standing on my own feet from now on. And I'm staying here. Till she throws me out, I'm staying. Anyway the police won't look here. I'll see the Guato family some time and make it up to them, but there's no tearing hurry. I'm happy here. I'm staying."

Hallam nodded. "You're very fond of her, aren't you?"

"Oh, I love her." He got up from the table and stood in the middle of the little room looking toward the kitchen door. "I absolutely worship her." He fell silent, rapt, focused now on this alone. "I've never been so completely happy in my life. You see. . ." He seemed to search his mind for the explanation. "You see, we can't talk to one another. I think that's what it is."

They stood on the bank of the stream the next morning and watched the flash of the early sun on the flowing water.

Cassell said, "Well, I was thinking. I'd awfully like to get that Guato affair settled. You wouldn't want to lend a hand, I suppose? Help me to find them and then interpret. . .?"

"Now?"

"I'd like to get it done." He smiled, his gaze rigid, unwavering.

"Yes. Well, we could do."

"It shouldn't take long. They live quite near, you said."

"Yes. All right, if you want."

Hallam went on toward the Dodge under the trees. When he had turned it he walked toward the hut and as he came out of the shade he saw De Souza ride out of the far corner of the woods.

"You didn't lose any time, De Souza."

De Souza nodded without surprise. "*Bom dia.*" He reined in and looked round the clearing.

"What d'you want him for, De Souza?"

"Got to take him in."

He set off toward the hut, the handle of the gun on his hip jerking with the articulation of the leg.

Fabia was combing her hair in the mirror she had set on a shelf; Cassell was with Maria who had gone to let the horses out to graze; he came in a moment after Hallam had entered. "I'm ready, Hallam," he said, and then saw the old man.

"De Souza," Hallam told him. "The police."

"Christ," Cassell said. "Oh, damn. Oh, damn it all."

"He's come to take you back."

"Just as you said. You're always so damned right, aren't you, Hallam?"

"The Senhor Cabalheiro don't intend to make trouble, I hope?"

"No," Hallam said. "He will go with you in peace."

Fabia said with ironic brightness: "We can all go together, can't we?"

Cassell stood beside him under the thatch and as gently as the coarse dialect would allow Hallam told Maria what had happened, about the incident, about Cassell's search for the Guato family, about his love for her. Now Cassell must go, he said, for a time, to put the matter in order. She began to whimper and her eyes went sightless. Cassell tried to take her hand but she laid both hands over her open mouth and uttered a series of curious aphonic plaints in her throat.

"She's trying to tell me something," Cassell said.

"Diga-me," Hallam told her.

She told him, her hands fluttering about her mouth, the golden eyes brimming with apprehension and appeal.

"What is it?" Cassell insisted. "Is she worried about me?"

"Yes," Hallam lied. "About you."

Cassell smiled, relieved and fond. He wished Hallam to tell her that there was no need to worry, none whatever, he would be back in a very few days and everything would be as it had been before. "Tell her that." She was to wait for him, he said. He wished her to know that he loved her and that she was to wait for him and that he would be back in two or three days at the most. He kissed her. She stood dumbly among the trees and watched them go.

"Poor thing," Fabia said, later. "She doesn't get it at all, does she?"

"Some of it," Hallam said. Oh yes, Maria understood some of

it very well. The land, she had said. Oh, but the land. All over the country, she had said, the *grileiros* were throwing the settlers off their land, and they would come with their gunmen and evict her too, they had been once and they would come again now that the *caraiba* was no longer there, and what was she to do alone, without a man?

THE tailboard chains clattered and jingled monotonously and Cassell and De Souza sat on the rolled hammocks and bounced slackly up and down and watched De Souza's horse trotting behind on the end of the rope. The butt of the rifle in the saddle holster jerked from side to side like an averted pendulum, ticking away the slow miles.

Fabia looked over her shoulder through the rear window of the cabin; she could see the set smile on the side of Denis Cassell's face. "Happy as a sandboy," she murmured. The hot wind blew through her hair from the open window and she combed it idly with her fingers.

They followed the edge of the forest and from time to time the trees fell away and the track wound across open country where sprawling patches of caatinga erupted, and clumps of wild maize. The sun beat down on the roof of the cabin till the heat inside was almost unbearable and Hallam's hands sweated where they held the jolting wheel. They forded two or three shallow streams, pausing on the bank to let De Souza's horse drink. For nearly twenty miles they saw no human beings at all, nor heard anything more than the screech of birds in the high treetops, yet Hallam had a sense of events that seemed to be happening just out of sight, round the next bend or the one they had already turned, as if they were traveling between two patrolling armies. Once he caught sight of a column of yellow smoke in the distance.

"Do we sleep in the open tonight?" Fabia asked.

"We'll have to."

They saw the burned-down homestead a few minutes later, on the rise to the left of the truck. Wisps of smoke still rose from it into the quiet evening air, and the charred and blunted stumps smouldered among the ashes. Hallam knew that behind him Cassell would see it also, and knew what would be in his mind.

A little over a mile along the track they came upon the dispossessed family under the trees, among a litter of shapeless bundles and the wooden table and the iron bedstead that they had taken off the cart; a bony horse grazed nearby and two haggard men stood watching it with a vacant and hopeless abstractedness, now knowing where to go or what to do, and the women squatted on the bundles and watched the men. When they saw the Dodge they got to their feet and the children ran out to it crying, "*Mingo! Mingo!*" as they always did, and held out their hands.

"What does *mingo* mean?" Fabia said.

"It means 'gimme,'" Hallam told her. "Give me."

Further on there was another family and Hallam stopped the



THE beautiful girl flexed her legs as she beckoned him to approach . . .

The Savage Seducers

truck so that Fabia could give money to the children and then to the adults who, seeing how easily the children obtained money, held up their hands also, saying huskily, "*Mingo, mingo.*" Cassell watched from the back of the truck.

They saw two other families of evicted settlers, and once very distinctly they heard shots.

As the sun went down Hallam looked for a place to camp and presently found one where the trees were smaller and grew closer together and would take the hammocks. He pulled off the track under the overhanging branches.

Later Hallam opened his eyes. He heard the thudding of hoofs on the track going away, gathering speed, and saw De Souza stumbling through the trees toward the starlit track lugging at the holster on his belly. He reached De Souza as the old man called and raised the big old pistol; Hallam threw himself at De Souza and struck at the raised arm. The gun went off with a yellow flash and an echoing explosion and it was five minutes before the hoarse clamor of the birds died down.

"He's gone back," Hallam told Fabia.

"You know," said Fabia, "I thought that might happen."

"We'd better hurry."

They threw the gear into the back of the Dodge and when they were ready Hallam opened the cabin door to switch on the dashboard light and look at the fuel gauge; there might be enough, he thought. He drove it up on to the track facing the way they had come.

WHEN Cassell first became aware of the smell of burning he thought it was the woods that had caught fire, somewhere a long way away. It was nearly midday then. De Souza's old horse would go no faster and he knew it was all but spent; its flanks were spattered with white flecks over the dark stains and the stains had spread upwards over the shoulders and a thong of spittle hung swaying from the bit like glue. Cassell bent under an overhanging branch and as he came up he saw the smudge of black ash on his hand and he realized that the air was full of it, fluttering silently down out of the sky.

Then Cassell was running, the panic swilling around in his stomach, dragging the horse after him with the whites of its eyes showing and its neck outstretched. He recognized the set of the trees that surrounded the clearing as soon as he saw them.

He dragged the horse down into the trees toward the clearing beyond, and it was as he moved into the shade that he saw that the hut had gone. He stopped. Through the trees he saw that where it had been there was an area of black and gray smoking ash through which the burned stumps that had supported the walls and the thatch still showed; trails of smoke still rose from it, straight into the air, and the air above it shimmered almost as if it had substance and was dense.

He stood looking at it vacantly and De Souza's horse came to a standstill behind him, its head hanging, its legs splayed and twitching. The flies gathered over the blood on the bit. "No," Cassell said, shaking his head, and remembered that that was what he always said. "Oh, no. . . ." He started toward the edge of the clearing and then when he saw the man in the short grass near the beans he stopped again. At that moment he didn't realize what was happening; he heard the laughter of the one who lay on his elbow on the ground watching with his back to Cassell, but until he moved to another tree, Cassell couldn't see what the man was laughing at.

They had fastened her to the ground somehow with her arms outstretched at right angles to her body and her legs wide, and had either smothered her head with a rag to stop her biting, or had gagged her with something to muffle her cries; he couldn't see her face. The second of the two *jaguncos* was on top of her, and from where Cassell stood now he saw the slow jactation of the man's bald white backside in the sun.

Cassell stood by the tree with a mist over his eyes trying to find the safety catch on De Souza's rifle, but he couldn't control the shaking of his body; his hands simply would not do what he wanted them to do. He was whispering to himself, counseling himself. Slowly: this must be the safety catch: forward; check to be sure there is a round in the breech; yes; a look at the sights; yes; quietly now. He took aim but the muzzle would not be still, it wavered wildly. He moved to a tree and rested the muzzle against it. Better, much better. The head. No, the blood would fall on her face. The chest. The sweat was running down into his eyes and he wiped them with the back of his hand and took aim again, his breath quivering. Ah, that's better. Now tighten the finger on the trigger. Steady it now. Now hold your breath. Christ, stop shaking. Again. Now. Keep the foresight in the center of the U of the backsight. Like that. Quite still now. And slowly, slowly, squeeze. . .

The man's head jerked up as if he had been hit, but the bullet struck the ground beyond him, with a little puff of dust. Both men then were running toward the corner of the woods picking up their guns as they went, the first one turning, spinning as he ran, trying to see where the shot had come from, the second one comically trying to haul up his trousers with his free hand.

Cassell had broken into the open and was running toward Maria, gritting shrill curses at God because he had missed, he always missed, and shouting incoherently to Maria. The men went into the woods and the crashing of branches died away in the uproar of the birds.

Cassell got down on his knees beside her calling her name. He saw that it was not her arms and legs they had staked to the earth, it was her pigtailed; they had driven pegs of wood through the braided hair so that she was held down by the head. As he wrenched at them he saw that the rag they had stuffed into her mouth was the skirt of her own dress which she still wore. He pulled at it. It kept on coming, endlessly, like a conjurer's scarf drawn yard after yard from a very small container, and he couldn't reach the end of it. Her face was grossly mottled and when he had drawn the dress from her mouth, her mouth remained open and she went on staring stupidly at the sky. He spoke her name two or three times but she was dead. It occurred to him after a while that she had been dead for some time.

Presently he walked across the clearing, pausing to look at the cap one of the gunmen had abandoned, turning it over with his foot, and then went on to the horse lying in the shade, which lifted its head as he approached and then let it fall again. He bent over it and felt in the worn leather pocket attached to the saddle holster and found a clip of ammunition. It seemed to match the rounds in the magazine of the rifle and he put it in his pocket.

He felt a singular exhilaration. All he had to do now was this. The rest was finished. No other problem remained, no duties, no obligations, no responsibilities, no invisible threads tugging this way or that, no censure threatened.

FROM tree to tree, he counseled himself; move as fast as you can from tree to tree. Silently. Remember they have those little machine guns or machine pistols or whatever they are called. Probably short range and not very accurate, but don't rely on it. They'll use them like hoses, but one bullet is enough. So use the trees. Must see them before they see me. Absolutely essential, this. The first will be relatively easy, a quick shot. The second will be the difficult one, because he will have time to aim while I am re-aiming. That's all right, quite all right, so long as I have time to shoot also. And this time, this time, oh, God, no missing. A parakeet called far above him and a long way away he heard the high giggle of monkeys. So watch out for the second one, he told himself. One without the other is failure. There will be no failure this time.

He came to the edge of the woods. The traverse was a good one; he could cover more than a hundred yards of the wood's edge. He settled his elbows firmly, drawing the stock of the rifle to his jaw. It was pleasantly cool in the shade of the beans.

Meanwhile, Hallam's truck reached Maria's shack. They found her.

"Oh," Fabia turned her head away as Hallam told her. "Oh, poor thing, poor thing, oh, poor Denis." She turned and leaned with her face against the boards of the truck.

"We'd better get going," Hallam opened the door of the cabin.

"Where d'you think he's gone?"

"After them."

"What are you going to do?"

"Help him. This time, help him."

Cassell knew the whole of it now. Above the treetops the sky was blue-black; he knew the pattern of the trunks as far as he could see into the forest, stretching away to the left and the right. A hundred and fifty yards away at the nearest point, not more. The track lay there along the edge of the forest. On the flat open earth between him and the track there was nothing.

Cassell could see the sheen of sweat on their faces now, and

the blurred appearance of the nose of the one who had a scar across it.

He steadied the sights of the rifle on the man's chest. Just a little closer. Just step into the open. Two paces.

They moved then, into the clear bright sunshine.

Cassell's ears sang. The forest reverberated. The man was on the ground and Cassell felt the sharp pain of the kick of the rifle against his shoulder at the same time he saw the man's heels drum briefly on the earth.

The man lay still with his arm twisted beneath him and the toes of his shoes turning slowly outwards as the muscles relaxed, till his feet were almost parallel with the ground. There was a hole in the sole of the left shoe and it looked very like the pupil of an open almond-shaped eye.

"One," Cassell said aloud. He felt dizzy and breathless and a little drunk.

Cassell fumbled with the bolt of his rifle, aimed hurriedly and fired. He heard the bullet strike something and then ricochet with a long dolorous whine; he had no idea what he had hit; certainly not the man; probably the rounded bole of the tree the man was making for. Cassell cleared the breech and rammed forward the bolt and got the rifle into his shoulder again. He watched the place where the man had disappeared.

In Cassell's eardrums his heartbeats squeaked faintly and he knew he was feeling of echoing sickness that he was going to die.

The barking of the machine gun followed the whipping of the bullets through the beans by a fraction of a second. It was particularly loud because the gun was pointed in Cassell's direction; the bullets themselves seemed to be the noise. Cassell had his head down and was trying to dig himself into the earth with his fingers. Suddenly the din stopped and Cassell waited and then slowly raised his head and saw the man among the trees in the shade; he was trying to fit a fresh magazine to the gun. Cassell reached out and drew his rifle toward him, carefully, but as he did so the din began again as the man fired, the whole magazine, and the bullets snapped and buzzed among the beans.

The one that hit Cassell was one of the last few. It struck him in the shoulder above the collarbone and buried itself in his chest. He cried out, once. . . .

The settlers protested when Hallam pulled the privvy door from its hinges. He told them curtly to take the other end and when they had lifted Cassell onto it they carried him, the two men at one end and Hallam at the other, to the Dodge under the trees. Fabia sat cross-legged with her back to the cabin and took her husband's head in her lap and Hallam wedged the rolled hammocks against his hips so that the jolting of the truck as they traveled would be less harsh. Cassell kept saying, "Did you get the other, did you get the other?"

"He'll be all right, won't he?" Fabia pleaded. "Won't he, won't he?" She was crying.

"Did you get the other?" Cassell called.

Hallam found the rifle where it had been left, among the beans, and as he passed the truck and went on toward the forest Fabia cried from the truck, "Where are you going?"

"To get the other."

"You can't, you can't, you've got to get him to a hospital. . . ."

"I won't be long." It seemed essential to Hallam that Cassell should have his moment of peace, and there was not much time, he thought. He went on into the trees.

Fabia held Cassell's head in her hands and blotted the blood that was running from his mouth. "We're going home," she said. "We're going home, Denis. First we'll get you better and then home. Everything will be all right when we get home, I know it will. Oh, please forgive me. You do forgive me, don't you, Denis? It's all been my fault, all my fault. We're such chums really, aren't we? I know we are, I know we are. You've got to hold on. Please hold on, Denis. I'd never forgive myself if you. . . ."

Cassell said distinctly, "Where's Hallam?"

"He'll be back, he's gone to find the other."

"What other?"

"Those two men—you remember. . . ."

"No." He shook his head. "No." He tried to lift himself up and call to Hallam. "Hallam!"

"No, you must lie still."

"It's wrong, it's wrong. Tell him I don't want it. . . ."

"Yes, yes, I'll tell him. Lie still. . . ."

"Stop him."

They heard the first shot a moment later.

Cassell said, "Oh, no. Oh, no."

After a moment they heard the second, echoing hollowly in the forest. Hallam returned and threw the rifle into the back of the truck. It occurred to him that he would have to give an account of all that had happened and he didn't know the name of this place, or how to identify it.

The overhanging branches brushed and scraped the roof continually and it was some time before Hallam became aware of the muffled banging on the back of the cabin. He pulled up and

got out of the cabin and climbed into the back. "Oh, I've been banging for hours," Fabia cried. "Couldn't you hear me? I think he's dead, isn't he?" She was staring wide-eyed at the head in her lap. "Look. . . ."

Two days after they returned to Ruana, Hallam was summoned to attend the inquiry in Corumba. "That means they won't need you," he told Fabia. He looked at her white face and caught the smell of gin on her breath again.

They had buried Denis Cassell among the anthills in the cemetery on the hill as soon as they had got back and she had been drinking ever since, not hard but steadily, never drunk but always a little tipsy. "So you can go home whenever you like," Hallam said.

"No, no, I'll stay till it's finished," she decided; "see it out. Not drunk, no. . . . Just a little woozy," she called it. It was a peculiar and saddening thing, Hallam reflected; he loved her now, like this, lost and broken, as yet unmended, more surely than he ever loved her before.

"All right," he said; "it shouldn't take more than a day or two."

He was away altogether for five days. For Fabia time came to a standstill. Nothing happened, nothing moved; she drank her way from hour to hour, from waking to sleeping, from bottle to bottle.

It was only when Hallam at last returned and drove her the next day to Campo Alto and the plane south that part of those days came back to her. She was sober then. They sat on the wooden seat outside the shed facing across the airstrip and watched the Indian boy chasing the goats away so that the plane could land.

"You'll be glad to see your friends again," Hallam said.

"Yes, I expect so."

The airport official came to the doors behind them and announced to the distant goats: "The flight to Rio de Janeiro will take off with a delay of forty minutes."

"There isn't anything to say, is there?" she mused aloud. "We both know it all. We need to live some more, and then there will be something to say. Was the inquiry awful?" He had never spoken to her about it, since his return.

"Much as you'd expect." It had lumbered on laboriously, till every detail had been recorded and it was seen that justice had been done to the law. "They were very fair."

"Are they going to charge you?"

"What with?"

"I was thinking of the other man."

"No. They're not charging me with that."

The aircraft glittered momentarily in the depths of the sky and after a time they heard the hum of the engines.

They walked out to the aircraft. There were no other passengers. But it was not till they reached the foot of the steps that she spoke again. There he took her hands and she said, "If some time I don't know where else to go, would it be all right if I came back here?"

Hallam said, "I'd do everything I could to stop you."

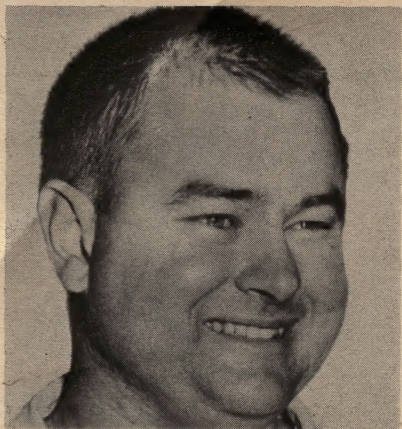
She laughed and said, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I did."

"Nor would I."

She turned and went up the steps without looking back. . . .



HE zeroed in on the jeep, ready to fire if the banditos spotted him . . .



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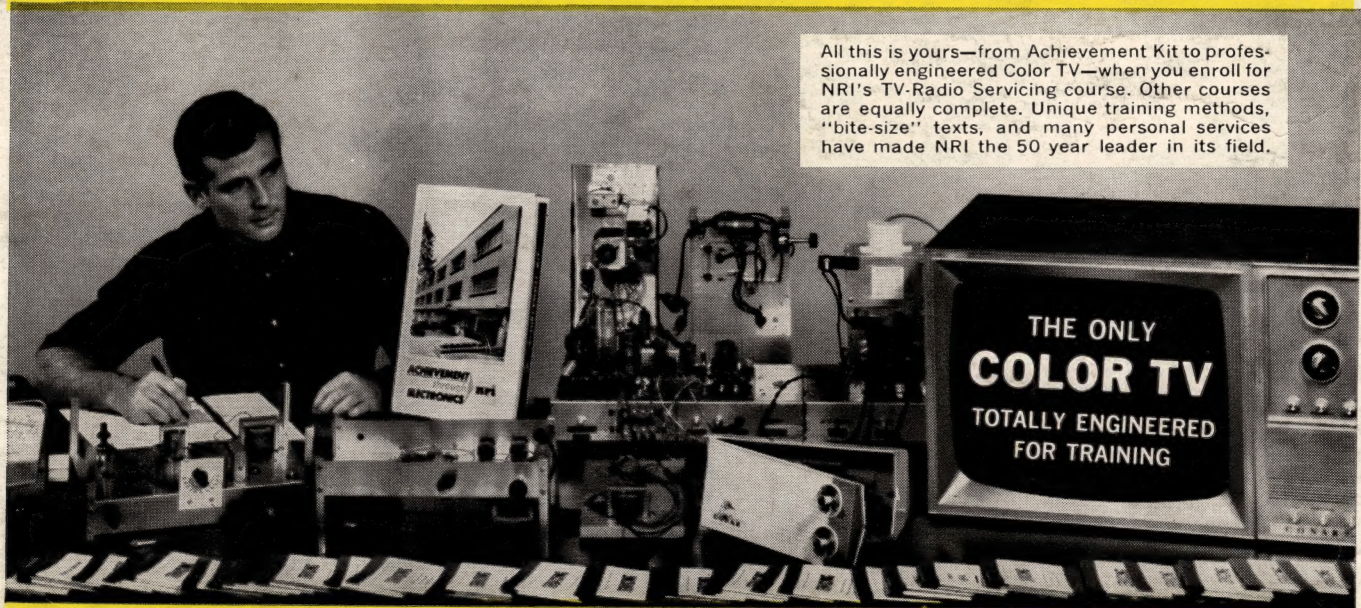
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